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THE NEW YORKER

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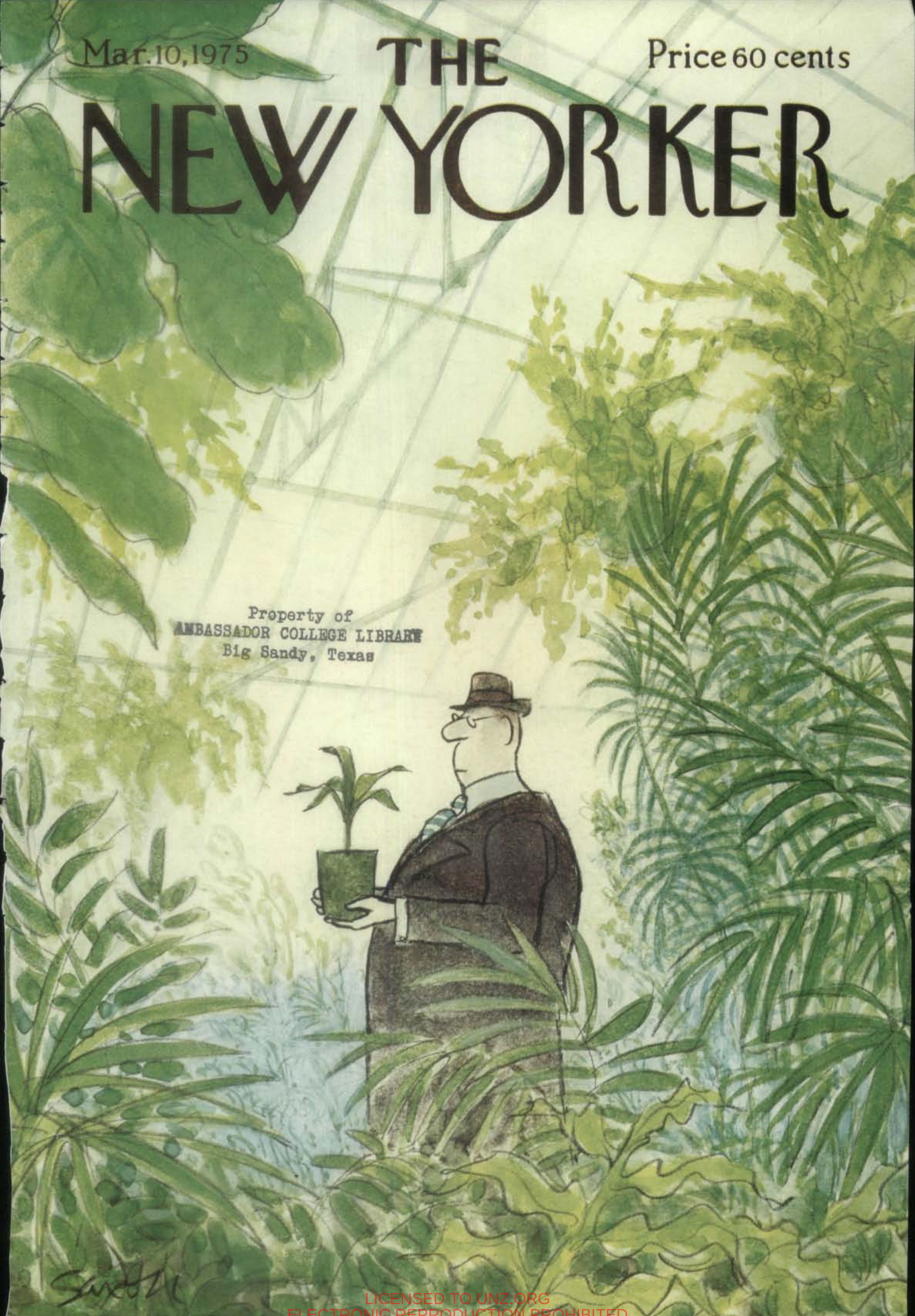

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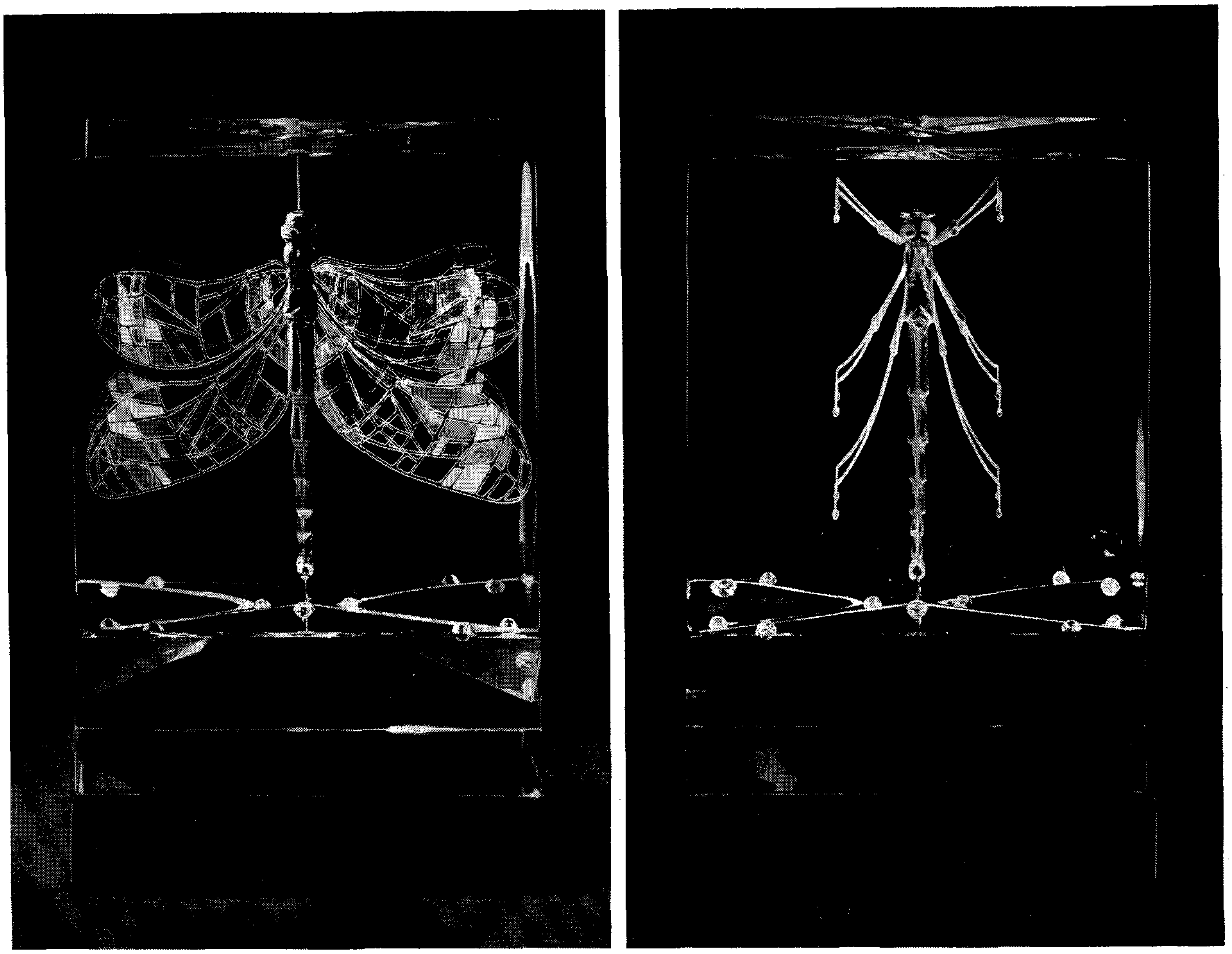

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Absurd Person Singular—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Fritz Weaver, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—The director, Dustin Hoffman, tries to rescue Murray Schisgal's inept play, but in vain. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Bone Room—A three-character musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt. (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 23.)

Clarence Darrow—A five-week return engagement of Henry Fonda's one-man play by David W. Rintels, based on Irving Stone's book "Clarence Darrow for the Defense." Directed by John Houseman. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Dance with Me—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Doll's House—Liv Ullmann and Sam Waterston in a new version, by Christopher Hampton, of Ibsen's play. A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Opens with a benefit performance on Wednesday, March 5, and will run through Sunday, April 20. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Rodgers-Laurents-Sondheim musical **Do I Hear a Waltz?** will be the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, March 5. Opens officially on Thursday, March 6, and will run through Sunday, March 23. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—A play by Leslie Lee, directed by Douglas Turner Ward. The first offering of the season by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 575-5860. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Fishing—A weekend with some peyote heads at a cabin in the Pacific Northwest. Michael Weller's play could be considered a sequel to, and in some ways an improvement on, his "Moonchildren." The script is stronger and more sharply focussed, but the characters—now long out of college—are as whimsical and wistful as ever and just as hard to take. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. EN 2-7611. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

God's Favorite—Last year, Neil Simon was doing over Chekhov. This year, it is the Book of Job. His confidence in himself is misplaced. Vincent Gardenia is exemplary as a contemporary Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Goodtime Charley—A musical with a book by Sidney Michaels, music by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Hal Hackady, and a cast headed by Joel Grey. Peter H. Hunt directed. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hughie and Duet—Two one-act plays, the first by Eugene O'Neill and the second by David Scott Milton. The presence in them of the redoubtable Ben Gazzara will repay a visit. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 8.)

In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel make Terence Rattigan's little play about marriage in the middle years seem far more substantial than it really is. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Kid Champion—The stale, tawdry rock-drug scene of today is embodied in the title character of this melodrama about the misadventures of a rock star. Christopher Walken gives a fine performance in the complex leading role; the script is by Thomas Babe; and the multimedia production is very well directed by John Pasquin. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. EN 2-7611. Nightly at 7:30. Mat-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

inées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—In spite of the title, the time is May Day. That's Shakespeare for you. A rambunctious and often very funny version of a lovely comedy. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

The Misanthrope—The National Theatre of Great Britain's production of Molière's play, adapted by Tony Harrison and starring Diana Rigg and Alec McCowen. John Dexter directed. Previews Monday and Tuesday, March 10-11. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 12, and will run through Saturday, May 31. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, March 13.)

The Night That Made America Famous—An evening devoted to the songs of Harry Chapin. Mr. Chapin is the star, and one gets to know him very well. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Pretzels—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—But of course. With Maggie Smith, John Standing, Remak Ramsey, and Niki Flacks. Directed by John Gielgud. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Ritz—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Same Time, Next Year—A comedy by Bernard Slade, with Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. Directed by Gene Saks. Previews Monday through Wednesday, March 10-12. Opens officially on Thursday, March 13. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Santa Anita '42—Allan Knee's rather scattered and puzzling little play about a Japanese family in Los Angeles before and during the Second World War. It is well performed by all concerned, especially so by Conrad Yama in a supporting role. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

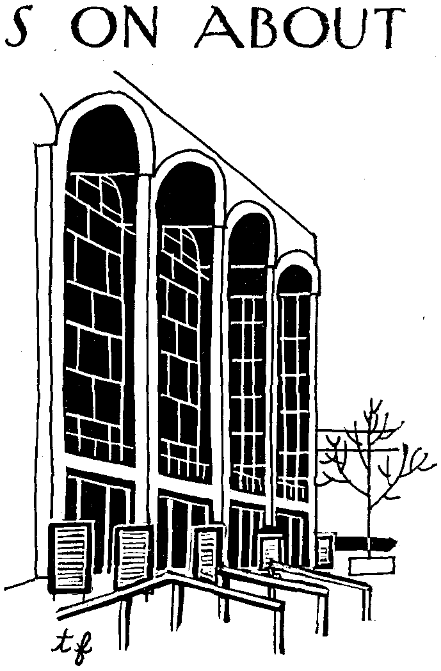
The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of Chekhov's great play, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **THE SEAGULL:** Wednesday through Saturday, March 5-8, at 7:30. . . . **OUR LATE NIGHT:** Wednesday and Thursday, March 12-13, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 7:30 and 9:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. EN 2-7611.)

Seascape—A pair of lizards making their way up the evolutionary ladder talk things over with representative specimens of *Homo sapiens*. The author, Edward Albee, is funny and gnomic; one cannot be sure whether he is saying "Come along!" or "Take care!" (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

Shenandoah—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Wood as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2, except March 12, and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)



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Straws in the Wind: A Theatrical Look Ahead—A revue, with script contributions by, among others, Donald Barthelme and Peter Stone, plus songs by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, Cy Coleman, and others. Directed by Phyllis Newman. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 22.)

The Wiz—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,185 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 989-3295. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 247-0429. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Joshua Logan—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., José Ferrer, Henry Fonda, Ethel Merman, and James Stewart will be among those taking part in this benefit. (Imperial Theatre, 249 W. 45th St. Sunday, March 9, at 7:30. For tickets, call 348-8865.)

BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 5, at 8: "Trinity," "Remembrances," and "Deuce Coupe II.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Jeu de Cartes" (company première), "Monotones I and II," "The Big City," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8: "The Dream," "Weewis," and "Trinity.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Pulcinella," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Kettentanz.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "Jeu de Cartes," "Remembrances," and "Deuce Coupe II.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 2: "The Big City," "Valentine," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 7:30: "The Dream," "Weewis," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 8: "Trinity," "Remembrances," "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "The Dream," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Moves," "Confetti," "As Time Goes By," and "Deuce Coupe II.". . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Jeu de Cartes," and "Pulcinella.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "Jeu de Cartes," "Valentine," "As Time Goes By," and "N.Y. Export. Op. Jazz.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Kettentanz," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 23.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Thursday, March 13, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 16, at 2: "Madrigalesco," "Concerto Grosso," "Adagio Hammerklavier" (New York première), and "Opus Lemaitre.". . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8: "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers," "After Eden," and "Scotch Symphony." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Swan Lake," "Go for Barocco," and other ballets. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, March 30. For tickets, call 989-5240.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three, Thursdays through Sundays.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Drums, with the current messengers. From nine-thirty to two, except Mondays.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays. . . . ¶ Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, from ten to two.

Ron Carter and Mike Longo—Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785). Bass and piano, respectively. Sunday, March 9, from six to ten.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes (Mondays through Wednesdays), Dick Katz (Thursdays through Saturdays), Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Sonny Fortune—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Reeds and flute, with Stanley Cowell, Charles Sullivan, Reggie Workman, and Chip Lyles. Wednesday through Saturday, March 12-15, from nine-forty-five to three.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Bobby Hackett—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Trumpet, with Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums. From nine-fifteen to one, through Saturday, March 8.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, from ten to three.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet, at ten, through Sunday, March 9.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Helen Merrill—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Jazz singer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-fifteen.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—An excess of nautical bric-a-brac—riggings, ropes, lanterns, nets, some fake fish—hangs from the rafters above the Friday- and Saturday-night jazzmen. On March 7-8, there are three such jazzmen: pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Sam Jones, and drummer Billy Higgins. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

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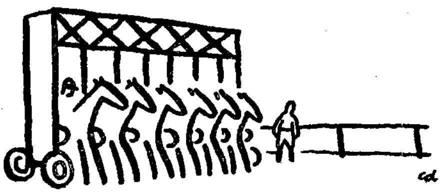
Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Easygoing, comfortable, and on the less beaten, western edge of Bleecker, this restaurant specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and sixties-fashionable soul food. Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson, who usually doesn't stray very far beyond a bebop orbit, heads a quartet through Saturday, March 8. On Monday and Tuesday, March 10-11, drummer Joe Chambers brings in his fresh, spirited ensemble. Sonny Fortune, a fine creator of extended alto-sax and flute solos, works with an exemplary quintet—trumpeter Charles Sullivan, pianist Stanley Cowell, bassist Reggie Workman, drummer Chip Lyles; Wednesday through Saturday, March 12-15. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An aptly named, giant-size concern where hordes of enthusiasts come to hear the latest in rock, folk, commercially successful jazz, and cloying nostalgia. The latter—in the form of harmonic vocal numbers from the thirties and forties ("Java Jive," "House of Blue Lights," and "Candy")—is supplied by Manhattan Transfer, a vocal quartet got up in flashy period dress and backed by four unobtrusive musicians. Thursday through Sunday, March 6-9. On Monday and Tuesday, March 10-11, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen perform some earthy (despite their name) blues-rock and country-rock. The Chambers Brothers, a sixties-vintage gospel-turned-soul outfit, arrives on Thursday, March 13. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar is replete with paintings done in a variety of styles and with a variety of piano-bass stylists. Bassist Bill Takas bolsters pianist Bobby Dorough through Saturday, March 8, and then begins accompanying Barry Harris on Monday, March 10. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to Jaki Byard, who plays piano like an industrious elevator operator who stops on many floors in no particular order. In the course of a single set, Byard might duplicate the manner of James P. Johnson, Earl Hines, Bud Powell, and Béla Bartók. It gets interesting when he stops between floors. His trusty sidekick, Major Holley, a Slam Stewart-inspired bassist, slaps, bows, and hums along. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties may be getting increasingly shabby treatment elsewhere, but in the CAFÉ CARLYLE they remain in safe hands. Bobby Short, who has been singing them in a respectful and energetic voice for years, and who has lately been known to slip into this venerable repertoire such up-to-the-minute matter as "Send in the Clowns," is assisted by Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer on drums and bass Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the BEMELMANS BAR, which—fingers crossed—appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes, who began the year Harry Carney joined Duke Ellington, is singing better than ever. Her accompanist is Mr. Suave—Ellis Larkins. Every night from eight to one, except Sunday, when pianist Dick Hyman, who likes to pretend he is everyone from The Beetle to Dodo Marmarosa, comes aboard. Dining.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Little changed in some twenty years, this spacious and inelegant jazz preserve has recently reopened. Art Blakey has settled in Tuesdays through Saturdays with the current Jazz Messengers. Pianist Dave Matthews is in charge of a twelve-piece band that storms the place on Monday nights. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese food.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, bassist Wilbur Little, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, who has spent considerable time with George Shearing's group, plays from six to nine nightly. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—The operations at Jacques, a little retreat formerly in business farther west down Bleecker, have been transferred to the Village Corner, a pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

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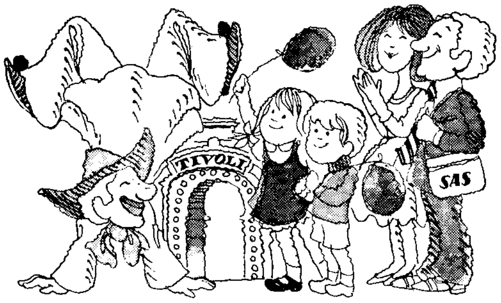
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Definition: Dixieland is collectively improvised small-band music with solos which was invented by Papa Jack Laine and the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and is played best by whites. It reached its apogee in the late thirties with the Bob Crosby band and Muggsy Spanier's Ragtime Band, and since then it has gradually become the property of countless semiprofessional and amateur groups. Despite the flaccid way it is often played, it is a nervy, driving music, a music continually looking from side to side. All of which is to say that—decades of reputation to the contrary—you won't often find Dixieland at Ryan's. Indeed, very little pure Dixieland has been played at either the present Ryan's or the original one, on West Fifty-second Street. What we've heard at both places through the years has been genuine New Orleans jazz (Sidney Bechet, Omer Simeon, Zutty Singleton), hoked-up New Orleans jazz (Wilbur de Paris and his New New Orleans Jazz), watered-down Chicago jazz (the various Eddie Condon flotillas), great swing music (Frankie Newton, Edmond Hall, Roy Eldridge), and solo pianists (Don Kirkpatrick, Cliff Jackson). This pleasing polyglot tradition continues. For the past four or five years, Roy Eldridge has been in residence, and this is a blessing; aging champions need green pastures, and Ryan's has always turned a profit. What a marvel Eldridge was in the thirties and forties and fifties, with his burning, high-wind upper-register notes, his massive, pushing middle-register phrases (particularly on ballads, which he converted into majestic Victorian piles), and his heavy, sometimes growling bottom lines! When he wasn't nervous or showing off, Eldridge tended to construct classic solos, and there is an extraordinary amount of recorded proof ("Star Dust," "After You've Gone," "Heckler's Hop," "Royal Flush," "Rockin' Chair"). These solos bear endless scrutiny; they are outsized aural sculpture, and no

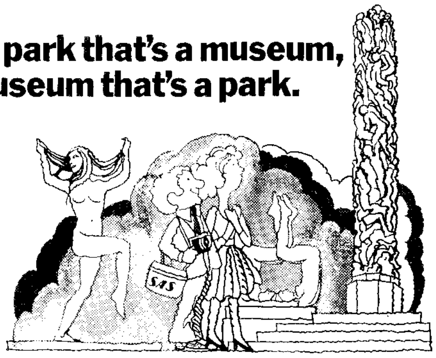
Scandinavia. She could make you leave home.

She's the music and laughter and children of Tivoli.



Listen to free music all day long in Copenhagen's famous Tivoli Gardens. Hear the Tivoli Boys' Guard, a marching band whose oldest member is fifteen. Enjoy the symphony orchestra in the afternoon and the popular concerts at night. All free with your fifty cents admission to one of the world's truly unique playgrounds.

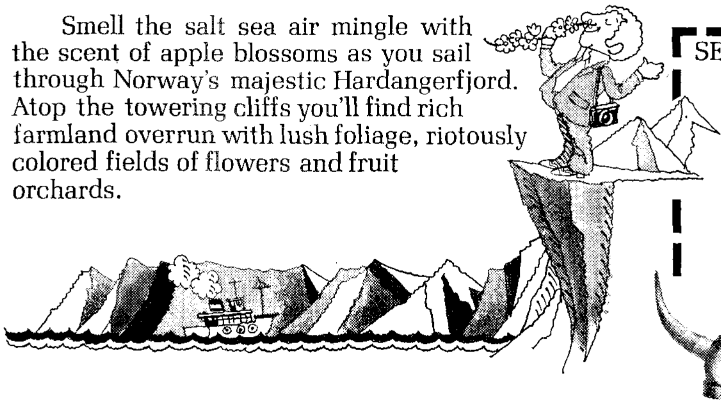
She's a park that's a museum, a museum that's a park.



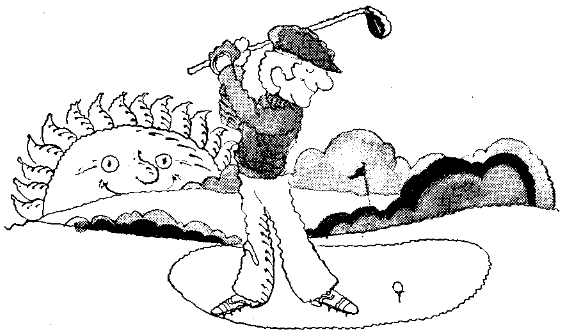
Stroll through the world's largest art museum, Frogner Park in Oslo. Here, over an 80-acre expanse, you'll see Gustav Vigeland's extraordinary sculptures, testifying to the indomitable spirit of man.

She's the fragrance of apple blossoms in bloom above her awesome fjords.

Smell the salt sea air mingle with the scent of apple blossoms as you sail through Norway's majestic Hardangerfjord. Atop the towering cliffs you'll find rich farmland overrun with lush foliage, riotously colored fields of flowers and fruit orchards.



She's the sun shining at midnight on the 15th green.



In Northern Sweden you can actually play golf under the midnight sun. In all, Sweden has more than 120 golf courses—and waiting lines are practically unheard of at any of them: morning, noon or midnight.

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matter which way they are turned they give off beauty and excitement. Eldridge is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses. But the pep is still there, even if it doesn't generally appear until midnight. From then on, he summons up his old flash and dazzle and zoom, and he also summons up the time when giants of his ilk roamed our musical plains and the sound of them in collision or on separate courses was one of the great American treats. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Sundays, Max Kaminsky's Dixieland band holds forth from eight to two.

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Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bobby Hackett is playing in the main room with strong, supportive accompaniment—Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums; through Saturday, March 8. George Wein, a short, burly, and balding music-festival entrepreneur who is often a convincing musician himself, assumes the pianistic duties with the Newport All-Stars, a quintet of varying personnel, for an off-season (for jazz festivals, at least) appearance beginning Tuesday, March 11. The hours are nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland band that features Woody Allen on clarinet breaks loose from nine-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the BIRD CAGE is the remarkable Helen Merrill, who has not worked in New York for a decade and more because she has been busy growing famous abroad, particularly in Italy and Japan, where she has lived long periods. Her voice is soft and gentle and smoky, but it has surprising strength, and her repertory is handsome and varied, even including Italian and Japanese folk songs in Italian and Japanese. Her accompanists are John Bunch, an able and delicate pianist, and Richard Davis, who likes to think the bass violin is an orchestra. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-fifteen.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A restaurant on the tag end of a one-story, mall-like building that also houses a five-and-ten and other shops, and that looks like an afterthought sitting in the midst of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. Joe Beck, an adroit wa-wa-pedalling guitarist, performs with jazz-rock alto saxophonist Dave Sanborne on Wednesday, March 5. Drummer Chico Hamilton, as wily and understated a leader and soloist as ever, inspires a quintet Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15. Music from ten until three.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—The greatest hits of the fifteenth century—and some occasional ragtime, folk, and atonal music thrown in—are likely to be heard in this modest little restaurant and bar from seven until eleven (from six on Sundays). Many of the young professional musicians and singers who are here to display their skills (which vary in degree) in small ensembles or as soloists normally perform with such musical monoliths as the New York City Opera Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and the American Symphony Orchestra. A basket placed near the front of the dining room serves as a kitty, where patrons—mostly Columbia-area residents and upper West Side musicians—can drop contributions. Solo lutanists, pianists, singers, and guitarists abound during the week; Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for chamber trios.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Novella Nelson, a striking young performer who is also an actress, director, and consultant to the Public Theatre, finishes up on Saturday, March 15, at this three-roomed cabaret, which is a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. Usually perched on a stool, Miss Nelson presents a heavily dramatic songfest; occasionally her attacks on and reconstructions of a song result in a product a bit too forceful and gruelling to uplift. At nine and midnight. On Sunday, March 9, singer Tally Brown goes on at nine and ten-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his young, enthusiastic musical coterie. Alto and soprano saxophonist Lee Konitz, ponderous and breathy, is here on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, David Samuels works in front of a quartet. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful posters and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty and intense music of Rashied Ali and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist David Durrah. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of that innovator's career, and Ali has since used Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp for further reconnoiterings. Music for the adventurous Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soft drinks.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Those who might mistake this exurban-looking establishment for a natural-foods vegetarian-hash house and, as a result, be put off will be pleased to learn that it is not only an exemplary restaurant and bar but a first-rate listening room. On Wednesdays, Bucky Pizzarelli offers meticulously crafted solos on classical and seven-string electric guitar from nine to one. Jaki Byard and Major Holley, the Sunday-night regulars at Bradley's, amble over to play in these quarters from ten to two on Friday and Saturday, March 7-8. On the following weekend (Friday and Saturday, March 14-15), pianist Ray Bryant will collaborate with bassist Mickey Bass. On Sunday, March 9, from six to ten, Mike Longo, an engaging, highly percussive pianist who spent several years with Dizzy Gillespie, plays duets with super bassist Ron Carter.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—This establishment, despite its Bowery address, is not a Bowery bar. The clientele is, for the most part, an artsy crowd—an especially congested one after ten-thirty, when the music begins—of loft dwellers and musicians, and some listeners who don't live in lofts. Vocalist and guitarist Amaury Tristão leads a Brazilian-inspired quintet Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeill directs three other Latinate musicians. Dinner.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement is the oldest jazz club in the city and, furthermore, the only one graced by the near-nightly fatherly and reassuring presence of Max Gordon, who owns it. Mr. Gordon, a diminutive, white-haired, leprechaunish figure, willingly shares his treasure—some of the best jazz in the world—with the enthusiasts who pack the place every night from about ten. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones is here with his quintet through Sunday, March 9. On Tuesday, March 11, the proceedings abruptly shift to the middle of the road, as Jon Lucien, a laid-back West Indian version of Arthur Prysock, and his band take over. On Mondays, the audience expectantly watches sixteen or so of New York's finest studio men—known collectively as the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band—trickle in and begin assembling themselves and their instruments on the acutely angled bandstand, which is expanded to accommodate them. The band, which has convened here weekly for over ten years, frequently lights into some rousing, hard-hitting material, but also does a number of ballads that are, as a rule, less successful, often giving way to studied (and frequently unstudied) looseness, musical punch lines, and clowning. All this is gratefully acknowledged by the super-astute time-keeping head waggers in the audience, but, as good and as praised as the Jones-Lewis musicians are, one sometimes can't help wishing that they were better. Juanita Fleming has taken on the exacting task of replacing the band's dazzling vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater, who has gone off to take a role in "The Wiz."

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Mondays through Wednesdays, pianist David Lahm and bassist Lyn Christie have the saw-dusted floor; Jill McManus and her bassist take the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. The music runs from eight to two. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wooden- and brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Many of the musicians who turn up during the week—Jo Jones, Sammy Price, Tiny Grimes, Earle Warren, and Eddie Durham—reached their professional peaks decades before most of their West End admirers were born. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Warren, who was alto saxophonist and section leader with Count Basie in the late thirties and early forties, is in charge of an ensemble comprising pianist Dill Jones, drummer Oliver Jackson, and electric-jazz-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham, who doubles on trombone. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, still a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist who played with Art Tatum and recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties, frolics with a trio. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and claimant to the boogie-woogie-piano kingship here and now, works with tenorman Paul Quinichette and Jo Jones, the drumming quarter of Basie's All-American Rhythm Section in the thirties and forties. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the CAFÉ, pianist Herb Winner plays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, and from eight to midnight on Saturdays. Steven Weltner takes over the keyboard on Sundays from eight to midnight and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Donna Harris and Margie Carr will be singing in tandem in the PERSIAN ROOM through Saturday, March 8. On Monday, March 10, vocalist Alberto Rochi moves in. Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the PLAZA RESTAURANT, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the PALM COURT, from five to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from five to one, and Sundays from four to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting singer Lana Cantrell at dinner and supper. Dance music commences at seven-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The host of the MAISONETTE is the musically inclined Billy Eckstine. He ends his dinner and supper sessions on Saturday, March 8; Monday, March 10, brings along singer Barbara Cook. A Lester Lanin band provides the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **empire room** goes back into business on Tuesday, March 11, with the rock-pop group Little Anthony and the Imperials. Shows at dinner and supper. A dance band fills the intervals. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Romare Bearden—Collage paintings recording the history of American jazz. Through Saturday, March 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Byron Burford—Acrylics on paper, some portraying carnival and circus life. Through March 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Drawings (portraits, interiors, landscapes) by the celebrated photographer. Through Saturday, March 8. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.; opens at noon.)

Francis Cunningham—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes. Through March 22. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

John Day—Surrealist landscapes. Through April 10. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946) / **Robert Andrew Parker**—A loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, and collages by this pioneer American abstractionist. / Watercolors and prints. Through Saturday, March 8. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Llyn Foulkes—Paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 15. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Barbara Gardner—Surrealistic oil paintings; first solo show in New York. Through March 29. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Richard Haas—Etchings, lithographs, watercolors, and oils, mostly of New York buildings: the old Custom House, the Jefferson Market, the Chanin Building, and others. Through Saturday, March 15. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Recent abstract paintings and collages. Through March 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Angelo Ippolito—Recent paintings that combine interior and exterior scenes. Through March 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Miyoko Ito—Paintings. Through March 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through March 29. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel LaRue Johnson—Abstract paintings. Through March 22. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings, mostly of women. Starts Thursday, March 6. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Franz Kline (1910-62)—Nearly thirty drawings, with examples from his entire career. Starts Saturday, March 8. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Robert La Hotan—Maine landscapes, plus some still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—The fine, peculiarly Italian hand of this master sculptor is evident in all these bronzes, whether sacred or profane. Through Friday, March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Charles E. Martin—Watercolors of Maine and magazine-cover designs in pastels and watercolors. Through March 29. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

William McCartin—Nonobjective paintings. Through March 29. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Raoul Middleman / William Klapp—Figurative paintings. / Sculptures. Through March 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Catherine Murphy—Portraits and urban landscapes. Through Saturday, March 15. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Jack Nelson—Free-flowing line drawings of birds, insects, fish, and celestial symbols. Through March 22. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jules Olitski—Recent paintings. Starts Saturday, March 8. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Paintings, many of them figurative and having their roots in Nordic folk tradition, by a member of the Cobra group. Through March 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Robert Reed—Abstract paintings, collages, and monotypes. Through March 29. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

David Roth—Paintings and drawings. Through April 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Barbara Sandler—Portraits of American Indians based on turn-of-the-century photographs. Through Saturday, March 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edith Schloss—Abstract oils and watercolors in which still-life and landscape merge. Through March 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Yoshio Sekine—Geometric paintings suggested by the abacus. Through Saturday, March 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Geometric acrylic paintings inspired by the New York subways. Through March 22. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

Nicholas Sperakis—Paintings, drawings, and woodcuts. Through Saturday, March 8. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66)—Small gouaches and small drawings in mixed mediums. Through March 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Imaginary portraits of Toulouse-Lautrec, Eakins, and others in group scenes. Starts Saturday, March 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Chi Watts—Paintings that use Chinese calligraphic characters as motifs. Through Saturday, March 8. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Kim Whanki (1913-74)—Abstract paintings by a Korean-born artist. Through Saturday, March 8. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Anthony Caro, Mark Rothko, and Jules Olitski. Through Saturday, March 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **ault,** 25 E. 77th St.: Collages by Kosta Alex; paintings by Antonio Amaral and Armando Morales; and wall reliefs, paintings, and sculptures by Will Horwitt. Through Saturday, March 15. . . . **bodley,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings by Klee, Matisse, Picasso, and Dubuffet. Through Saturday, March 15. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A diversified exhibit that includes oils by Léger, gouaches by Calder, and bronzes by Maillol. Through Saturday, March 15. . . . **raydon,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A selection of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through March 29.

Sculpture—Soapstone carvings by contemporary Eskimo artists. Through Saturday, March 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Robert Arneson—Five large ceramic sculptures, some of them self-portraits. Through Saturday, March 15. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Dan Christensen—Works by a color-field painter. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Fares—Paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 29. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ron Gorchov—Abstract oils on shaped canvases. Through March 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Charles Hinman—Shaped canvases, all of them painted white. Through Saturday, March 15. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Jeff Hoare—Abstract landscapes; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, March 8. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Lorber—Super-realistic still-lifes of arrangements of raw lumber, baskets, cloth, and so on. Through Thursday, March 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marisol—Drawings (colored pencil and crayon on black paper, mostly), measuring up to nine feet in length. Also wall pieces (plaster and found objects). Through March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Agnes Martin—Recent paintings. Through March 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings by this Chilean

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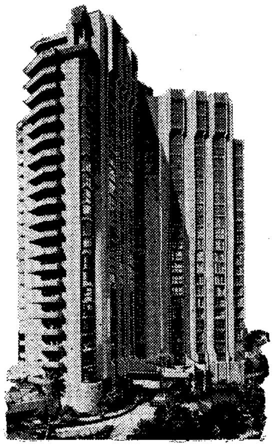

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Surrealist. Through Saturday, March 15. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Aline Porter—A show of wooden boxes in which small objects are mounted. Through March 22. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Schwedler—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, March 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Thon—Watercolors, many of the Maine coast. Through March 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Welded-steel sculptures, some of which have been rubbed with paint. Starts Saturday, March 8. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Arras**, 29 W. 57th St.: A one-man show of Victor Vasarely's familiar optical sculptures and wall pieces, plus a six-ring circus of works by other artists—notably, a flight of funny sewed-cloth dolls by Lesley Jean Goldberg and some startling wall hangings of rope and raw-looking fabrics by Josep Grau-Garriga. Through March 29. . . . **Kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: A loan show marking the hundredth anniversary of the Art Students League of New York and containing paintings and sculptures by one hundred American artists (including Benton, Eakins, O'Keeffe, and Marisol) who have studied or taught at the institution. Starts Thursday, March 6. . . . **Zabriskie**, 29 W. 57th St.: Pencil drawings by Gaston Lachaise and twentieth-century American sculptures by, among others, Elie Nadelman and William Zorach. Through Thursday, March 13.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alighiero E. Boetti—Drawings on graph paper. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Cynthia Carlson—Painted-over woven canvases and other works. Through March 22. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Nassos Daphnis—An enormous (nine and a half feet tall and eighty-six and a half feet long) geometric painting. Through Saturday, March 8. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Tim Deverell / Cristos Gianakos—Acrylic paintings. / Sculptures and drawings. Through Wednesday, March 12. (55 Mercer Street.)

Dominick DiMeo / Robert Leydenfrost—Reliefs made of liquid vinyl and other materials, plus works on paper. / Paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, March 13. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Dan Douke—Photo-Realist paintings of swimming pools and other appointments of the California life style; first one-man show in New York. Through March 22. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Michael Howard—Cheerfully slapdash oils of ferocious bears and hooked fish, inspired by covers and illustrations from sporting magazines. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway.)

Christine Jordan—Abstract paintings in mixed mediums; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 8. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Edward Kienholz—Watercolors. Through Saturday, March 8. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St.)

Daphne Mumford—Paintings (figures and still-lifes) and silkscreen prints. Through Thursday, March 13. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Arnulf Rainer—Abstract black paintings. Through March 19. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway.)

Paul Rotterdam—Abstract oils; first one-man show in New York. Through March 19. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Morgan Sanders / Susan Hoeltzel—Paintings and photographs, mostly of New York apartment-building lobbies. / Pencil and acrylic on canvas. Through Wednesday, March 12. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Paintings by Gerald Horn, slide projections by Eric Staller, sculptures by Arden Scott, and photographs by Donald Lipski. Through March 22. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Franklin Perrell—Paintings and drawings of the Long Beach, Long Island, boardwalk and its environs. Through March 29. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Drawings from the late nineteen-fifties to the present. Through April 2. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

David Slivka—Painted-wood sculptures, one, monumental in size, exhibited outside, and four smaller works inside. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. . . . ¶ Another enormous piece, entitled "Machu Picchu," at Grace Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.)

George Trakas—Six large sculptures, constructed from glass, rope, wood, and metal, held together by tension and balance. Through March 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Josef Koudelka—Photographs of Gypsies and country people taken during the last decade by a thirty-seven-year-old Czech photographer who left his country in 1968. These pictures are strange and mysterious, mythic rather than ethnological. An old woman with a bundle walking through the woods, followed by a distant procession; a boy wearing an angel costume and riding a bicycle next to two horses drawing a (unseen) carriage; a hunchback old woman polishing a brass doorknob; three old women (fates?) with identical kerchiefs clustered around a bareheaded younger woman; three hooded figures in black cloaks gesticulating at a gesticulating crippled boy and a one-legged man—these are some of the surreal sights that appeared to Koudelka on his travels through villages in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, France, Spain, England, and Ireland, whose manifest poverty and harsh fabric of life give the photographs their dimension of tragedy. Through April 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Marc Riboud—This French photographer is one of today's best photojournalists; the exhibition here of work from the last two decades, done on assignment in Vietnam, Algeria, Cyprus, Saudi Arabia, and Washington (among other turbulent places) is notable for its immediacy and veracity. Riboud is a master of the oblique: with a photograph of King Faisal's waiting room, and another of his bodyguard, he tells us more about Faisal than a portrait could convey. He can also be painfully direct, as with his pictures of funerals in Cyprus and Vietnam. Most of the photographs on view are pictures that properly belong in magazines such as *Look* and *Life*, rather than in a gallery setting; but since *Look* and *Life* are gone—where else to put them? One of the exceptions is a remarkable color photograph made on the Great Wall of China, showing strollers receding into the mist and a man in the foreground clutching a bouquet of wild flowers. Through April 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

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Gisèle Freund—Black-and-white and color portraits of writers and artists, among them Virginia Woolf, James Joyce, and Henri Matisse. Through March 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sid Kaplan / Irène Stern—Black-and-white prints. / Color photographs of nudes. Through March 23. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Garry Winogrand / Ikko—Contemporary big-city street scenes. / Black-and-white landscapes by a Japanese photographer. Through March 29. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **International Center of Photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Examples by eleven members of the Kamoinge Workshop, a group of black photographers from New York. Through April 5. (Open Sundays.)... **Neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by more than sixty women, including Dorothea Lange, Berenice Abbott, Eva Rubinstein, and Margaret Bourke-White. Starts Saturday, March 8. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **Soho Photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Dorothea Kehaya, Joe Portogallo, John Kosmer, and others. Through April 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... **Witkin**, 243 E. 60th St.: A selection of prints (by, for instance, Adams, Erwitt, and Cunningham) from the eighty shows the gallery has had since its opening six years ago. Through April 12. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—"Tsutsumu: The Art of the Japanese Package" is an exhibition of traditional containers and wrappings for foods, drinks, spices, and gifts. Made of natural materials (wood, bamboo, straw, hemp, ceramic, paper, and fabric), some are plain and utilitarian and others are decorated with drawings and calligraphy. The show has an atmosphere of uplift ("In no way self-conscious or assertive, these wrappings have an artless and obedient air that greatly moves the modern viewer. They are whispered evidence of the Japanese ability to create beauty from the simplest products of nature," writes Hideyuki Oka in the catalogue introduction) that obscures but scarcely annuls the poorness of the presentation; most of the packages aren't labelled, and so their meaning is lost; one is left simply gazing at handsome Japanese-looking things in Plexiglas cases. Curiously enough, the show, in raising the subject of packaging, brings to mind examples of beauty and ingenuity in modern Western packaging (the egg carton, the perfume bottle, the matchbox), alleviating any feelings of deficiency in the presence of all these "manifestations of the Japanese love of spiritual things." Through April 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition called "The Great Wave," which contrasts and compares eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese Ukiyo-e woodcuts with nineteenth-century French Impressionist prints. Through May 11....¶ The first exhibition of art from the Momoyama period (1568-1615) to be seen outside Japan. It is on loan from both public and private collections and contains examples of screen paintings, ceremonial armor, *no* costumes, gold lacquer objects, as well as tea-ceremony utensils and ink paintings. Through April 6. ...¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Northeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through May 31....¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Furniture by Michael Thonet, Hector Guimard, Gerrit Rietveld, and Frank Lloyd Wright. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A Max Ernst retrospective of about three hundred paintings, collages, frottages, sculptures, and illustrated books, loaned from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Through April 20. Complementary shows are at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St., and the Leonard Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St....¶ Paintings and drawings dating from 1964 to the present by Brice Marden. Starts Friday, March 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—This year's biennial is limited to artists who have never had one-man shows in New

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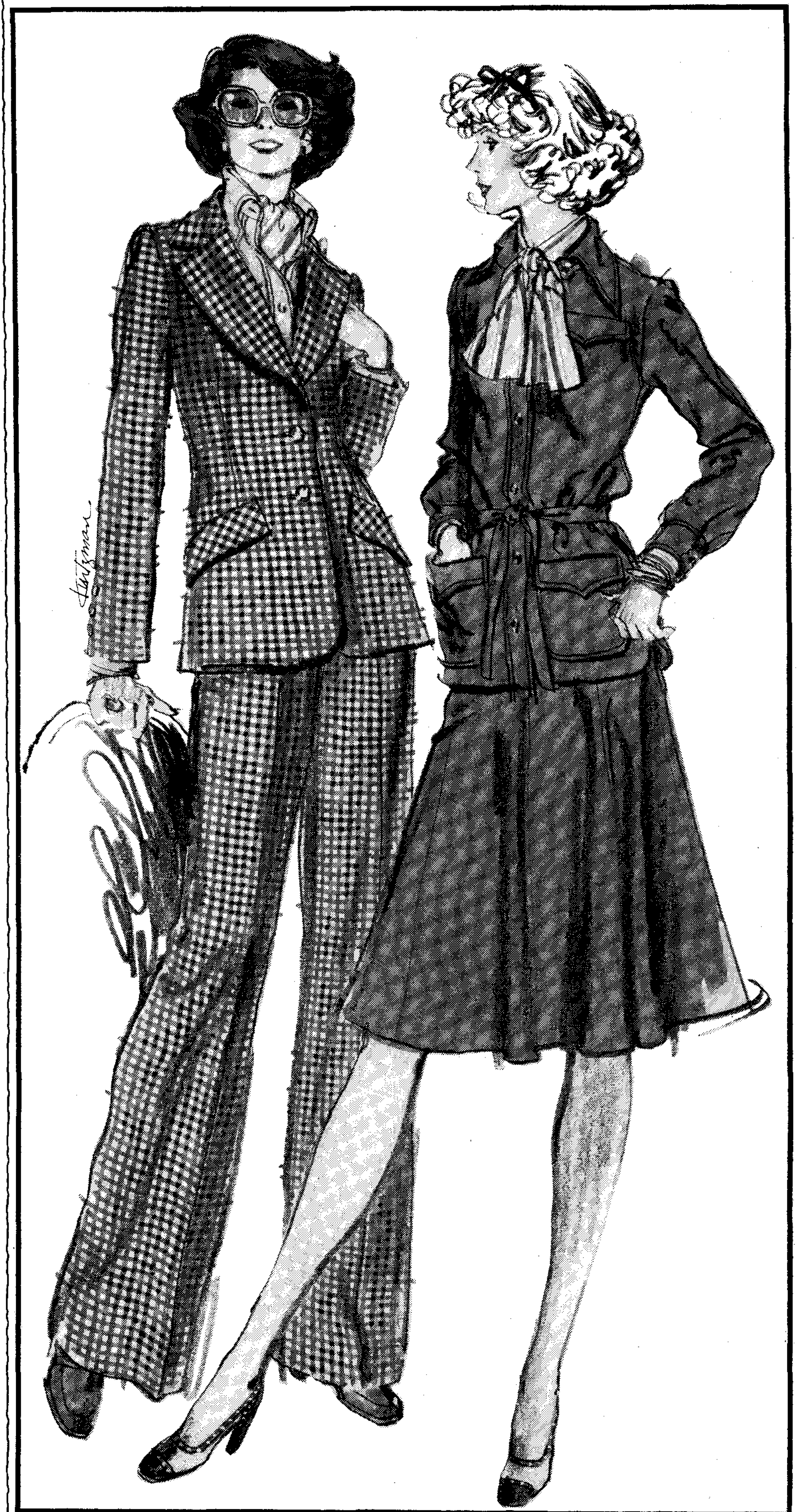

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

York or been included in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The first stage will close March 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of twenty-four contemporary seating elements, mainly chairs and mainly designed in the past few years. Aalto's scroll chair (1934) and Eames' lounge chair (1956) are exceptions. Through March 16. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles), on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures from China, India, Malaysia, and Thailand, some arranged in groups behind a screen as they might appear in an actual performance. Also, three-dimensional Asian puppets. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Adolph Gottlieb, Leon Kroll, Moses Soyer, and Zoltan Sepeshy. . . . ¶ A show of the works of twenty-eight painters and five sculptors who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Both through April 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through March 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Cover paintings done for this magazine, cartoons that have appeared in our columns, books that saw first light here, irascible correspondence signed "Harold Ross," and other odds and ends, in an exhibition marking the Grolier Club's ninety-first year, or this magazine's ninety-first year, or something or other. Through April 5. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A large exhibition of letters, musical scores, posters, photographs, and other memorabilia of the composer Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900). . . . ¶ Highlights from the museum's collection of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts (for example, a Thoreau notebook). Both through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of American calligraphy consisting of samples of pen drawings and Shaker spirit drawings, as well as pottery, quilts, and painted furniture in which writing is used as a part of the decoration. Through March 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Color photographs, by Ralph Rosenblum, of children's art work on hoardings and walls and board fences around the city. Through March 23. . . . ¶ An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage contains costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30. . . . ¶ Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth century. Through Friday, March 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fiftieth annual, composed of nearly three hundred and fifty oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and watercolors by both members and nonmembers. Through March 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A small retrospective of the work of the abstract painter Syd Solomon. Through March 16. . . . ¶ A loan show of the graphic works of Renoir. Through March 30. . . . ¶ Boxes of wood, each decorated with a variety of materials and each containing a lead sheet with gold-leaf design on which the artist, Joe Ascrizzi, has etched poems. Through April 6. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 5, at 7: "Siegfried," with Berit Lindholm, Betsy Norden, Maureen Forrester, Jess Thomas, Ragnar Ulfung, Thomas Stewart, Marius Rintzler, and John Macurdy; conducted by Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with William Lewis, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Matteo Manuguerra, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Manon Lescaut," with John Alexander, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 7:30: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Birgit Nilsson, Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Donald McIntyre, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Monday, March 10, at 8: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Rita Hunter, Birgit Nilsson, Anna Reynolds, Jon Vickers, Donald McIntyre, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Wieslaw Ochman, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Harry Theyard, Matteo Manuguerra, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Falstaff," with Evelyn Lear, Benita Valente, Fedora Barbieri, Joann Grillo, Cornell MacNeil, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Thomas Stewart; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 1: "Siegfried," with Birgit Nilsson, Betsy Norden, Lili Chookasian, Jess Thomas, Ragnar Ulfung, Donald McIntyre, Marius Rintzler, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Manon Lescaut," with Dorothy Kirsten, John Alexander, William Walker, Raymond Michalski, Jon Garrison, and Andrea Velis; Peter Herman Adler.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Richard Kness, and Richard McKee; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "I Puritani," with Patricia Brooks, Diane Curry, Pierre Duval, and Louis Quilico; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Samuel Ramey, and Roger Patterson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Alan Crofoot, and Joseph Blanton; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "I Puritani," with Arlene Randazzo, Diane Curry, Pierre Duval, and Louis Quilico; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 1: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 9, at 7: "La Traviata," with Heather Thomson, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Richard T. Gill, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Salome," with Eileen Schauler, Olivia Stapp, Alan Crofoot, and William Justus; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Catherine Malfitano, Richard Kness, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 2: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, Gary Glaze, and Jack Eddleman; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Anthony, Sandra Walker, Luciano Rampaso, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 27.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte," conducted by George Schick and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call RI 9-2802.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30 (with Gina Bachauer, piano); and Thursday, March 13, at 8:30; Friday, March 14, at 2; and Tuesday, March 18, at 8:30 (all with the Camerata Singers).

Mini-Festival Around Schubert—The New York Philharmonic in collaboration with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in the second of two series of concerts, this one devoted to music by Schubert, composers who influenced him, and composers whom he influenced, and presented by soloists and ensembles of varied sizes. Pierre Boulez will conduct an orchestra of thirty-five in Alice Tully Hall on Wednesday, March 5, and Friday, March 7, at 8:30; an orchestra of seventy in Avery Fisher Hall on Thursday, March 6, at 8:30; and the full orchestra, with Jorge Bolet, piano, in Avery Fisher Hall on Saturday, March 8, at 8:30.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting, with Norman Carol, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 10, at 8:15.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the final performances of the season here—A Beethoven-Strauss program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 12, and Friday, March 14, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Messiaen's "Turangalîla—Symphonie for Piano, Ondes Martenot and Orchestra," with Yvonne Loriod and Jeanne Loriod. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, March 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a benefit concert, with Yehuda Hanani, cello, and Arnold Steinhardt, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 7.)

Pro Musicis Ensemble—Pierre Boulez conducting, with Esther Evangeline Lamneck, clari-

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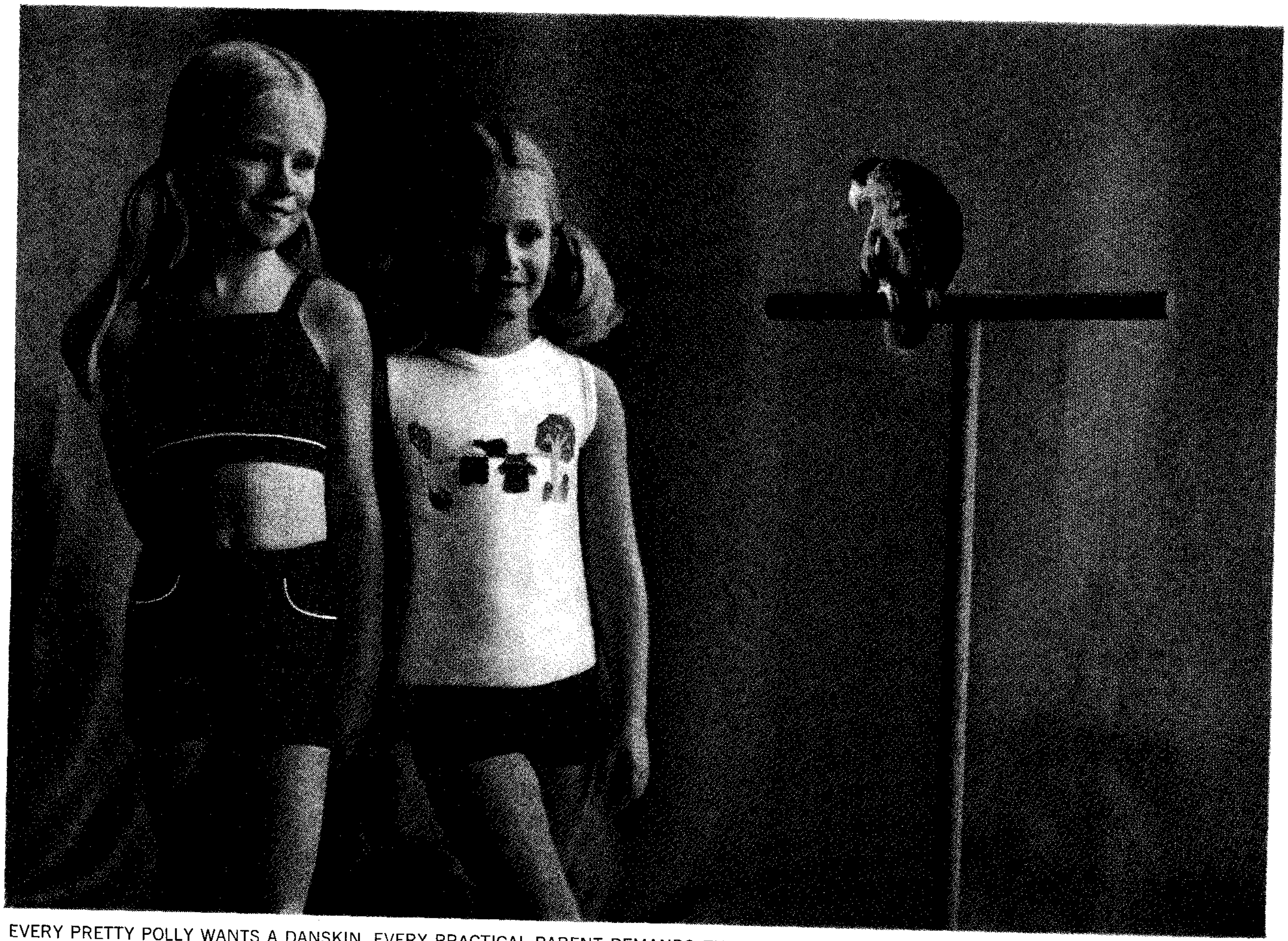

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

net. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 10, at 7:30.)

I Solisti Veneti—Claudio Scimone conducting this chamber orchestra in Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

Augustana Choir—Donald Morrison directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Dennis Russell Davies directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Concord String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, playing Bach's Goldberg Variations. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone, in an all-Ravel recital postponed from Feb. 21. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

Philippe Entremont—Piano, in an all-Ravel recital. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—An all-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—Octets by Schubert and Mendelssohn. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Ingrid Dingfelder—Flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 3.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Hamao Fujiwara—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, in the second in a series of four all-Bach programs, this one with Ani and Ida Kavafian, violin; Gerard Schwarz, trumpet; and a string ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 2:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the first in a series of three Mozart-Beethoven-Schubert recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, March 9, at 3, with Barry Tuckwell, French horn. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8, the last in a series of concerts.)

Nicholas Zumbro—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Stuttgart Piano Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav Rostropovich—Soprano and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano, with the New York Chamber Soloists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Gerald and Susan Kagan—Cello and piano. (City University Graduate Center, third-floor music studio, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, March 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with I Solisti Veneti conducted by Claudio Scimone, and Ransom Wilson, also flute. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

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Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of programs of vocal and instrumental music, this one entitled "Sing We and Chant It: Music in Elizabethan England." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—The second (postponed from Feb. 18) in a series of three programs of twentieth-century music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Bert Lucarelli—Oboe, with the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, in an all-Vivaldi concert. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 15, at midnight.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 5, at 5:45: GRETA KELLER. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 5:45: CONTEMPORARY DANCE SYSTEM AND ANNA SOKOLOW.

Billy Cobham and the Eleventh House (with Larry Coryell)—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 5, at 8:30.

Byrdie Green Sings the Blues—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8.

Michel Legrand and Friends—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8.

Jethro Tull—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 7, and Monday, March 10, at 8.

Entwistle's Ox (with John Entwistle)—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.

National Jazz Ensemble—*Chuck* Israels conducting. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8, with Jim Hall; and Saturday, March 15, at 8, with Roy Eldridge. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—George Russell conducting a program of his own music. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.

Jimmy Giuffre 3—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, March 9, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Carmen McRae—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 9, at 8:30.

Seals & Crofts—With Walter Heath. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 11-12, at 8; Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, March 16, at 8.)

Tribute to Leadbelly—His songs, performed by Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie, Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee, and the Lunenberg Travelers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 15, at 7:30 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, March 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, March 11, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Thursday, March 13, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, March 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, March 9, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 14, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, March 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, March 9, at 4. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 12, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Tuesday, March 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, March 15, at 8:05.

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 8, at 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, March 8, and the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 15. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 15. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 8.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, March 8-9, at 4. . . . ¶ "Patience," Saturday, March 15, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.). . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 15, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: The New York Chamber Soloists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 15, at 3.). . . BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA YOUTH CONCERTS: David Amram conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 15, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Alice in Wonderland." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 12:30 and 3:30.). . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 697-0730.). . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Hot Feet." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Nikki Giovanni, Marian Seldes, Alice Walker, Eve Merriam, Sandra Hochman, and Helen Adam reading excerpts of poetry and drama. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 7, at 5:30.). . . ¶ George Starbuck and David McElroy reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5613. Friday, March 7, at 7:30.)

Lecture—"On Modernism," by Harold Rosenberg. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, March 11, at 8:15. No tickets necessary.)

Coliseum Antiques Fair and Flower Show—Antiques from all over the world, combined with flower exhibits and garden displays. This year's theme is "A Salute to 1775," and among the relevant exhibits will be an Early American inn with a Colonial herb-and-flower garden at the doorstep. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, March 8, through Sunday, March 16. Weekdays, 12:30 to 9:30; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 5, at 10:15 and 2: A collection of botanical books. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 6-7, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: Continental furniture and decorations, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 2, and Thursday, March 13, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, March 7.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Steppenwolf."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 8: "That Night in Rio" and "Weekend in Havana."
March 9: "Road to Morocco" and "Road to Utopia."
March 10-11: "Cat People," "The Curse of the Cat People," and "The Leopard Man."
From March 12: "The Red Balloon" and "Rififi."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 11: "The Man with the Golden Gun" and "Burn!"
From March 12 (tentative): "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sometime Sweet Susan."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 11: "Jeremiah Johnson."
From March 12: "Lacombe, Lucien."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 12: "Lenny."
From March 13: "The Great Waldo Pepper."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Report to the Commissioner."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through March 12: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From March 13 at 8: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through March 6: "Andy Warhol's Dracula."
From March 7: "Murder She Said" and "Murder at the Gallop."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Female Trouble."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Lenny."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Les Enfants Terribles."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Janis."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Through March 9: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."
From March 10: "The Wrong Damn Film."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 11: "The Last Detail" and "Five Easy Pieces."
From March 12: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 8: "Love at the Top."
From March 9: "Daughters, Daughters!"

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 11: "The Stepford Wives."
From March 12: "Funny Lady."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 11: "The Clowns."
From March 12: "Juggernaut."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Sometime Sweet Susan."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Dragon Dies Hard."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Lenny."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Steppenwolf."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 11: "Young Frankenstein."
From March 12: "Funny Lady."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 12: "Report to the Commissioner."
From March 13: "The Great Waldo Pepper."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Bogard."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Street Fighter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 757-2132 for particulars.)
March 5: "The Soft Skin"/"The Girls"/"The Collector."
March 6: "The Naked Kiss"/"The Soft Skin"/"The Girls."
March 7: "Women in Love"/"Tropic of Cancer"/"Shane."
March 8: "The Birth of a Nation"/"Women in Love"/"Tropic of Cancer."
March 9: "Shane"/"Intolerance"/"Women in Love."
March 10: "Viva la Muerte!"/"Play It As It Lays"/"Point of Order!"
March 11: "Klute"/"Viva la Muerte!"/"Play It As It Lays."
March 12: "Léda"/"L'Age d'Or"/"Viva la Muerte!"
March 13: "Hearts of the World"/"Léda"/"Klute."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 11: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From March 12: "California Split" and "The Last Detail."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Lenny."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and **4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 11 at one or another of the theatres: "The Gambler" and "The Parallax View"/"Lacombe, Lucien" and "Chloé in the Afternoon"/"Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine."... ¶ Through March 8: "Jungle Book" and "The Private Life of Henry VIII."... ¶ March 9-11: "Stand-In" and "Of Human Bondage."
From March 12: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 5: "The Awful Truth" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."
March 6-8: "O Lucky Man!" and "Performance."
March 9: One performance, at noon, of "Inadmissible Evidence."
March 9-10: "Badlands" and "The Last American Hero."
March 11: "My Night at Maud's" and "La Collectionneuse."
March 12: "Platinum Blonde" and "She Married Her Boss."
From March 13: "The Damned" and "The Conformist."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"That's Entertainment!"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
March 5: Theatre closed.
From March 6: "At Long Last Love."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Three Italian films with no English subtitles.
Through March 6: "Sesso in Testa."
From March 7: "Un Uomo Chi E Nato Apocalisse Joe" and "Armiamoci e Partite."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Brief Vacation."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 5: "Knife in the Water" and "Repulsion."
March 6: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II."
March 7: "Jules and Jim" and "The Soft Skin."
March 8: "The Cocoanuts" and "Monkey Business."
March 9: "Black Orpheus" and "West Side Story."
March 10: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" and "The Stone Flower."
March 11: "The Virgin Spring" and "The Devil's Eye."
March 12: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "Le Petit Soldat."
March 13: "The Lady Vanishes" and "Suspicion."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 11: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."
From March 12: "Malizia" and "Fellini Satyricon."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through March 11: "Death Wish" and "Serpico."
From March 12: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 11: "The Gambler" and "Man on a Swing."
From March 12: "Freebie and the Bean" and "Badlands."

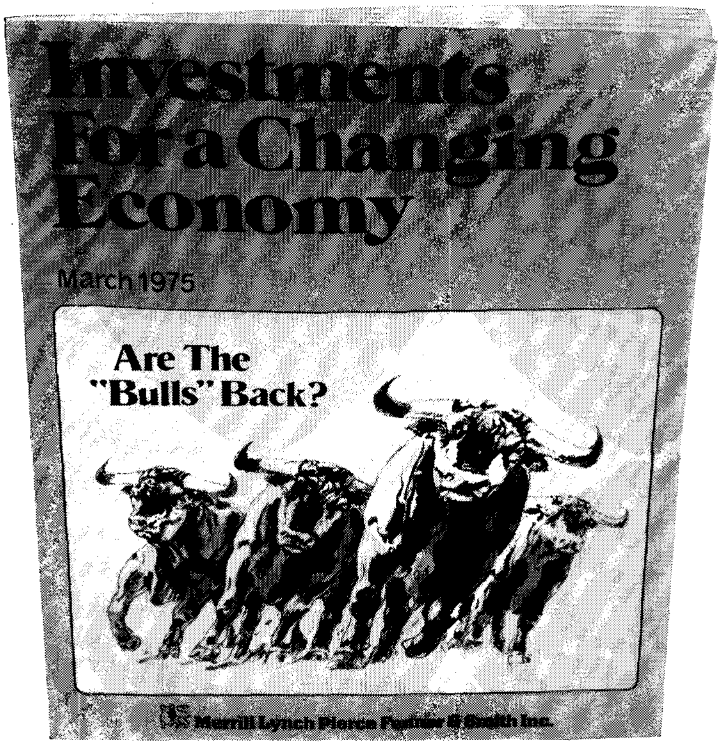
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Lenny."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 11: "The Man with the Golden Gun" and "Mr. Majestyk."
From March 12: "The Night Porter" and "Carnal Knowledge."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 5 at noon: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" (1974), directed by Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow.... ¶ March 5 at 5:30: "Voodoo Island" (1957), directed by Reginald LeBerg, with Boris Karloff and Beverly Tyler.... ¶ March 6 at 2: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman."... ¶ March 6 at 5:30: "The Swindlers" (1951), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Alberto Sordi and Belinda Lee; English subtitles.... ¶ March 6 at 8: "The Moment of Truth" (1965), in Spanish, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Miguel Mateo Miguelin; English subtitles.... ¶ March 7 at 2: "More Than a Miracle" (1967), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Sophia Loren, Omar Sharif, and Dolores Del Rio; no English titles.... ¶ March 7 at 5:30 and March 8 at noon: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sara Allgood.... ¶ March 8 at 3: "Man Against" (1970), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Mark Frechette, Alain Cuny, and Gian Maria Volonte; no English titles.... ¶ March 8 at 5:30: "The Mattei Affair" (1972), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Gian Maria Volonte; English subtitles.... ¶ March 9 at 12:30 and 3: "Flight of the Doves" (1971), directed by Ralph Nelson, with Ron Moody and Jack Wild.... ¶ March 9 at 5:30: "More Than a Miracle."... ¶ March 10 at 2: "The Mattei Affair."... ¶ March 10 at 5:30: "Man Against."... ¶ March 11 at 2: "The Vyborg Side" (1931), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintzev and Leonid Trauberg, with Boris Shirkov; no English titles.... ¶ March 11 at 5:30: "Lucky Luciano" (1973), directed by Francesco Rosi, with Gian Maria Volonte and Rod Steiger.... ¶ March 12 at 5:30: "The Vyborg Side."... ¶ March 13, Alain De Sédouy's three-part documentary on the career and times of Charles de Gaulle, in

What to watch and watch out for–right now.



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French, with English subtitles—at 2:30, Part I, 1914-40; at 3:30, Part II, 1940-45; at 7, Part III, 1950-63. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Japanese films, with English subtitles, directed by Yasujiro Ozu: March 6-7 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Tokyo Twilight" (1957).... ¶ March 8-9 at 3 and 5:30: "Late Autumn" (1960).... ¶ Starting March 13 at 3:30 and 5:30: "The End of Summer" (1961). (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 11: "The Text of Light," directed by Stan Brakhage.... ¶ Starting March 12: "The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir," directed by Claudia Weill and Shirley MacLaine. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Belson, Breer, Baillie, Etra, Broughton, Shamberg, Bresson, Cavalcanti, and others. Showings March 5-6 at 5, 7, and 9:30; March 7 at 6, 8, and 10; March 8 at 2:30, 6, and 9; March 9-10 at 8; March 11 at 6; March 12 at 5, 7, and 9:30; and March 13 at 6 and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (First Avenue Screening Room; through March 9.)

L'Age d'Or (1930)—A Luis Buñuel film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 12.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—One of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell. It's about a thirty-five-year-old widow, freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man, who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and good-hearted bitching, the picture moves with a breakneck vitality; it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Sutton; through March 12.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Andy Warhol's Dracula—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Fine Arts; through March 6.)

Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Festival, and New Yorker.)

At Long Last Love—A musical, with Burt Reynolds and Cybill Shepherd, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Music Hall; starting March 6.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Elgin; March 5.)

Badlands (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Elgin; March 9-10.... ¶ Symphony; starting March 12.)

The Birth of a Nation (1915)—Of this D. W. Griffith film, James Agee wrote, "It is equal with Brady's photographs, Lincoln's speeches, Whitman's war poems . . . in fact, to the best work that has been done in this country. And among moving pictures it is alone . . . as the one great epic, tragic film." With Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Henry B. Walthall. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 8.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 9.)

Bogard—With Richard Lawson, directed by Timothy Galfas. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in Northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves its grim, working-class realism behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on, almost like a dressy fantasy starring Elizabeth Taylor. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Little Carnegie.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur* who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 11.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 12.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Olympia; starting March 12.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 12, tentative.)

Cat People (1942)—The psychoanalyst (Tom Conway) calmly explains to his patient (Simone Simon) that her idea that she is turning into a member of the cat family is a fantasy; she silences him with fang and talon. Val Lewton made his name as a producer with this ironic horror film, produced for R.K.O. on a miniscule budget. While other horror producers were still using gorillas, haunted houses, and disembodied arms, Lewton and the director, Jacques Tourneur, employed suggestion, creepy sound effects, and inventive camera angles, leaving everything to the viewers' fear-filled imagination. Lewton pictures aren't really very good, but they're so much better than the almost totally incompetent horror trash that was being turned out at the time that his ingenuity seemed practically revolutionary. Some of the sequences, such as the scare at the swimming pool, are in their own way classic. The acting of most of the cast isn't up to the effects; with Kent Smith as the Cat Woman's husband. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10-11.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director, Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Quad Cinema; through March 11.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Quad Cinema; through March 11.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (72nd Street East; through March 11.)

The Cocoanuts (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 8.)

La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Elgin; March 11.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 5.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Elgin; starting March 13.)

The Curse of the Cat People (1944)—Val Lewton produced this misbegotten sequel to his famous low-budget thriller, the hard-to-forget "Cat People" (see above). In this one, Kent Smith, who has remarried, fears that his small daughter, Amy (Ann Carter), is under the influence of his first wife, and by his repressiveness drives the lonely, imaginative child to invent a friend, who is indeed the first wife (played once again by Simone Simon). The film is a true oddity, since Lewton perversely refused to give the studio the feline shocker it wanted, and instead tried to make a poetic film about a lonely child's need of an imaginary friend. The film is a clumsy mixture of unrealized ideas, gothic effects, and stiff, dull acting, but it has some unusual qualities; David Reisman devotes several pages to it in "The Lonely Crowd." Directed by Gunther Von Fritsch and Robert Wise. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10-11.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Elgin; starting March 13.)

Daughters, Daughters!—With Shai Ophir, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (68th St. Playhouse; starting March 9.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Embassy 72nd St., and Loews 83rd St.; through March 11.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

The Dragon Dies Hard—The story of the life of Bruce Lee. (Juliet 2.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elizabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) In French. (D. W. Griffith.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a stage panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 12.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Columbia II; through March 11.)

Freebie and the Bean—James Caan and Alan Arkin swallow so many of their lines that it could be they're ashamed to say them. If they're not, they should be. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick cop farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley. (Symphony; starting March 12.)

Funny Lady—A sequel to "Funny Girl," with Barbra Streisand as Fanny Brice, James Caan as Billy Rose, and Omar Sharif as Nicky Arnstein. Directed by Herbert Ross. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum; starting March 12.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Quad Cinema, and Symphony; through March 11.)

The Girls (1968)—With Bibi Andersson and Harriet Andersson, directed by Mai Zetterling. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 5-6.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Ciné.)

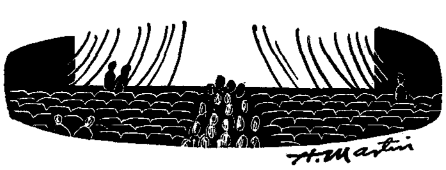
The Great Waldo Pepper—With Robert Redford, directed by George Roy Hill. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East; starting March 13.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through March 11.)

Hearts of the World (1918)—D. W. Griffith's venture into direct propaganda; he began the film to convince Americans to enter the First World War, but his objective was attained before he actually started to shoot, and the film turned into propaganda for an angrier spirit. Partly shot in the battlefields of Europe. With Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, and Robert Harron. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 13.)

Inadmissible Evidence (1968)—Taken from the John Osborne play, with Nicol Williamson. Directed by Anthony Page. (Elgin; March 9, one performance, at noon.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's mad, brilliant, silly extravaganza—perhaps the greatest movie ever made. In it one can see the source of most of the major traditions of the screen—the methods of Eisenstein and von Stroheim, the Germans and the Scandinavians, and, when it's bad, De Mille. It combines extraordinary lyric passages, realism, and psychological details with nonsense, vulgarity, and painful sentimentality. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 9.)



Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—The city of Kazan was built full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part film on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to power. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 6.)

Janis—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Cinema I.)

Jeremiah Johnson (1972)—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Gramercy; through March 11.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (72nd Street East; starting March 12.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 7.)

Jungle Book (1942)—Sabu appears to have a very good time as Mowgli, the child adopted by the wolves who lives among the wild beasts as one of them; he swings from tree to tree like a nursery Tarzan. In the dark-green jungles of this lush, handsome Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltan Korda, Mowgli has more to do with human folk than in the Kipling book—Joseph Calleia is around, and also little Patricia O'Rourke, for a suggestion of precocious romance. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the screenplay, wanders a bit from Kipling's simple fancy, but the plot about a treasure, a python, and a ruined city are entertaining enough. Children will probably still love the movie—and adults have a good time. (Quad Cinema; through March 8.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 11 and 13.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 5.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Quad Cinema; through March 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting March 12.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Elgin; March 9-10.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Columbia II; through March 11. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting March 12.)

Léda (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decaë and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 12-13.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through March 12.)

The Leopard Man (1943)—Jacques Tourneur, horror-mystery maker much hung up on wild cat species, here commits a picture about a series of murders blamed on a truant leopard but actually to be laid at the door of a psychopath. Adapted from a Cornell Woolrich thriller. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10-11.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 11.)

Love at the Top—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through March 8.)

Malizia—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance and with an intense sense of the class system. It is made up of inappropriate sexual longings, clownishly dealt with; small boys' voyeurism; and financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (6/17/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 12.)

Man on a Swing (1974)—Frank Perry's pseudo-documentary murder mystery is based on the unsolved crime that an Ohio reporter, William A. Clark, wrote about in "The Girl on the Volkswagen Floor"—a crime that became complicated when a man who claimed to be clairvoyant got involved in solving it. If the movie had stuck to the facts, it might have worked; if the scripter, David Zelag Goodman, had fictionalized the case and given it a solution, that might also have worked. But the movie is a jumble of both (with echoes of "Laura" besides), and in changing the central character, the reporter, to a chief of police (Cliff Robertson), Goodman failed to restructure the reporter's activities. So one keeps wondering who's running the police department while Robertson wanders off investigating parapsychology. Robertson's acting is far from inspired; his eyes are so bright and alert that he's staring even when he isn't, and his mouth is fixed in a semi-sneer. The picture, however, has a creepy, volatile performance by Joel Grey, as the man who says he's clairvoyant, and it's pure gold. Grey proves that he's an actor and a star; you can't take your eyes off him, and you don't want to. (Symphony; through March 11.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through March 11.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Folk humor, Frank Capra-style, is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment. Ingratiating is the word for it, and irresistible, too. Gary Cooper is the sincere greeting-card poet who comes to the big city; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Buddington Kelland *Satevepost* story. The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, Douglass Dumbrille, Ruth Donnelly, Emma Dunn, Mayo Methot, and Raymond Walburn. (Elgin; March 5.)

Mr. Majestyk—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Olympia; through March 11.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 8.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Fine Arts; starting March 7.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Paramount.)

Murder She Said (1962)—Margaret Rutherford as Jane Marple, a maiden-aunt amateur criminologist, in an amiable adaptation of an Agatha Christie novel. With Arthur Kennedy and Stringer Davis; George Pollock directed. (Fine Arts; starting March 7.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Elgin; March 11.)

The Naked Kiss (1965)—A New England town that is pleasant on the outside and filthy rotten on the inside. Samuel Fuller's movie is like soap opera run hysterically amok. With Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, Betty Bronson, and a bunch of forgettable men. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 6.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Olympia; starting March 12. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 12, tentative.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Quad Cinema; March 9-11.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Elgin; March 6-8.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema; through March 11.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; March 6-8.)

Le Petit Soldat (1960)—Godard's first foray into politics, with romance and political extremism and torture and talk of cinema all suspended in an existential mixture. Technically an innovative work, but humanly a baffling one. With Anna Karina and Michel Subor. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

Platinum Blonde (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Elgin; March 12.)

Play It As It Lays (1972)—About empty lives, acute anguish, Hollywood and Hell. As Joan Didion's hurting waif-heroine who has discovered the nothingness of life, Tuesday Weld wanders around numbly, looking like a great pumpkin-headed doll. The movie is bound to be a touchstone, like the book: people have different levels of tolerance for stories celebrating soulless high life, and catatonic alienation has never been more poshly narcissistic than in this one. Frank Perry directed; it's visually handsome but a peculiarly passive viewing experience. With Tony Perkins, Tammy Grimes, Adam Roarke, and Ruth Ford. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10-11.)

Point of Order! (1964)—Joe McCarthy himself is the star of this documentary film, made from the original TV kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Based on the Neil Simon play, with Jack Lemmon and Anne Bancroft. Directed by Melvin Frank. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton; starting March 13 at 8.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this warhorse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Quad Cinema; through March 8.)

The Red Balloon (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It is an allegory on innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, but it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's fable on the same theme, "White Mane." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 12.)

Report to the Commissioner—Another entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, this one smartened up with the "Serpico" theme, but to no avail. It's a slovenly production, and the suspense never gets going. Michael Moriarty plays the hippie undercover detective destroyed by his blundering, callous superiors in the New York City Police Department. Moriarty is required to fall apart at the end, but he can't wait for the climactic collapse, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. Dazed by his own sensitivity, he sweats, he twitches, he convulses. The movie features two big chase numbers, and a scene in an elevator at Saks, with the hero and a black militant (Tony King) holding guns on each other and then opting for brotherhood when it is too late. With Yaphet Kotto, giving a respectable performance, against all odds, and a blond ingénue, Susan Blakely, with a twittering voice, who is supposed to be a hot-shot narc. Adapted from James Mills' novel; directed by Milton Katselas. (2/10/75) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through March 12.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 5.)

Rififi (1956)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and the director, Jules Dassin, who made this picture in France (and in French), eliminated all dialogue for a tense half hour as we watch how they do it. It is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. Ironically, we find ourselves sympathizing with their honest exhaustion after their dishonest labor. The film also provides nasty glimpses of underworld Parisian prostitutes and hopheads; Dassin keeps things actively vicious with the thrashing of a gangster's faithless mistress and the gaudily shot kidnapping of the young son of one of the quartet by another mob out to cut in on the swag. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but it's not all that good. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, Magali Noel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 12.)

Road to Morocco (1942)—Maybe you have to have seen the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby road movies (comedies with songs and a lot of patter) when they came out to understand the affection people felt for them, and to appreciate how casually sophisticated the style seemed at the time. The pictures haven't weathered as well as thirties comedies, because they were satirizing melodramas that are already forgotten. The series spoofed the fancy backgrounds of adventure movies; Hope and Crosby ambled through exotic, nonsensical lighthearted situations with no pretense to believability. They took the thud out of the dumb gags and topical jokes by their amiable comic intimacy. And the rare good jokes shone in the unpretentious atmosphere. Hope and Crosby's rapport has great charm, and every once in a while Hope does something—a gesture or a dance movement—that is prodigiously funny. Dorothy Lamour is their joint inamorata and the foil of the series; inimitably out of it, she was taken over from the pictures being satirized, and she played in the same coy, eager-to-please manner. The best song here is "Moonlight Becomes You." David Butler directed; Frank Butler and Don Hartman did the script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 9.)

Road to Utopia (1946)—Perhaps the farthest out of the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby road pictures. Some of the patter is pure, relaxed craziness, but the topical jokes (about Paramount Pictures, about Crosby's rivalry with Frank Sinatra, about Hope's radio sponsor, a toothpaste company) and the awful quips ("Don't be facetious." "Keep politics out of this") keep pulling it down. In this one, the boys whoop around Alaska in search of a gold mine owned by Dorothy Lamour. Robert Benchley turns up but, unfortunately, he didn't write his own material. The songs include "Would You?" Hal Walker directed; Norman Panama and Melvin Frank did the script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 9.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son dis-

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appearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through March 11.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Embassy 72nd St., and Loews 83rd St.; through March 11.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 10.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The film opens on Election Eve, November 4, 1968, and ends the day after Nixon's and Agnew's victory; the people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. This sophisticated farce, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer), may be put down as frivolous just because it really isn't. It's a very uncompromising film, and it's going to cause dissension. (2/17/75) (Coronet.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Van Heflin, and Brandon deWilde. Directed by George Stevens. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 7 and 9.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—The flat title tells the whole story of this uninspired office romance. Claudette Colbert, a chic, hyperefficient secretary, is in love with her rich, miserable department-store-owner boss (Melvyn Douglas). He has a spoiled brat (Edith Fellows) by a previous marriage and a rotten sister who keeps house for him. When he finally marries Claudette, she takes on his domestic mess and discoveres that he expects her to be Miss Efficiency forever. This is one of those movies in which all problems are finally solved by the hero and heroine getting drunk and throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Gregory La Cava directed. (Elgin; March 12.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 5-6.... ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 7.)

Stand-In (1937)—An erratic script about a high-strung Hollywood director (Humphrey Bogart, howlingly miscast); a classy efficiency expert (Leslie Howard) trying to make sense of the motion-picture business; and a sensible girl (Joan Blondell) who was once a child star. At one point, she does a wicked imitation of Shirley Temple. The movie was moldy even when it came out, but it's harmless and good-natured. With Alan Mowbray and Jack Carson; Tay Garnett directed. (Quad Cinema; March 9-11.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

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The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Loews Tower East; through March 11.)

Steppenwolf—Based on the Hermann Hesse novel, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda. Directed by Fred Haines. (Art, and U.A. East.)

The Stone Flower (1947)—A Russian fairy tale about a young stone carver. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 10.)

The Street Fighter—A martial-arts film from Japan, in dubbed English. X-rated for its violence. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

That Night in Rio (1941)—Alice Faye could dance and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses" in "On the Avenue"), but this low-camp musical is one of her co-starring jobs with Don Ameche, the zero that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile—sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." Irving Cummings directed. The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera;" those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 8.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Guild.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 7-8.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

Viva la Muerte! (1971)—Directed by Fernando Arrabal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10-12.)

Weekend in Havana (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mark Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 8.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 9.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 7-9.)

The Wrong Damn Film—With Barry Bostwick and Keene Curtis, directed by Carson Davidson. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting March 10.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think: you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Loews Orpheum; through March 11.)

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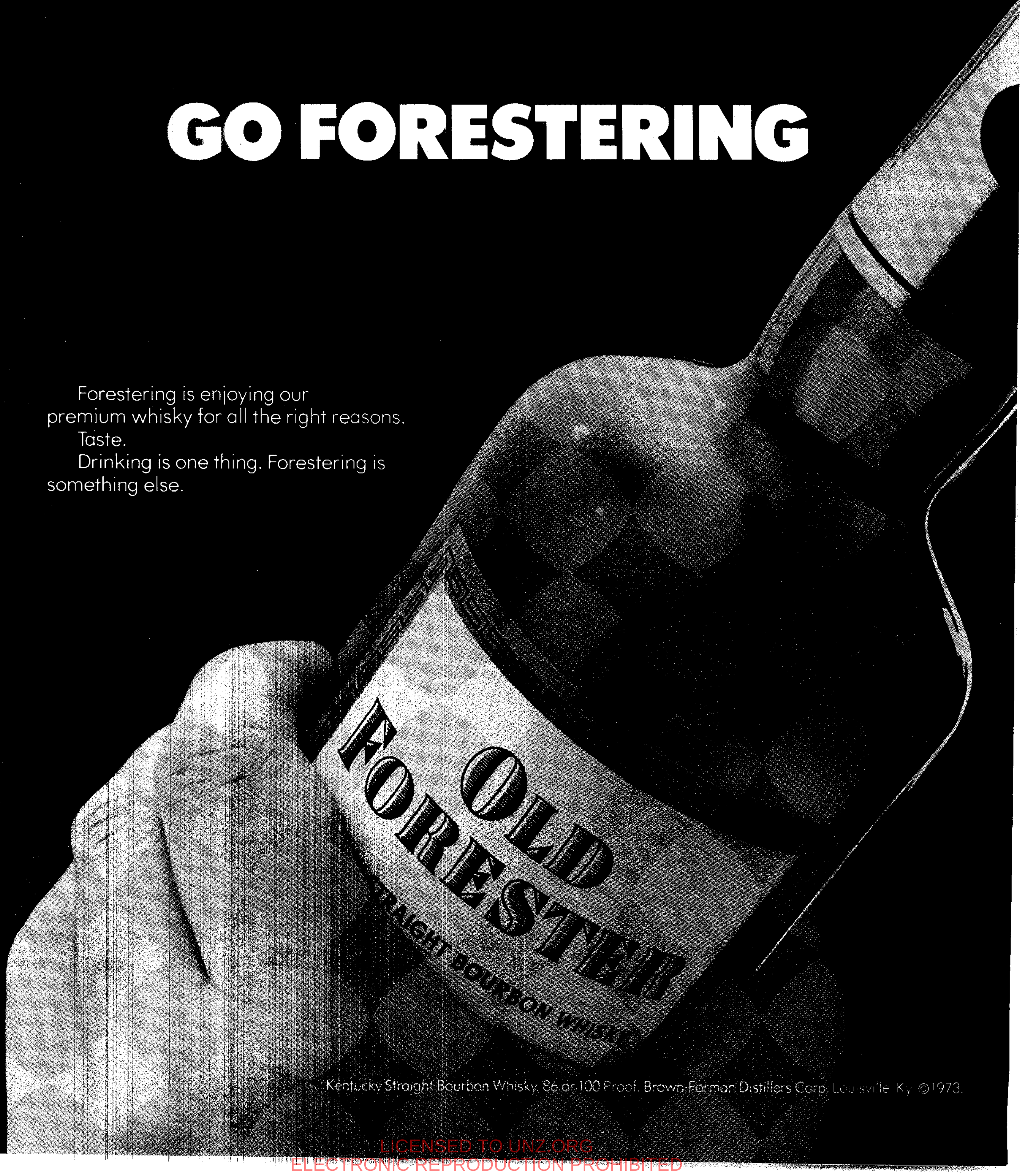
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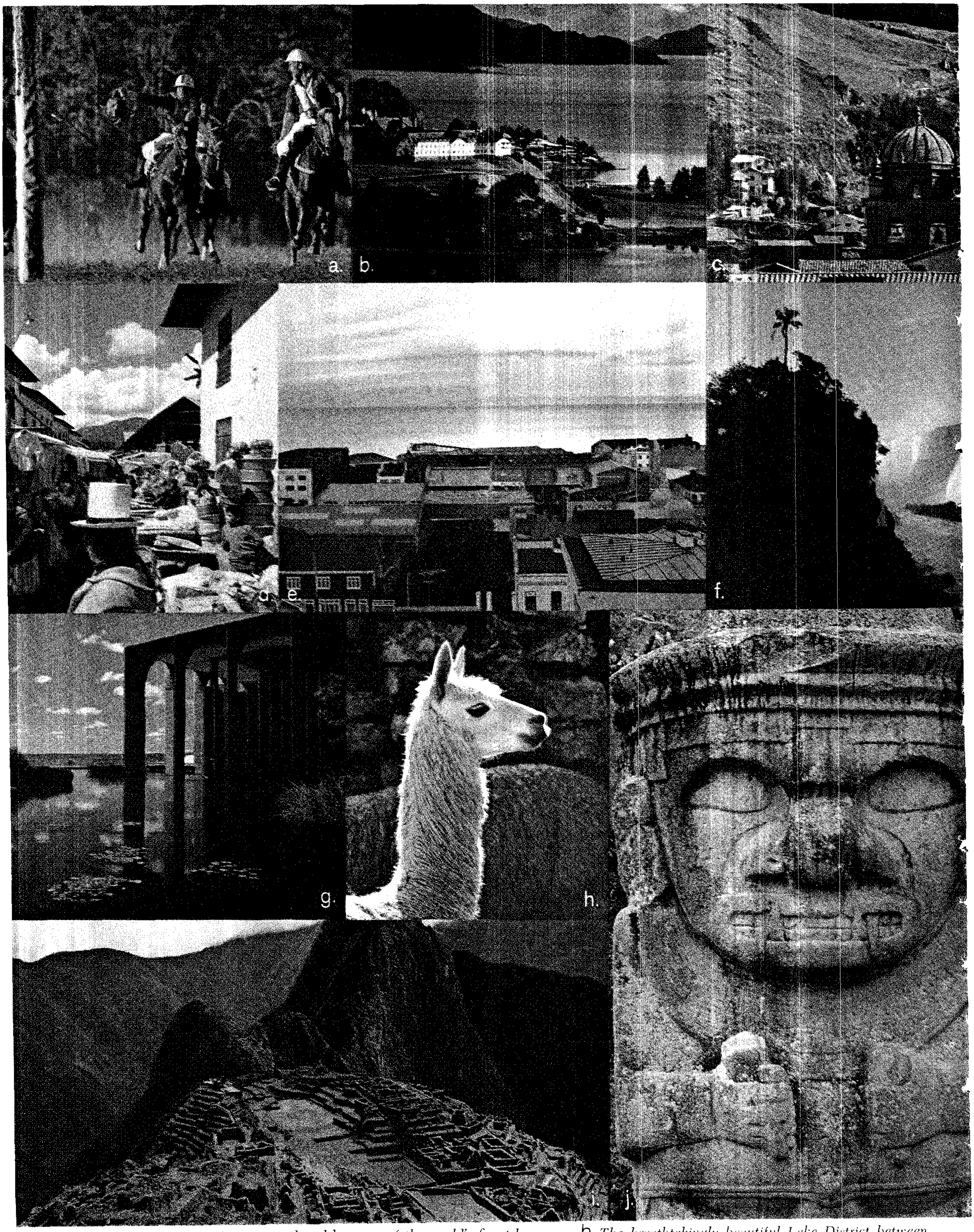

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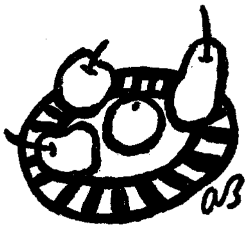
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were driving along the Bruckner Expressway on a mean, blustery morning, listening on the radio to terrible news of what people were doing to one another everywhere, and looking through a pale snowfall at the grinding ugliness of the South Bronx—the desperate, pathetic stores; the vast, sullen apartment buildings—and as the snow turned to icy rain and the windshield wipers whined their melancholy verse (*relentless, monotonous/relentless, monotonous*), and the traffic slowed to that pace of suppressed frenzy in which every car is locked into an intimate but impersonal (and potentially savage) relationship with its neighbors, and the immediate prospect was for even slower traffic ahead and for more time to study the surrounding detritus of our society—well, we said the hell with it, took the first exit we found (White Plains Road, as it happened), and headed for the shore. Our idea was to keep going until we got to something simple and human or to Long Island Sound, whichever came first.

White Plains Road joined Sound View Avenue after a while, and the area turned rather rural. The rain stopped. There were open lots and trees, and then we saw water ahead. The Bronx came to a halt in a small parking lot, empty except for a couple of rows of neatly parked abandoned cars. On the left was the Shorehaven Beach Club, an enclave surrounded by a high chain-link fence with barbed wire on top (hardly inviting); straight ahead was open water (The Sound? An arm of the East River? Anyway, cold and gray); but on the right we caught a glimpse of something arresting, and that was the direction we took. What we saw was bungalows, lots of them, sitting shoulder to shoulder under tall trees, making a quilt of colors—chocolate, rose pink, lime green, lavender, tan—like a town in the background of a fifteenth-century fresco. We drove down a very narrow, deeply rutted road and went bouncing, lurching, and splashing into the community. The bungalows were one story high and one room in width; otherwise, they had nothing in common structurally. They were built of every conceivable material—though many featured Early Tarpaper—and the range of textures and hues, even on a single bungalow, was astonishing and delightful. Every building extruded a number of small additions: room extensions, porches, sheds, garages, doghouses, verandas, stoops, overhangs. The bungalows leaned this way and that; there wasn't a straight line in sight. Chimneys tilted out of sagging roofs, walls angled down into the slush, fallen shingles rested like confetti on the snow, and a number of houses seemed to be making a jaunty last stand before descending vertically into the earth itself. Torn plastic storm windows fluttered in the wind. Cars, many of them old, were parked here and there, and dogs roamed in small social units. There were no people in sight, but the place did not feel deserted or desolate.



A left turn brought us to the shore, about thirty yards away. Here a resident of the first row of houses, standing on his doorstep, would have a superb view: from left to right, the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge; College Point, in Queens; LaGuardia Airport; Rikers Island; Hunts Point; and, way off to the south, some Manhattan skyline. The immediate shore was meadow and mud, set off by several abandoned cars (one yellow, wheelless, and upside down), a blue rowboat, some old breakwaters, and a harum-scarum pier. The beach was oily and dark, littered with the familiar tires, planks, and oil drums, yet the general prospect, having such an abundance of open water and such a sweep of empty sky, was extremely pleasing. Suddenly, a DC-10 shrieked low overhead, pointing toward LaGuardia. "National," it said on its tail, and there was a painted yellow sun, suggesting warm, brightly lit Florida; presumably, the plane was bearing a load of toasted New Yorkers back to reality. The huge jet roared across the water, descending, and when it seemed about to merge with the sea, it touched a distant runway, kicking up a cloud of white.

We turned inland, down one of many bumpy alleyways, past a brilliant blaze of laundry flapping on a backyard clothesline, past a lofty tree house of bleached wood. Every bungalow had a tiny yard; every yard had a fence (slats or picket or wire or something); every fence had a gate. In season, the yards would be shady and green: there were trees and plants and shrubs of all kinds—lilacs and dogwoods and apple trees, flower beds and hedges, rosebushes and honeysuckle, wisteria and trellised ivy, twisting grapevines on pale arbors. Brick-lined paths and narrow concrete sidewalks led from doors to cookout chimneys, winding past lawn ornaments and toys and wheelbarrows half loaded with snow. There were tables for picnics; one yard had nine chairs of various kinds and three stepladders.

Driving into an open area—a sort of square that wasn't in the least square—we saw an elderly man trudging through the slush. He was wearing work boots, a cap, and a heavy coat with a furry collar, and he was carrying a paper bag just large enough to hold a sandwich. He looked agreeable, so we hailed him.

"Where are we?" we asked.

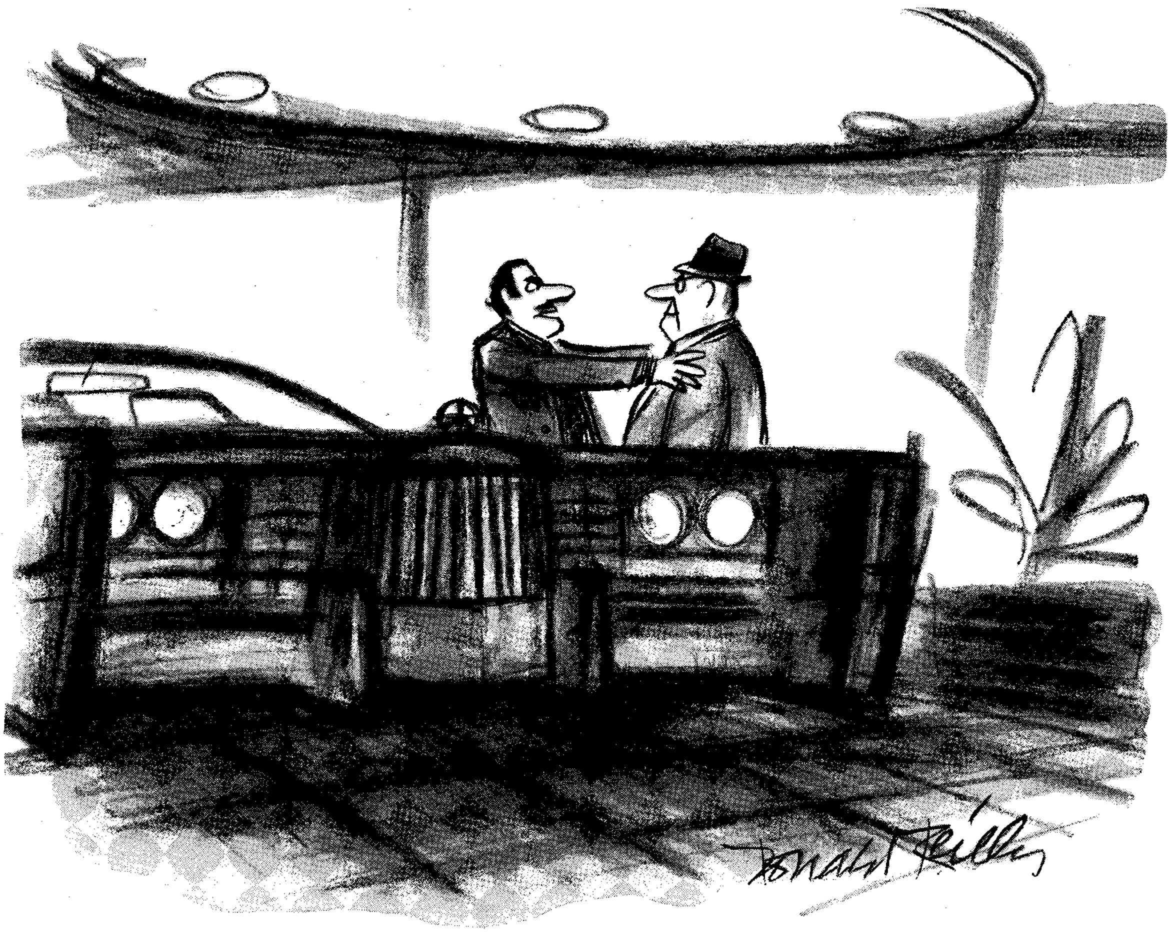
"Harding Park," he said.

We said we liked it.

"We have our own volunteer fire department," he said. "This used to be a summer place in the old days. They had tents."

We asked how long he had lived in Harding Park.

"I've stood it seventeen years," he



"We get some people these days who come to whimper about gas. You look as if you've come to talk car."

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said. "You should see it in the summer, when all the trees are out. . . . Well, I got to go," he added, and he did.

Down an alley, a second man, also bundled up, with a blue wool cap pulled down over his ears, was lashing a group of garbage cans together with a rope, and he greeted us in a friendly fashion. He was pink-cheeked and hardy-looking; he might have been seventy. He told us that his name was Howard Bellingham, and that he had lived here since 1956. "You can't beat it in the summertime!" he shouted as another jet screamed over the treetops. "No one owns their property here," he said when it was quiet again. "We all rent, and the owner always wants to throw us out so he can build high-rises. But we're trying to buy the land ourselves. We went to planning-board meetings and finally got the area down-zoned, and that knocked the hell out of the high-rise plans. That and the jet planes. I remember one time a big builder was standing over there explaining his plans to some potential investors, and a jet went over, making a terrible noise. 'He's kind of low,' said the builder. 'Oh, no,' said one of our people. 'He's kind of high.' " Bellingham laughed, and so did we, and we said goodbye.

Driving away, we came to an intersection that had street signs, and found we were on Leland Avenue. We turned right (onto Gildersleeve Avenue), and we seemed to be at the northern limits of Harding Park. To the left was an open field, and on the right was a small firehouse with red doors and a sign saying "Aviation Vol. Fire Dept. No. 3." As we slowed down to look at a couple of handsome old fire engines that had apparently been put out to pasture in an adjacent yard, a car pulled up and a young man jumped out and unlocked the door to the firehouse. We stopped, said hello, and asked him why the firehouse was called Aviation.

"There used to be a small airfield across the road there," he said, and he invited us in. "I'm ex-Chief Ed Pache," he added, shaking hands. "Between my father, my brother, and me, we've got a hundred years in the Department. I've always lived in Harding Park." Pache showed us Aviation's current fire engine ("It's a 1951 Ward LaFrance pumper, and it carries five hundred and fifty gallons") and two ambulances. We looked at a display of framed photographs on one wall; there was a splendid color snapshot of Pache's late father, Chief John Pache, Sr., at a 1965 firemen's tournament on Long Island. The Chief was wearing a red shirt and a nice smile; in one hand he held a bottle of beer and in the other hand the traditional chief's speaking horn. It was a touching picture: he looked like a good man having a well-deserved good time. "My parents moved to Harding Park from Staten Island in the early nineteen-twenties," said Pache. "In those days, there was a trolley line and a big amusement park. But that all went in the twenties. I was born at 1319 Harding Park. I'm thirty-two now, but what you see is pretty much the way it was when I was a kid. It hasn't developed any. Everybody was like one big family. Even today, it's very close."

We asked Pache if he ever thought of living someplace else.

He seemed surprised. "No," he said. "Where else could I find a place like this?"

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Gumbo

"GUMBO" is the old word for the kind of track out at Aqueduct on Opening Day last week. Sloppier than slop. But fast, because, in an effort to speed up the sport on a wet track, the surface at the Big A has been made shallower and sandier and more porous than it was fifteen years ago, when caking mud grabbed at straining hoofs. It rained hard all night before Opening Day, and it had rained the previous morning. It had stopped raining by the time we reached the clockers' booth, fifteen feet above the training track, at nearby Belmont Park, at eight-forty-five Opening Day morning, but it would rain again soon. (Many Aqueduct horses are stabled at Belmont.) About twelve horses on the track, a few running hard, their slickered riders standing tall in the stirrups. Three men with stopwatches in the booth, a couple of jockeys' agents, a couple of trainers, and a lot of cigars. The agents and the trainers traded gibes by way of welcoming each other back to town. "A trainer has the easiest job on the track, next to a hot-walker," said Lennie Goodman, who is the agent for Braulio Baeza, the ace Panamanian jock—the man who sits in the irons, according to Red Smith, like a Mayan or Toltec graven image.

"I knew an agent who went on a diet, gave up smoking, and stopped drinking on the same day," Johnny Campo said. Johnny Campo is a big, jolly trainer, who wears a Washington Redskins stocking cap. His horse, a filly named Riskalot, was running in the third. "That agent was the most nervous guy I ever saw."

One clocker gnawed at his cigar. "What did he do to ease the tension? He must have done something. Kill babies?"

"Naw," said Campo. "You just never saw a guy chew so much gum."

"Come next June," said another clocker, "my future brother-in-law's niece will be on the track."

Behind the clockers' booth, three dogs had a squirrel up a tree. Steam rose from straw that grooms were removing from the stables, and a Long Island Rail Road train hooted in the distance.

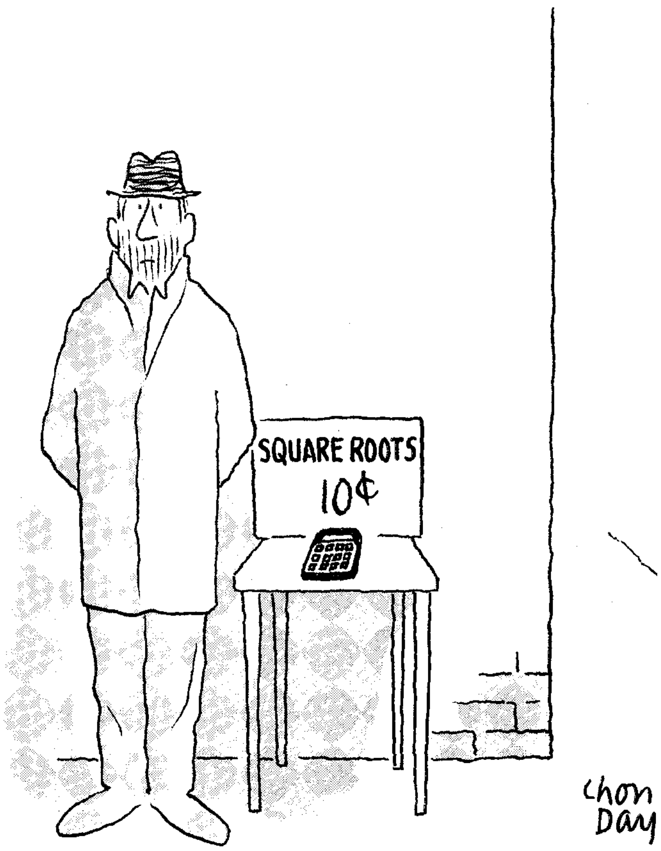
We hit the Big A. Two and a half hours to post time. The first subway loads of horseplayers were arriving on the seventy-five-cent special—round-trip fare and grandstand admission *compris*. The New York Racing Association tracks have lost money in eight of the last nine years. Attendance has been off twenty-five per cent since June of 1971, when Off-Track Betting began taking bets on the N.Y.R.A. races. During the past two seasons, the N.Y.R.A. has tried two sixty-five-day experiments to lure racegoers back to the track. The N.Y.R.A., which operates the tracks, gave up one per cent of its take and induced the state, which regulates the tracks, to forgo two per cent of its take, thus reducing the total takeout from each handle from seventeen-point-something per cent to fourteen-point-something per cent. The results last year encouraged the N.Y.R.A.: attendance dropped two and seven-tenths per cent on the season, but the handle was up by one and one-tenth per cent—the first increase since '71. It remains to be seen whether the Legislature will be impressed. The state gets from seventy to eighty million dollars a year in revenue from the tracks without contributing a nickel in capital expenditure.

Up in the press box, we found only the Squirrel, the man who runs the place, and Henry the Horse, a self-employed handicapper who once managed a bungalow colony up in the mountains. "I'm not here to enjoy myself," said Henry, who dresses his big frame in muted gray-and-white stripings. "It's a lot harder to earn your living in this business than it was thirty years ago, what with the state taking such a cut of the handle. Now, say you got a poker game with eight players, and they each put a thousand in the pot. Right. And the house is going to keep eighteen per cent—because that's what it amounts to—of each pot. And let's say it takes about a minute and a half to two minutes to play a hand. Right? That's reasonable. Now, you can scientifically prove through mathematics that in one hour and forty minutes the house is going to have eight thousand dollars and the winners and the losers are going to have nothing apiece. Add this new gimmick betting to it, like exactas and trifectas, where the takeout is up to twenty-five per cent, and you'll probably wind up in the hole. Listen, have a good day."

Had steak-and-eggs in the Man o' War Room with the turfwriters. Red Smith and Toney Betts, late of the *Mirror* and now on the copy desk at the *Jersey Journal*, swapped horse stories by way of welcoming each other back. They both tried to remember the best lead ever written by W. J. Macbeth, the famous *Trib* scribe, who died in the late thirties. Betts won. "He had a lead about the time Man o' War won the Potomac Handicap. Macbeth said, 'Man o' War carried 138 pounds today and won. He could have carried William Howard Taft.' Listen, have a good day."

Back at the track, the No. 1 horse—Joanne's Fling, Angel Cordero, Jr., up—who was the favorite in the first race, broke fast, had the lead at midway by a head, and pulled ahead to win by two lengths ($4.80, $3.40, $2.80). Cordero won the second on Kays Roman, again the No. 1 horse, for the same owner and trainer. This made Ellie FitzSimons, the cute P.R. gal for the track, who had a 1-1 Daily Double ticket, because it was Opening Day, the only winner we encountered all afternoon. Cordero then won the third on Call the Queen, beating Johnny Campo's Riskalot and her reinsman, George Martens. George is sixteen, a high-school senior in nearby Floral Park, and he told us he won his first race in January, at the new Keystone track, northeast of Philly. George said Riskalot, who finished fourth, had slipped under the reins on the far turn, breaking out and losing the rail position. She hadn't been able to change leads in the slop. George made fifty-four bucks for riding in the race.

Henry the Horse, who was keeping careful book on each race but was not betting, gave us a tip on Champagne Charlie in the second division of the six-furlong Paumonok Handicap, the first stakes race of the two-hundred-and-sixty-six-day season. "Breaks last, finishes fast," Henry whispered. Princely Native,



Braulio Baeza on top—in the Harbor View Farm flamingo, black sleeves, white hoops, and black cap—broke in front and led all the way, winning by a length and a quarter. Tytus Casella and Nile Delta dead-heated for the place slot. Champagne Charlie broke near last, finished last.

Under a Montresor Moon

THE New York City Opera is celebrating its thirty-first birthday with a brilliant new production of Puccini's "Turandot," an operatic fairy tale about a ferocious Chinese princess who decapitates her unsuccessful suitors. For a company the size of the City Opera, "Turandot" is a major challenge, because it requires elaborate sets and costumes, a large orchestra and chorus, a stentorian tenor, and a hefty-voiced soprano (Turandot) who can belt out a series of high C's as she walks up and down a flight of steps. The "Turandot" second-act staircase is a celebrated operatic trap. Birgit Nilsson, the most famous exponent of the role, tempts fate by running up and down the stairs in comfortably loose sandals; less secure ladies have been known to settle for sneakers. Backstage at the dress rehearsal, we asked Rachel Mathes, the new City Opera Turandot, how she coped with the staircase problem, and she replied, "Gingerly." Miss Mathes, a statuesque Southern woman, who was dressed in a glittering Chinese court costume of gold, green, and orange, extended a foot in a silver-and-gold ballet slipper. "This is the safest thing to wear," she told us, in an Alabama drawl, "because the sole is thin enough to feel the edge of each step. One night, when I was singing 'Turandot' in Augsburg, I came down a flight of steps that was so warped and uneven I nearly fell on my face. The trouble is, when you play an arrogant Chinese princess you stand there singing with a two-foot tiara on your head and three-inch nails on your fingers and you *can't look down*."

We walked through a hall, past a sign that said "Please Do Not Vocalize in the Corridors During Performances," and out into the auditorium, where we found Julius Rudel, the City Opera's director and conductor, rehearsing a dramatic choral sequence from the first act of the opera. "Let's start from the last scream and get into position for the moon," said Mr. Rudel, a handsome, gray-haired maestro, who keeps things moving in a firm but cheerful manner. "Remember, chorus, you go from bloodthirsty violence—you want to see the Prince of Persia's head cut off—to sensuous longing when the moon rises. Ladies, please—more mystery on '*Tarda la luna*.' You sounded like a bunch of disappointed children. Think of yourselves as adults, with hot blood rising in your veins." Mr. Rudel started the orchestra with a sweeping downbeat and watched while the chorus—dressed as Peking peasants—spaced itself across the stage and fell flat on the floor. "Much better," he said as the peasants rose slowly to their feet, singing with full-throated intensity. A funeral procession of guards in red and gold carried off the Prince of Persia to his death as Ping, Pang, and Pong, the Imperial Ministers, appeared in glittering silk robes and tried to persuade the hero to stay away from Turandot.

"Don Abrams!" called Mr. Rudel, freezing the action onstage for a moment. "Have we got a new gong for the Prince?"

"We do, Julius," replied a disembodied voice, "but it has to be built in."

"O.K.," said Mr. Rudel. "I'll try it later."

At the end of the act, Mr. Rudel walked onstage to inspect a large circular gong that was being fitted into a pagoda-shaped frame. "The other one was tinny," he said, seizing a mallet and striking the gong with an upward circular movement. "This has more character."

As stagehands unfolded a spangled staircase, we asked Mr. Rudel why he had chosen such a complicated work for the City Opera's anniversary. "'Turandot' is total musical theatre, and that happens to be something that we, as a company, are particularly good at," he said. "And the opera has many associations for me. Our old 'Turandot'—a very modest affair—was the first opera I conducted after I became the company's director, in 1957. The present production, which is designed by Beni Montresor, comes from the Teatro La Fenice, in Venice. I conducted six performances of 'Turandot' there in 1969, and I liked the designs so much that I made the management an offer they couldn't refuse for the sets and costumes."

"How does it feel to celebrate thirty-one years of the City Opera?" we asked.

"We are not what we were," said Mr. Rudel. "At the beginning, we were a shoestring operation that sometimes produced marvellous things under very difficult conditions. Everybody was kind but a bit patronizing. Now that we can compete with the major opera companies of the world, our critics constantly call upon us to do better. Which is as it should be. The essence of our style is opera as drama. We are always looking for new dramatic techniques, new viewpoints that will enhance the musical values of a work and make it communicate more directly to an audience."

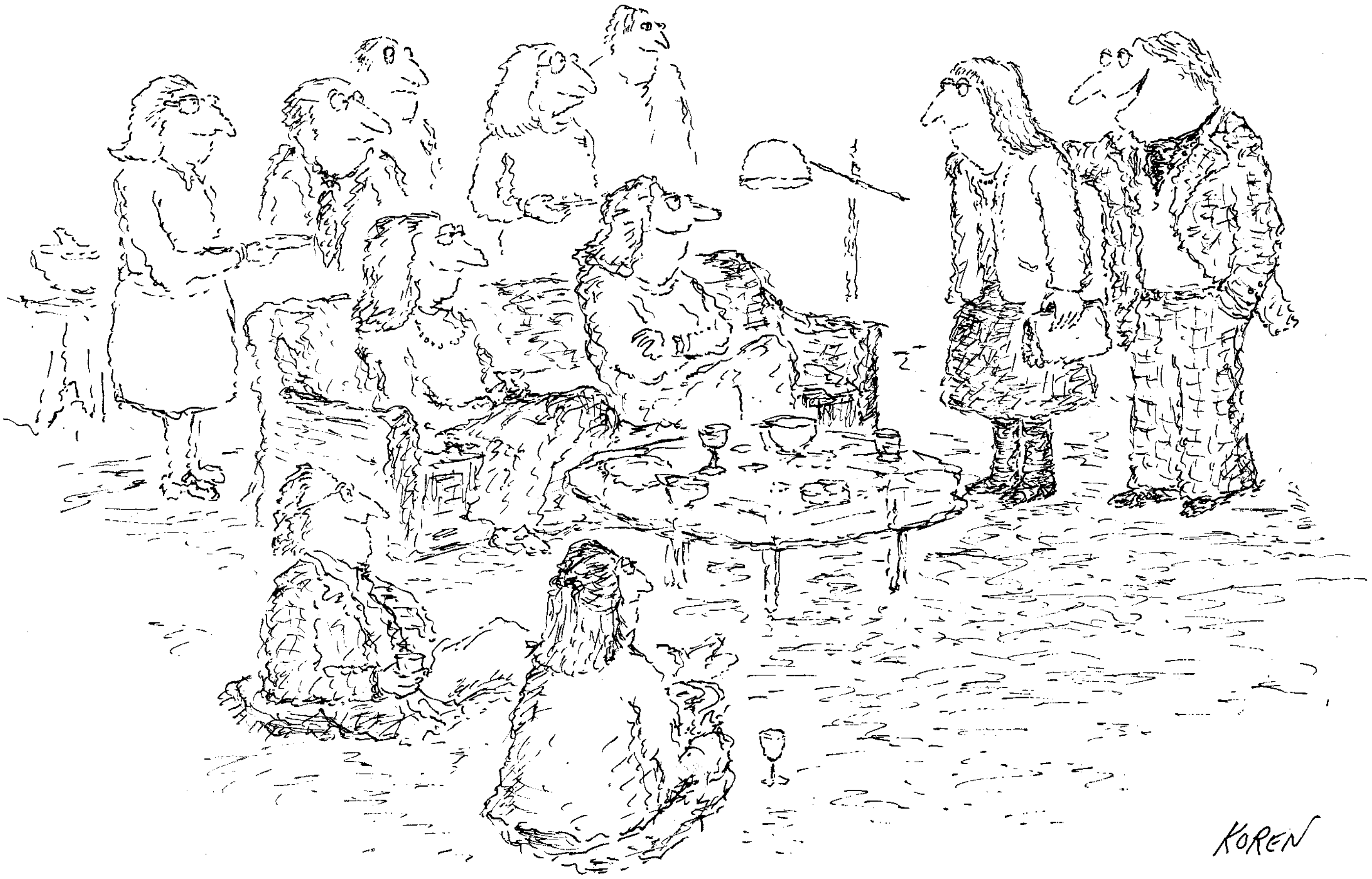
"What do you remember as your worst moments as an opera conductor?" we asked.

"There was a Butterfly who came to the footlights during her first aria and said, 'Maestro, I'm sorry,'" Mr. Rudel replied. "That was *my* first performance of the opera, and I wanted to hide. She stopped singing, but we continued somehow. Then there was a 'Rosenkavalier' when the first flute was delayed by a highway accident, so I had to whistle his part in the prologue. To my amazement, nobody noticed. But my all-time favorite was the chicken that got loose and fell into the orchestra pit during the first act of 'Manon.' By the time we cornered it behind a harp, the singers had broken up and the musicians were hysterical. Whenever something like that happens, I think of my favorite Rilke quote: 'Who talks of victory? Survival is the essence.'"

Crazy Items

HENNY YOUNGMAN'S brother Lester makes dimeand pins; that's a safety pin with a dime soldered on it—a popular gag item. The great comedian set his brother up in this business, and he likes to hit novelty trade shows whenever he can, looking for new items that Lester can add to his line. So last week Henny and a crony, Milt Moss (he's the man who sat on the bed in the Alka-Seltzer commercial and said, "I can't believe I ate the who-o-o-ole thing!"), took in the Variety Merchandise Show at the Coliseum and picked up free samples. We went along to carry the samples.

Milt Moss does a put-on act with great success. The other day, he appeared before fifteen hundred people at a Standard Oil do at Lake Tahoe. Mustache, Vandyke, double-breasted suit with little pin on the lapel, flanked by two deputy sheriffs, and introduced as Dr. Joseph Al-Kabbat, Deputy Minister of Petroleum for Saudi Arabia. Spoke seriously for ten minutes about politics and economics, the problems of developing nations, the responsibilities of energy consumers, blah blah blah, then praised Standard Oil. "Very fine company, very good, very respected



"I'd like everybody to meet Meg Plunkett, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Jack Plunkett."

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people. *Cheap*, but nice." Then he went into his stand-up routine.

Milt Moss also appears as a Puerto Rican police chief, a Chilean lend-lease official, and the Deputy Finance Minister of France. Never a Minister or an Ambassador—always the Deputy. That way, it's completely believable. "I wait until they're all hooked. Then I look for the hook to break it. Just like Henny taught me."

"He's really happy with this diddle," said Henny. "Just don't let it go on too long."

"No, no," said Milt. "But I break it slowly, so they're laughing, reacting. And laughing before they know what they're laughing at, or who."

"O.K.," said Henny. "You got it. Let's go find some crazy items. Let's take a little stroll."

Inflatable giant plastic footballs, inflatable giant plastic seals, coffee cups that rattle when you pick them up, hip flasks disguised as sandwiches, Bicentennial belt buckles, a T-shirt with monster claws reaching up from the waistline, the Femlite (a flashlight), Spirit of '76 pot holders, the Rapitape (an automatic tape dispenser), Personality Dollar Bills—dollar bills with pictures of Henry Kissinger or Rin-Tin-Tin or Pope Paul or Richard M. Nixon or Johnny Carson on them ("This money is negotiable, not prohibited by the Treasury; Mel Laird gave a Ford dollar bill to the President on January 19th"), the schizophrenic doll (has four revolving faces), a rubber Nixon mask for Halloween, giant, three-inch coins. Henny called the giant, three-inch coins Arab money.

Henny acquired samples of penknives, a pocket tool kit, a Dudley Do-Right radio, and a blue chrysanthemum kind of sponge mop—the kind that has little slivers of sponge arranged like petals on a flower and stuck on a handle. Milt Moss put the sponge mop through Henny's lapel. Henny also bought two sets of Dartball ("It's silent, it's safe"), a Korean game in which you throw little balls covered with Velcro at a felt target. He gave one of the sets to us, to keep. We have played with it, and the only possible way you can win at Dartball is by throwing like a girl. Otherwise, the Velcro can't grab.

We asked Henny why he didn't buy a Personality Dollar Bill. "My money's tied up in cash," he said.

Henny talked to the concessionaires. "How's the action? What's your hit item?"

Concessionaires talked to Henny. "Mr. Youngman, *was machst du*?"

"Meandering."

"Hey, Youngman," said a man in a green tweed hat and a lobster-bisque shirt. It was Joey Faye, the burlesque comedian, also checking out the show.

Two middle-aged gals in fur coats came over. "Henny Youngman, what are you doing?"

"Same as you."

"So this is what you shnorred?"

MAN TO MILT MOSS: Mister, who is that?

MOSS: Milton Berle.

Henny stopped for a hot dog at a little stand over by the telephones. ("That phone's not working." "Like my brother.") He consumed a dog and opted for a second. "Give me another hot dog, please," he said. "Who's got the mustard concession around here?"

"Henny," said Milt Moss. "Henny. Don't eat another hot dog. I'm on the Stillman diet, and I've lost forty pounds."

Henny looked at him. "I'm hungry," he said. "Milt, the world goes on. It's a crazy, cockamamie world, but it goes on."

Then he turned to us. "This is fun. You gotta have strong legs here. No talent, but strong legs."

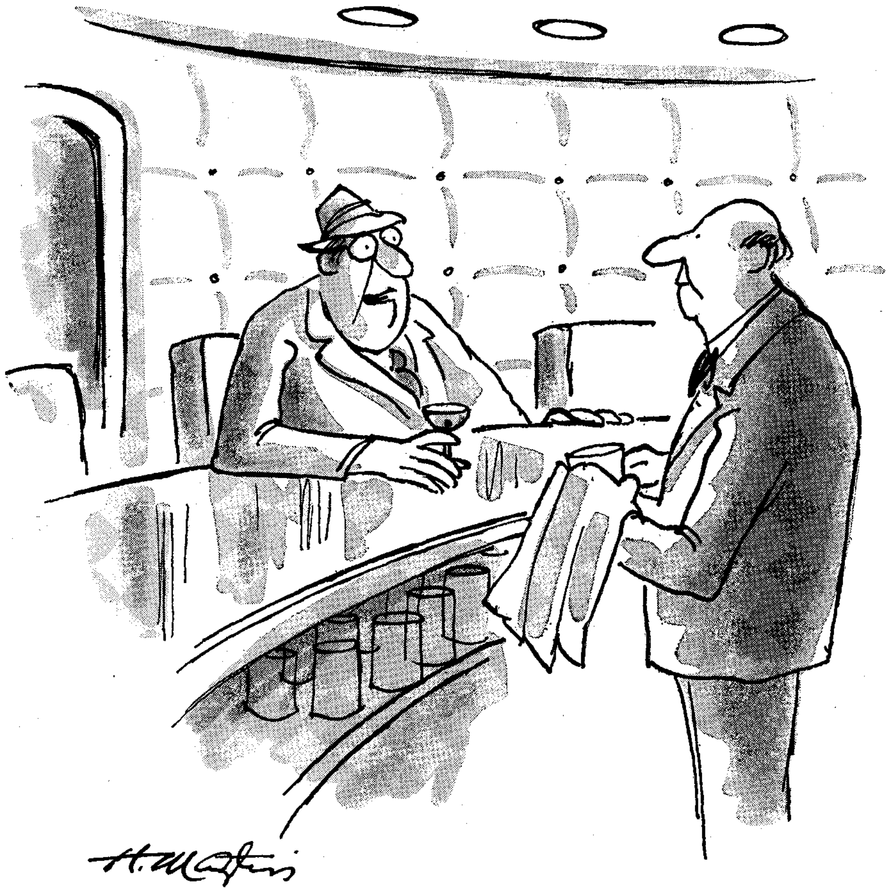
HOW IT WAS IN AMERICA A WEEK AGO TUESDAY

A COUPLE of us were sitting around in a large Midwestern city one night not long ago when we got this idea for a magazine article. We would call up housewives, farmers, doctors, white-collar workers, black people, students, town officials, teachers, urban planners, airline spokesmen, White House sources, leading economists, cabdrivers, newspaper editors, environmental experts, ministers, controversial writers, moderate Republicans, telephone operators, mediators, grant recipients, observers, low-income families, grain brokers, country-and-Western singers, skilled craftsmen, motorists, steelworkers, rural Americans, alternative life-stylists, bystanders, commuters, historians, gay persons, investors, and small children in California, Louisiana, Toledo, the Apostle Islands, San Jose, Syracuse, Cook County, the Great Plains, Poughkeepsie, New Jersey, North Dakota, Dallas, Duluth, Orlando, Knoxville, New York City, Wichita, Washington, D.C., Winnetka, Kennebunkport, Key Largo, Omaha, Amarillo, Ohio, Oklahoma, Amherst, Tallahassee, Tennessee, and East St. Louis, and ask "How's it going?" Then we would write the article.

All too often, we felt, the media are guilty of reporting the "big" stories and completely overlooking what it's all about—what people are up to and how it looks to them, the constant ebb and flow and pace and rhythm and ceaseless change of our lives, and more or less just what it's like to live in America today and have problems and hopes and fears and dreams and to go to work and come home and watch TV or go to a show or maybe just settle down with a good book or an in-depth magazine article.

Of course, we are all guilty of this to some extent. We tend to think of days as being rather similar to each other, except maybe Christmas, or New Year's, or Saturday. However, as the editors of the *Life* Special Report on "One Day in the Life of America" wrote recently, "Days are like fingerprints, no one exactly like another in its whorls and ridges." Or, one might say, like magazine articles, each with its quite different paragraphs and neatly printed but various hundreds of words, many of them verbs.

Some people, in fact, may consider our project rather similar to the *Life* Special Report. But they are as different as two sunrises, or billfolds, or yesterday and tomorrow, or Oakland and Chicago Avenues in Minneapolis.



"It was a very bleak period in my life, Louie. Martinis didn't help. Religion didn't help. Psychiatry didn't help. Transcendental meditation didn't help. Yoga didn't help. But Martinis helped a little."

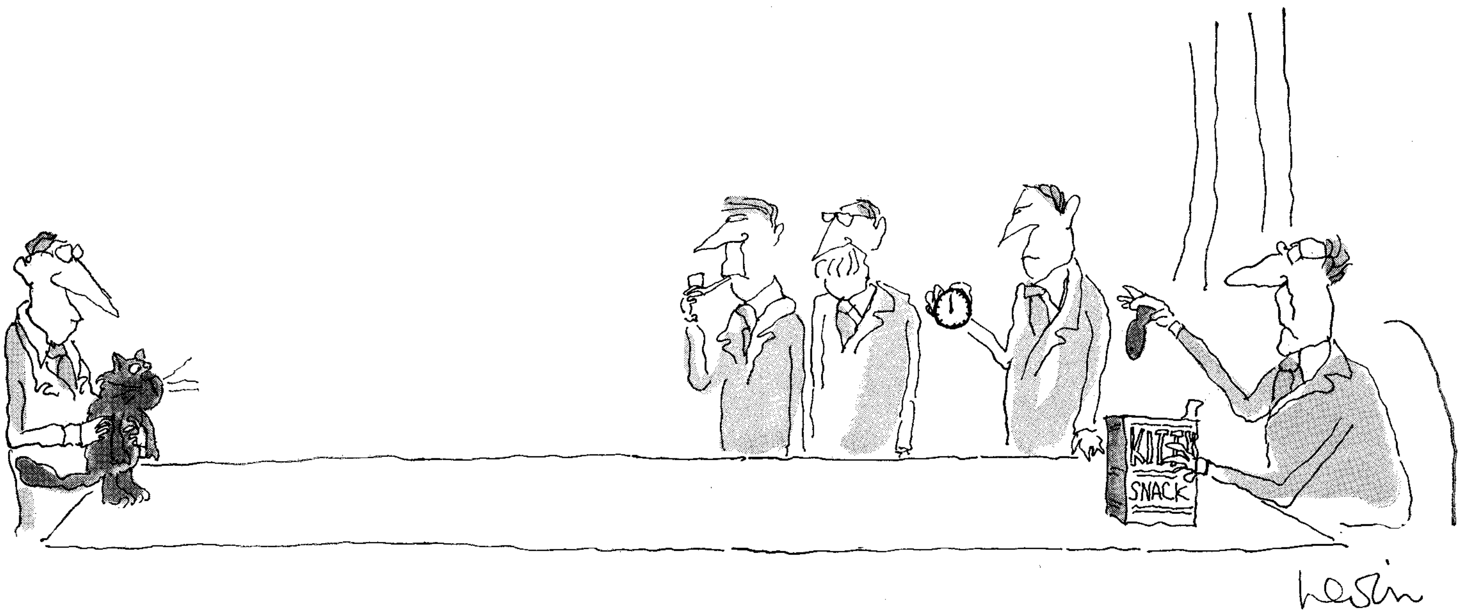
HOURS before the sun, its rays racing westward at the speed of light, its estimated 267 tints dancing on the choppy, oil-streaked waters of the Atlantic, rose, Earth had turned the United States of America, time zone by time zone, into a Tuesday in midwinter. For most Americans, it came in their sleep in the middle of the night, marked by only a barely perceptible change in rapid eye movements, a slight shifting of position in bed. Their attitudes toward Tuesday were yet vague, uncomprehending. Awakened by telephone calls, they tended to feel it was something they could put off until daybreak.

Even as America slept, West Germany and the Soviet Union had forged ahead in Tuesday production, and Japan was going home to rest up for Wednesday. In a darkened Labor Department, at Fourteenth and Constitution in Washington, figures sheathed in manila folders spelled out in eight-point type growing unemployment and spiralling inflation.

If there were fears or hopes among friends and foes that America might not get out of bed this morning, however, they were quickly dispelled. Already, the first of 125 million beds, 160 million cigarettes, and 40 million quarts of orange juice were creaking, being lit, and being poured. Four hundred million socks lay in sock drawers waiting to be worn, the holes in them totalling 700,000 square feet, almost as large as the White House grounds.

In the dim light of the executive bedroom, 36-per-cent-popular Gerald Ford was assessing his own sock options. A few minutes before, in keeping with Presidential tradition, he had pulled on his pants one leg at a time, and now, donning a pair of wool sweat socks first worn by former President Eisenhower, he slipped into black high-top shoes from the Hoover Administration and made his way along a darkened corridor toward the Toaster Room.

As daylight spread over the populous, historic East to the fertile Midwest, far-flung Plains, scenic Mountain, and booming Pacific regions, lights came on in millions of homes, apartments, condominiums, town houses, duplexes, mobile homes, hospitals, halfway houses, and correctional insti-



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tutions. Throats were cleared, toothpaste tubes squeezed, doors slammed, and long strips of bacon arrayed on pans to crackle over low to moderate heat. Women sighed, brushed their hair, scolded children, flipped pancakes, tied shoelaces. Men gulped coffee, scanned headlines, put on coats, started cars. Children whimpered, watched TV cartoons, kicked each other, left crusts, wheedled small change. Millions of dogs dozed in breakfast nooks or wandered aimlessly into living rooms.

In Eastport, Maine, Buford Knapp, the easternmost restaurant owner in the country, paused between orders of eggs and hashbrowns to raise his prices another nickel. Residents of the Gabriel Nursing Home in Minneapolis were wheeled to their windows for the flag raising and Pledge of Allegiance. A bus rumbled along historic Market Street in San Francisco. A flock of bluebirds described graceful arcs over downtown Knoxville.

In the kitchen of a farm commune near Middlebury, Vermont, Norman Lefko slid a pan of blueberry muffins into the ancient woodstove and sat down at a plank table to read the Sunday New York *Times*. In New York, Craig Claiborne arose briefly for a glass of tomato juice. As he did so, Fargo housewife Eula Larpenteur prepared fried eggs, following Claiborne's own recipe ("Break the desired number of eggs into a saucer and slip them carefully in the pan. . . . If the eggs are to be cooked on both sides, turn with a pancake turner") and listening to "Don't Give Me a Drink," the new Stan Byerman hit. Meanwhile, Stan Byerman slept fitfully in the Cartesian Suite of the Mambo Motel in Shreveport, having played to an overflow crowd in the Memorial Auditorium the night before. At that moment, "Don't Give Me a Drink" was being heard in St. Louis, Orlando, Wichita, and Cincinnati (where baseballer Pete Rose had just nicked his cheek). It was not being heard in Chicago, where columnist Ann Landers was reading her first letter of the day. "Dear Ann," it began. "The woman who said she was tired of her husband's snoring made me sick to my stomach. . . ."

And so the morning began. For several hours, time seemed to pass quickly. Before Americans knew it, it was almost noon Eastern daylight-saving time. They had worked hard, the more than 77 million employed in mining, construction, manufacturing, transportation, sales, finance, personal services, and government, and now it was time for lunch. They had earned it. Although $1.75 billion of debt had been incurred, 124 persons killed on highways, and $8 million more spent on cigarettes than on education, $2 billion had been added to the gross national product that Tuesday morning. Steel had been rolled, buses driven, beds made, reports typed, tape recorders assembled, Shakespeare taught, windows wiped, washing machines repaired, major policy changes announced. Now the first of 4.6 million cans of soup were opened, the last of 2 million plates of leftovers were brought out of refrigerators. Waxed paper crackled in crowded lunchrooms, waitresses from Miami to Seattle yelled "One with, skip the pickle," and a gigantic tidal wave of egg salad, tuna, and peanut butter was spread over 89 million slices of bread. Among those who did not eat lunch were Baba Ram Dass, Seiji Ozawa, Francis Tarkenton, and Selby Dale, a stockbroker in San Diego. The Dow-Jones industrial average was down eight points at noon, and his breakfast had come up at 11.

AS the nation slipped into afternoon, it seemed to lose stride and falter. Clocks were watched, wheels spun. From the sequoia-shaded Pacific Coast to the stubbled Kansas wheat fields to rockbound Maine, the national mood shifted to one of boredom, then apathy and resignation, with an occasional moment of outright despair. Many, it is true, maintained momentum. President Ford, meeting with his economic advisers, pledged continued efforts to curb inflation. Secretary of State Kissinger, speaking at the National Press Club, called for continued efforts to establish structures for peace. Hundreds of other efforts continued, or were pledged, or called for, as did numerous operations, campaigns, programs, and attempts. Talks on new contracts continued. Searches for lost persons continued, and hopes remained high. Wars against cancer, school dropouts, crime, unemployment, pollution, and discrimination went on, along with planning for the Bicentennial, Middle East peace talks, "The Fantasticks," and scores of investigations. Hearings resumed. Many ends, or the beginnings of ends, were sighted.

Nonetheless, interest, for the most part, lagged. Polls showed a 25-percent jump in indecision after lunch: "Don't know" was up almost a third; "Don't care one way or the other" and "Both are just as bad" showed similar increases. In New Haven, sophomore Raymond Doswell took ten minutes to remember the composition of methane. In Albuquerque, N.M., Ernest Hollard, a 32-year-old architect, lost the will to live. (Fortunately, nothing was wrong with him, and he soon felt cheerful enough to sharpen several pencils.) In Fargo, Eula Larpenteur called a local radio station and requested anything by the Chenilles. Henny Youngman spoke to a luncheon in Los Angeles and made a joke about small businessmen. In hospitals around the country, thousands were treated for self-inflicted cuts suffered in moments of inattention. An estimated 40,000 lost faith in the political process, even though, as of midafternoon, it remained strong and viable. In Shreveport, Stan Byerman abused a bottle of cough syrup.

Many people knew it. Others wondered what it was. Some mistook it for something else. In New York, however, eating sautéed carrots boiled to extinction, Craig Claiborne knew it. Norman Mailer knew it. John Lennon knew it, and knew that he knew it. So did cabdriver Jack Poderhotz. ("People are sheer stark raving crazy nuts. Quote me.") In Colorado, author ("Fear and Loathing") Hunter S. Thompson knew it. The big mudslide has started, he thought while writing. This is it. Giant hair balls roll westward, barbiturates float in the reservoirs. Ford smiles on television. The country bleeds from the gums, walks straight into trees.

Of the 6,554 luncheon audiences addressed today, most were told not to sell short. Now, a scant two hours later, the country seemed less sure of itself and its destiny, values, strength, role in the free world, commitment to the arts, and the basic worth of its younger generation, most of whom were in school and, in turn, didn't care for it, if Janice Hoyt of Boise was typical. She thought it reeked.

In Washington, several high-ranking congressional sources felt a sudden wave of intense personal disgust. Journalist Robert Sherrill wadded up a sheet of blank paper and threw it angrily at a potted culp. Eight news conferences were cancelled for no reason, including one with Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, who had planned to display a hamburger bun and then reveal the few small crumbs of it that are the farmer's portion. Eric Sevareid typed the second draft of an editorial about cynicism, which would be seen on the "CBS Evening News" that evening, causing Walter Cronkite to look sad and a social-science teacher in Dallas to take a long walk before supper. Eagles were observed diving beakfirst into the frozen Mississippi north of Brainerd, Minnesota. Strange grinding noises over the horizon were heard by crews of oil tankers in the Gulf of Mexico.

THE PERFECT SLEEPERS

The light flooding my chair
Is too strong at six in the morning;
It was meant for evidence of another kind—
The kind policemen use, prowling
In a room around some murderer
Whose guilt is a form of sleeplessness.

Slumped to my waist in shadow,
I squint at a landscape of horses
Motionless in a field,
Except for their tails that flick away darkness,
And their eyes blazing like angels
On a beach in hell, bruised but noble,
For they left speech behind them
On their night-long fall into the world.

Perfect sleepers,
Erect in the narrow field between thinking
And dreaming, your powerful thighs clotted with dew,
The pits of your eyes merciless but empty,
I have brought you with me into the stale gray of dawn,
Because I know that your terrors are simpler than mine:
Afraid of puddles, rabbits, and the whip,
Not of promises kept or broken, not of breathing,
Not of love's forged signature
And its costly repairs.

—Paul Zweig

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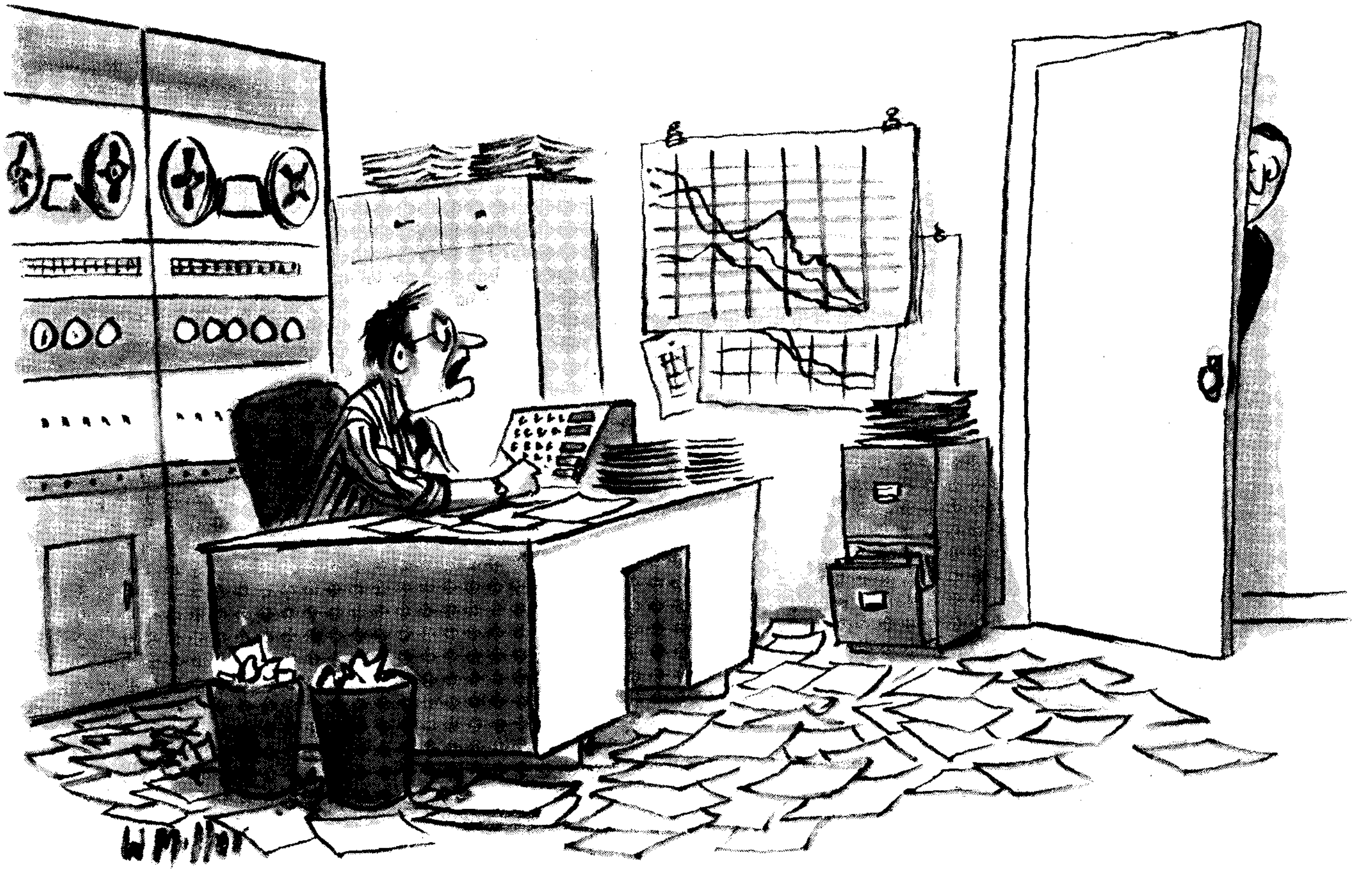
As the sun swept westward toward the Far East, as long shadows fell, from the oyster beds of Maryland to Houston's Astrodome to Seattle's Puget Sound, few Americans took umbrage at the passing of the day, and regret was felt by few of the millions who clogged freeways, jostled on trains and subways, jammed buses, piled into taxis, hopped on bicycles, or took off on foot for the 1.6-mile trip home. At colleges around the country, suggested reading lists of books for further enrichment were stuffed in wastebaskets, and only 86 students remained after class for personal help. The Boston Bruins ended practice early. At the Purity Packing Plant, in Louisville, two workers stayed for free yoga classes. In the Oval Office, President Ford looked at the last item on his schedule ("Call Geo Meany—ask labor's coop in days, weeks ahead"), said, "The hell with it," and went upstairs to toss quoits. In the garden outside his window, a White House guard spat into a rosebush, chucked a rock at a sparrow. At the State Department, the search for lasting peace slowly wound down, ending officially at 7:40, when the Secretary was logged out of his office, trailed by his bodyguard, Knute. His mind, accustomed to penetrate far beyond the limits of normal men's endurance, had begun to lag shortly after 6. Left behind on his desk were four legal-size papers filled with doodled sketches of horses, slippers, obelisks, holsters, curtains, and peninsulas.

As his limousine sped away from the government curb, Mrs. Buford Knapp was putting on a Polynesian beach dress and coral accessories for a luau at the Eastport V.F.W.; Norman Lefko was carving a handmade maple-syrup ladle; Eula Larpenteur was telling her husband, Stanley, to take it easy on their oldest son, Craig, 16, who was expected home momentarily from a brush with the law. Elsewhere, millions prepared for the evening. Tons of macaroni-and-cheese casseroles baked slowly in ovens, hundreds of square miles of tablecloth were smoothed out, and an estimated 45,000 women discovered, to their mild surprise, unsightly spots on glasses and dinnerware. Newspapers were opened, legs were crossed, and alcohol was consumed—enough to carry Bismarck, North Dakota, through the seven-month home-heating season.

At night, America becomes a study in contrasts between light and darkness. This night was no exception. Street lights in cities, villages, townships twinkled in the cold winter air. Neon signs flashed their potpourri of messages. The lights in houses



"Will you please stop bugging me? I told you I'd let you know the moment the whole thing bottoms out!"

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cast bright rectangular shapes onto snowy lawns and sidewalks. Car headlights made fascinating patterns, delicate traceries captured by hundreds of amateur photographers at slow shutter speeds. Traffic lights blinked red and green, as did the lights of aircraft, radio and television towers, police cars and other emergency vehicles, and hundreds of miles of unnoticed Christmas lights remaining on trees or outlining front porches.

At NBC master control in New York, technical difficulties produced a momentary blurring of John Chancellor, prompting 17.5 million persons to lean forward and adjust their sets—an outlay of energy equivalent to 4,000 barrels of crude oil. A majority of Americans would spend at least part of the evening watching television, of which a small minority (28 per cent) would fall asleep while doing so. Others looked forward to movies, plays, ballets, concerts, or intimate dinner parties, for which women sat before mirrors making expressive faces and applying cosmetics, and spent an accumulated national total of almost 400 woman-years, or a lot longer than the Ming Dynasty. Meanwhile, men ran a Niagara of hot water into bathtubs and showers and shaved an area the size of the Pentagon.

Of the 3.5 million Americans who went "out" for the evening, many had a good time, despite the dimly remembered uneasiness of the afternoon, while for countless others it was "O.K." or "not bad." Very few experienced real bummers. Those who did included Buford Knapp, who was publicly berated by his wife for not sending the clams back to the kitchen. She said there was dirt in them. Forty-five cultural events received poor reviews, including three Beethoven Sixth Symphonies ("An exercise in pointlessness," "A leaden sense of rhythm," and "If this is pastoral, then what is sheer tedium?," respectively), and roughly half of the evening's sporting events were lost by one team or the other.

Winning or losing, at home or away, most Americans found some pleasure before midnight and retired at a reasonable hour to sleep for slightly less than eight hours (Tuesday night is the most restful night in the country—Saturday is the least, leading Sunday afternoon by only two hours—although urban sleepers do slightly better on Wednesday) and to dream, if a test group at U.C.L.A. was indicative, about familiar scenes and faces.

Not that there weren't disturbing signs to upset even the most complacent. In New York, hours after the market had closed, the Dow-Jones industrial average dropped three points unnoticed. In Dallas, a 4-year-old child suddenly spoke in her sleep words of dire warning to her parents and to all Americans. And two women sitting in a back yard in Key West, Florida, observed a large, pipe-shaped object with flashing blue lights hover and then land 50 feet away, beside a garage. Two persons in yellow raincoats emerged, exposed themselves briefly, got back in the craft, and flew away. The craft emitted a low hum, like a dial tone. The persons appeared to be from another planet entirely.

If all was not well, it was nevertheless mostly pretty good, on balance. Despite its problems, the nation slipped into a fundamentally sound sleep. Many Americans tossed in their beds, got up to pace the floor, took aspirin, were troubled, pondered complex matters, stared at ceilings, but this was by no means uncommon. And even the restless, for the most part, slept. From the vast bedroom suburbs of New Jersey to sleepy river towns in Minnesota to the long-slumbering natural resources of Alaska, America slept. It slept because it was tired. Soon it was midnight, and another day (and another magazine article) was over.

—Garrison Keillor

THE LISTS OF THE PAST—I

THE STORIES OF THE HOUSE

Saturday 8/30/69

(1) Cut Grass South Side
(2) Rake Turnaround
(3) Prune
    a—Garage Maple
    b— " Mulberry
    c—Front "
(4) Choking Pine?
(5) Front Taxus
(6) Side Apple Tree
(7) Move Cut Stuff from Side
(8) Pickets?
(9) Mirror?

1, 2, 4, and 9 have been excised from this list of chores with a horizontal stroke; 9, in addition, with a neat tick mark. The following day,

Sunday 8/31

he has more plans:

Stain Desk

(1) Front Porch Stuff
(2) Apple Tree
(3) Maple Tree
(4) Chair
(5) TRH Book Case
    Cut Out
(6) Drug Stuff
(7) Cokes (8) Lettuce

Evidently, the desk was stained, front porch cleaned up, maple and apple pruned, Cokes, drug stuff, lettuce bought. Lettuce bought? No, lettuce weeded, or picked, because this is an outdoorsman's list, a suburban gardener's, and lettuce, given its head, by August is almost a nuisance vegetable.

The lists are in a clipboard on a cellar workbench totally marred by nail holes, rust, paint, glue, hammer gouges, and cigarette burns, and are written on all kinds of paper: lined tablet, milk-order forms, old envelopes, the backs of grocery bills. Dampness and dirt have weathered the lists, softened the pencilled admonitions, some of which are for others:

Myron—Paint New Window.

Or:

Water Hyacinths
C—Feed Birds
Plant Bulbs?

The latter an afterthought, boxed in with red pencil at the top of a more ambitious schedule—his or Myron's?

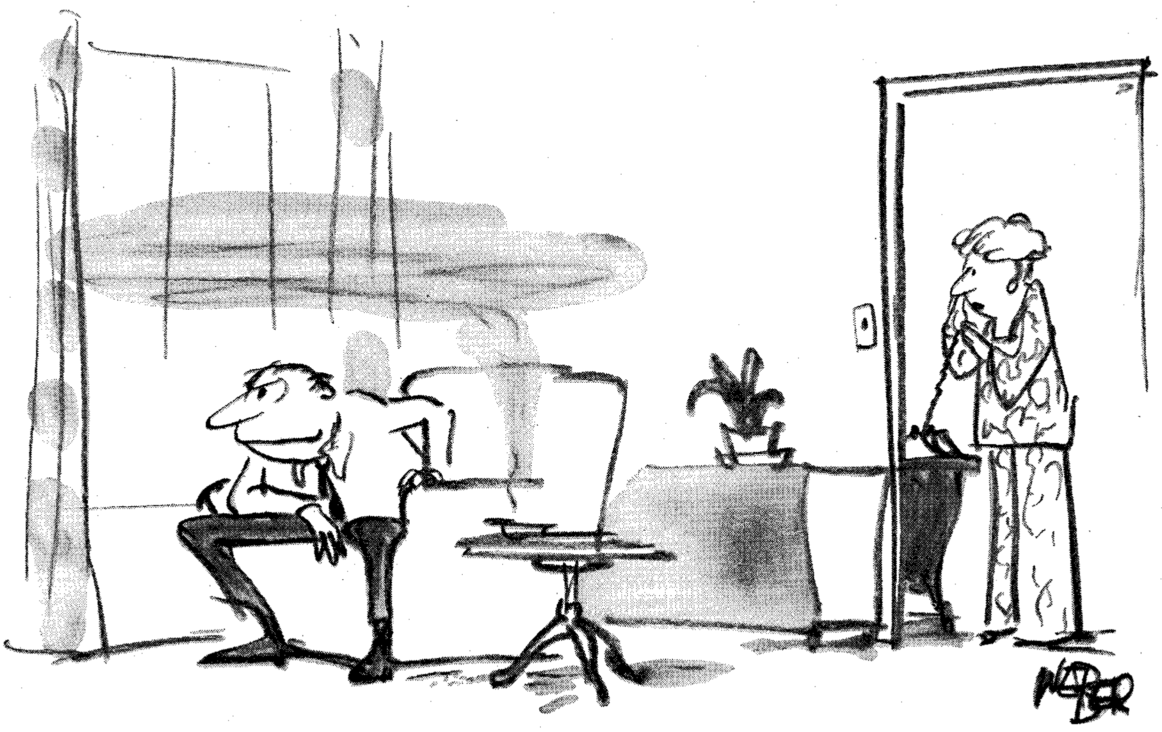
(1) Vacuum and Scrub around
    Furnace
(2) Tighten Storm Windows
    a—Study
    b—all others
(3) Wash Window Landing—chamois
    a—Inside
    b—Outside?
    3a—Move Study Furniture
(4) Polish Brass Work
(5) Wash Butlers Pantry Doors
(6) Turn Geraniums
(7) Xmas Stuff to 3rd Floor
(8) Drain Boiler

Nos. 1, 3, 7, and 8 crossed off; along the bottom, in another handwriting, the message *See you in two weeks.*

Such a lot of things for him to do, that have to be done, inside and outside. If he (or Myron) isn't trimming cedars, he's topping 2 hemlocks, trimming All Bushes by House, weeding, feeding roses, trimming cedars (jobs move through the lists till they're crossed out, or make comebacks). The house demands perpetual care. Washing, painting, seasonal chores, restless furniture. Red armchair ever on the gad: 2nd Floor to Maid's Room, to basement, Garage Loft. He listens to the sounds of the house at night, roof cricking in the January freeze—loose shingle? What is that noise in the walls, like water leaking from a pipe, oozing down through the insulation to drip through the new paint on my living-room ceiling? Call Electrician reg. Hissing Sound. Oven Pilot Light. Clean up Garden. Paint Garage Cable. Kill Crab.

Why, he works like a slave.

BESIDE Xmas stuff on 3rd Floor, in a roomy closet, a carton of photographs at least eighteen inches deep. Here, in the middle of the collection, a young man leans on an axe, foot on a tree stump, somewhere along the Appalachian Trail, chin thrust toward the camera—a man who simply has cut down a tree. Here the same young man is again (among ancestors, collaterals, peers, strangers, friends, a German wedding party circa 1910), a father looking at a baby in a playpen—and a different, cruder house, with an open porch that will become a sunroom, a wilderness of lawn, and only some hollyhocks to adumbrate a garden. Here are hundreds of other people, a cast of thousands. Babies. Grandpas. Husbands and wives. Youngsters. So many children—still, for once, squinting, cartwheeling, posing, making their First Communion, in knickers, lace dresses, pinafores, bathing suits, gingham, corduroy, cotton, Dacron; children dead for ages, children with their children. Six little boys arranged in birth order (second from the right, in hand-me-down corduroy, serious, two thousand miles away). People as found in the viewfinders of dozens of cameras, dating back to the invention of



"He's very busy right now. He's thinking his way out of a box."

film, amid all sorts of views (they travel a lot) or at home, where interiors are curiously the same. Lookalikes and strangers, dear ones and dull—interesting if you got to know them, maybe, but by and large, unintroduced like guests at a bad party, no livelier than the leaves that lie raked for his compost heap. He isn't here, and, downstairs, a doorbell is ringing.

HE is, of course, working in the garden. In *one* of the gardens. The mirror garden, divided crescents, reverse images. (Myron's dark shoulders disappear round the side of the house, steering the power mower, diminishing whir.)

He is moving the lawn sprinkler, the rainbow-catcher, to refreshen the sweet William, the columbine, Turk's-cap lilies, phlox—a gaudy perennial garden, favoring the reds and oranges, vivid against the green of the rose-of-Sharon hedge, whose purple trumpets are just beginning to blow. Two thorny climbing roses bridge the arch that leads to the bottom of the lawn, the apple trees, rose and vegetable gardens. He hasn't bothered to turn off the water, because he likes its cold surprise on his freckled back (as the day heats up he will shed most of the clothes he began in, ending up clad merely in unself-conscious modesty and bathing trunks). "Whew." Panting, he straightens, grabs a bandanna handkerchief from a stone bench under the silver maple, smiles. "Well, hello."

"Aren't you afraid you'll get sunstroke?"

"They really needed that. Do you know we've had practically *no* rain this August!"

In spite of the dry spell, the lawn has maintained its green, the garden its hues, phlox and sweet William are lustrous under their shower bath. It is a radiant, a glistery day. The water evokes, as well as color, fragrance: newly cut grass. Whiff of sweet William and, from the rose garden, roses. He turns, contemplates the green circle of lawn, with the silver maple in the center, the terrace, the shuttered Victorian house. "I've got to do something about those rhododendrons," he says, jabbing a finger at their unkempt foliage. "The terrace needs a new coat of paint." However, he appears satisfied with the progress he and Myron are making, arresting the tendency of things to wear down and out according to the well-known Second Law of Thermodynamics. Swish swish of the sprinkler on the soft petals of flowers.

"Ben! Lunchtime!"

"And now apparently we have to listen to some sort of dissent."

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The house looks imposing even from its back, the kitchen side. Three stories tall: many gables, many windows, and chimneys, shingles recently painted light, or cactus, green, veranda on two and a half sides, and on this one a glass porch, where there can be seen more plants. The house was built before the Civil War. Part of it, anyway. Only a study of the tattered blueprints rolled up on his closet shelf could show you which part; it has been through a lot of architectural fooling around. The basement and the east lower two stories for sure. There is a secret crawl space under the veranda. The original owners were Abolitionists, and it is said the house was a stop on the Underground Railroad.

It was built as the guest cottage on an estate, when the village was all the grounds of a manor, and the street outside a drive, an alley to the edge of the Sound. Then it became a summer house, when this was a summer town, a refuge for well-off city people, and the town seemed farther from the city than it does now, though easily accessible by train. There are many houses of this sort in the vicinity. High-ceilinged structures designed to accommodate large families, before air-conditioning (or birth control), when labor was cheap and taste eclectic; fake turrets, widow's walks, and gingerbread jigsaw work abound—with service bells and fireplaces in every room. When there were plenty of servants to answer the bells, to open the windows to the breezes from the Sound at night, and draw the curtains in the morning. Not many others, though, have lawns front and back, three gardens, two compost heaps, and an unattached garage that used to hold carriages.

During the Depression the title passed to a bank. When he bought it, just before the Second World War, there were only two other houses on the block, and from where he is standing, under the maple, he could see over a tennis court and a field clear to the river.

"Ben! Time for lunch!"

There are more roses, and a cutting garden, tulips lying low till next spring, along the east foundations of the house, but no flowers in front, the dark, north-facing side. Just the rhododendrons growing up to each side of the veranda steps, and the bush in front of them, where two nearly invisible paths lead to the wide formal lawn, sloping down to the street, nearly a quarter of an acre. Myron is mowing it now.

The front lawn, though well tended, is hardly used except by child trespass-

COMPOSITION IN BLACK AND WHITE

All day long they have sat here,
Black monosyllables, crows on a bare tree,
While the fields slowed under snow
Becoming the fields, and the fields,
Their sodden stubble of wheat
Blanked over, leaned toward earth.

My heart rejoices as it can
And finds its haphazard grace
In any mobile thing; I praise
These heavy fields, but more
The abrupt rising of crows
Who flew up with a cry, their brilliant blacks
Astonishing the air
As they scattered,
Leaving each branch sprung
Taut and singing, alive like wires.

—Katha Pollitt

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ers, who are always welcome, and the unprosecutable starlings and robins. This yard is almost a separate lot, large enough to be zoned for construction, though fortunately they never needed to sell or build on it. A hedge of rhododendron mixed with evergreen shrubbery nearly conceals the lower stories of the house from the sidewalk. Since the garage is in back, the occupants, and even most visitors, generally enter the house through the kitchen door.

Only when you are driving up the long, gravelled approach or stand at the foot of the lawn can you really see the columned neo-antebellum façade, with the covered double-decker veranda, and appreciate what the architectural tinkerers had in mind. From this angle, lawn, pillars, the dark hemlocks that shield it from its neighbor on the far side of the drive, the great maples and elms—all majestically proportionate, the right scale. The house looks grand, shaded, serene.

"Ben!"

PEACE came to the village, followed by the bulldozer. The great gardens, lawns, tennis and croquet courts shrank, diminished in number, disappeared; one-story buildings uniformly replaced the vacant lots and orchards, mushroomed and filled in the spaces around the old houses to the limits of growth. The village, though three times as large as before, has really stopped growing and is peaceful again, an orderly town, observing the limits. No one but a stranger would think of driving faster than the twenty-five m.p.h. ordained. (Last week, a couple of house-hunters swerved to dodge a bicycle being ridden by a child reading a comic book and ran over the Sanders' weimaraner, at large and violating the leash laws.)

Though empty houses are snapped up at once, it's more like a village again. Most people have lived here long enough to be able to nod to one another on the train, at church or temple, and to belong to the ambulance corps of the volunteer fire department, serve on the library committee, join any of three beach clubs (except for the Jews). Their children—and sometimes their grandchildren—move into the split-level if they can't afford the Victorian. They sit elbow-to-blanket on the tiny beaches, where every year winter washes away the sand that is barged in every spring from Long Island.

Evenings, screen doors bang behind children rushing out to meet each other for hide-and-seek, giant steps, dead dog, red light. Teen-agers play radios by the diminutive but authentic coves and promontories of the public park—which are said to have sheltered pirates and smugglers, and did harbor deer, and now a strange melanistic race of gray squirrels—and get caught smoking contraband substances by the watchful police force of two. Their parents entertain with more traditional fare, outdoor cookouts, the smell of barbecue smoke in the air, the chime of cocktail glasses and rising voices.

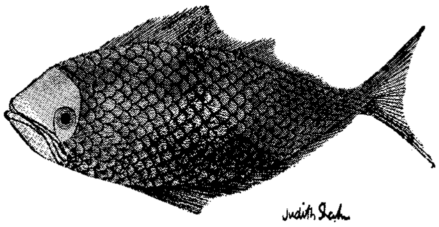
Right now you would think they had all gone down to the water—to the park or to the beaches to watch their children or boats. A poor day for sailing, though, windless and still. In the garden, only the sound of the mower and the lawn sprinkler, and footfalls on the hollow veranda, where a blond lady in harlequin glasses is showing a young couple up the steps that strangers use.

From a becalmed sailboat, the village shimmers like a road mirage, looks almost as green as it might have to its European discoverers several centuries ago.

"Ben, lunch is ready! Come out of the garden!"

He double-checks to make sure it can do without him for the next minute and a half, and goes in through the kitchen to draw a glass of water from the faucets in the butler's pantry.

OVER the polished-copper pantry sink is the bell box; when a bell upstairs or down is pressed, a white card drops with an audible click behind the glass face to tell which room you are ringing from. Living Room. Parlor. Master Bedroom. *Front Door.*

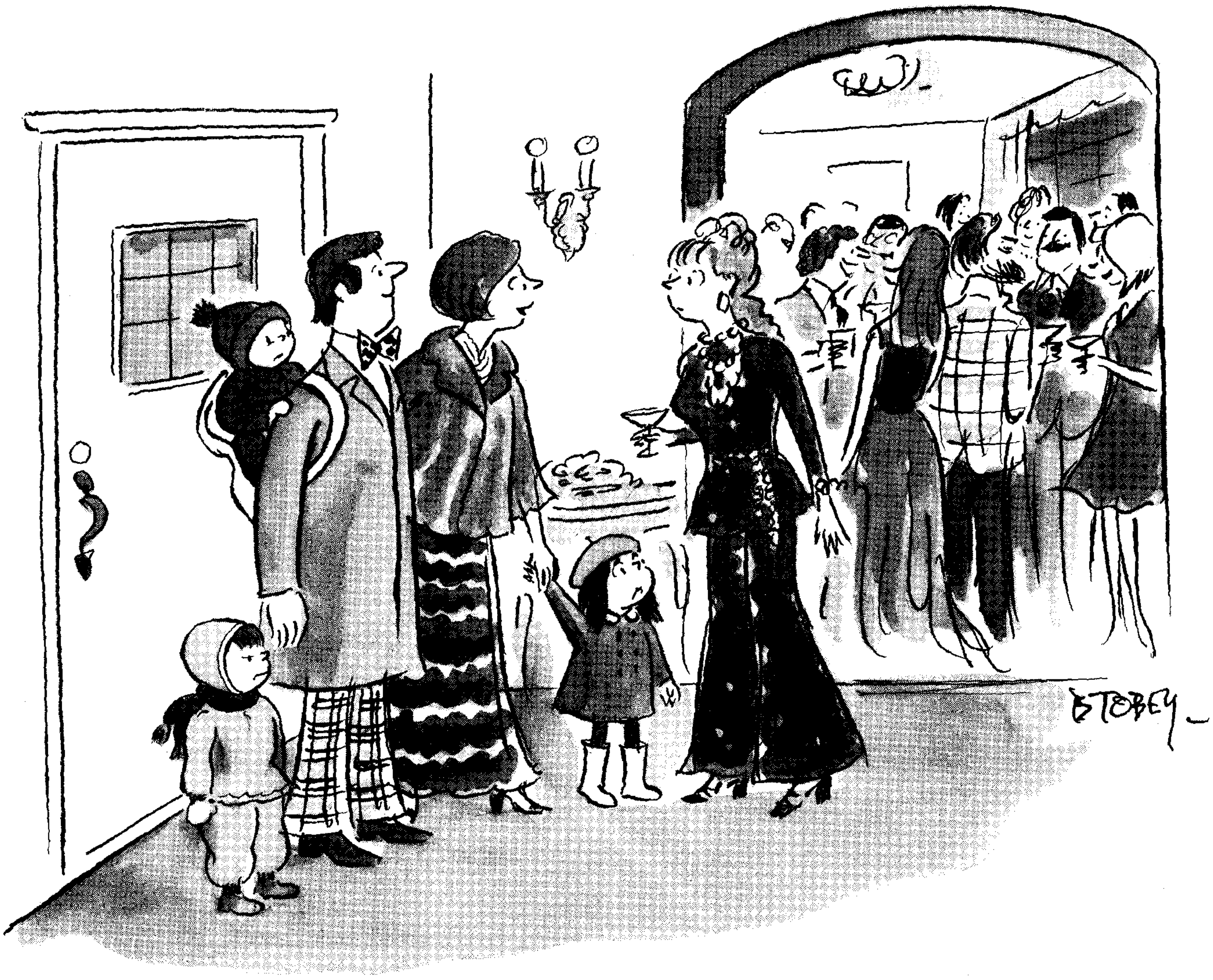


He fixed it up to amuse the grandchildren. But the wiring in the walls, the nerves of the house, is fully modern, functioning well even with all five air-conditioners going at once.

Stand on the gray veranda, a little to the left of the front door, and you can look clear through the house: through living room, dining room, into the solarium, and through that to the lawn and the mirror garden and the rose-of-Sharon arch, down to the hedge where the cardinal nests (three broods this year), to the boy-face fountain and the dog's gravestone and the cemetery the neighborhood children made, stone specks among ivy, under the cedars that so constantly have to be trimmed.

Now come in through the front door. Inside, you will see that here at least he hasn't right now to work so hard. The inside of the house is tidy as a tomb. It is only last year, after all, that the painters took away their buckets and drop cloths, and they got the decorator's bill. The bad patch in the living-room ceiling where the water leaked (but the plumbing, the guts of the house, is really quite sound, all copper) has been replastered. Upstairs and down, the screens over the windows (the eyes of the house) are mended and fast, not even to be thought about until late September, when they will be replaced by storm windows, ever in need of tightening.

The entrance-hall mirror reflects the stained-glass Art Nouveau fanlight over the front door; beneath the mirror, in the fireplace, a music box inlaid with Swiss scenes—one of many he discovered and repaired. Listen a minute.



"I hope you don't mind. We just couldn't get a sitter."

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The spiny cylinder disturbs the comb's teeth, which move up and down like tiny piano keys, playing operatic melodies. "Martha." *'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.* On your left is the round green parlor, full of breakables, the glass doves and the fragile glass-topped bibelot table and the white-and-gold Bavarian-china breakfast set, an anniversary present. Women took tea there, pressed the mother-of-pearl bell button for the butler, when there were butlers to answer the bell.

Now the high-ceilinged living room, really as big as two rooms. No ashes in the big fireplace with the Spanish marble mantelpiece, or in the ashtrays; the fat silk cushions on the chairs are plumped up. Their very best furniture, winnowed through the years, safe from defacement now the children are grown up. Curly-backed Victorian sofa they discovered right after they were married, when antique shopping was cheaper. He dickered the proprietor down, bought it for a song. There's the eighteenth-century chest they bought in Ireland. The brown velvet love seat, polished to a patina by the seats of non-Victorian children using it for a slide.

The floorboards in the dining room waxed to a mirror finish; likewise the dining-room table, with the chairs from an English jury room. He spent a winter sanding it, and varnished it seven times.

Up the staircase a girl would be proud to throw her bouquet from, pausing on the landing to admire the wide window that admits whatever light can get through the hemlocks, backlighting the garden-colored paperweights and vases on the glass shelves. Listen to the other music boxes, large and small, classical and romantic and schmalz, Mozart and Strauss, drums and castanets, *sostenuto*, *andante*. Upstairs hallway. Four bedrooms, three baths, a washer should take care of that leaky faucet some rainy day, plenty of room for a growing family.

From the front bedrooms, French doors open onto the second story of the covered veranda. (Children have skated there in wet weather in spite of the ordinances.) More rooms, and closets, some of them room-size, in the finished third floor; the attic. The memory of the house. And its gizzard, too, catchall for the things that don't go anywhere else. Last Xmas. Red armchair, broken paperback books, old clothes, old toys. Boxes labelled according to their contents or destination: 3rd Floor, Misc. Silver, Apoth. Jars, Junk. It is not very tidy. It is a mess, as a matter of fact. Someone has been looking for things, or packing. However, you might as well look at the big fan that sucks up the hot air and helps keep the house cool at night, the air space that insulates and cuts way down on the air-conditioning bill, the lungs, so the house can breathe and the owners sleep soundly. Look out on the trees—the trees have grown high, even after all that building. From the dormer casement windows above the tree line all you see is waves of dark August leaves, and a glimpse of blue water.

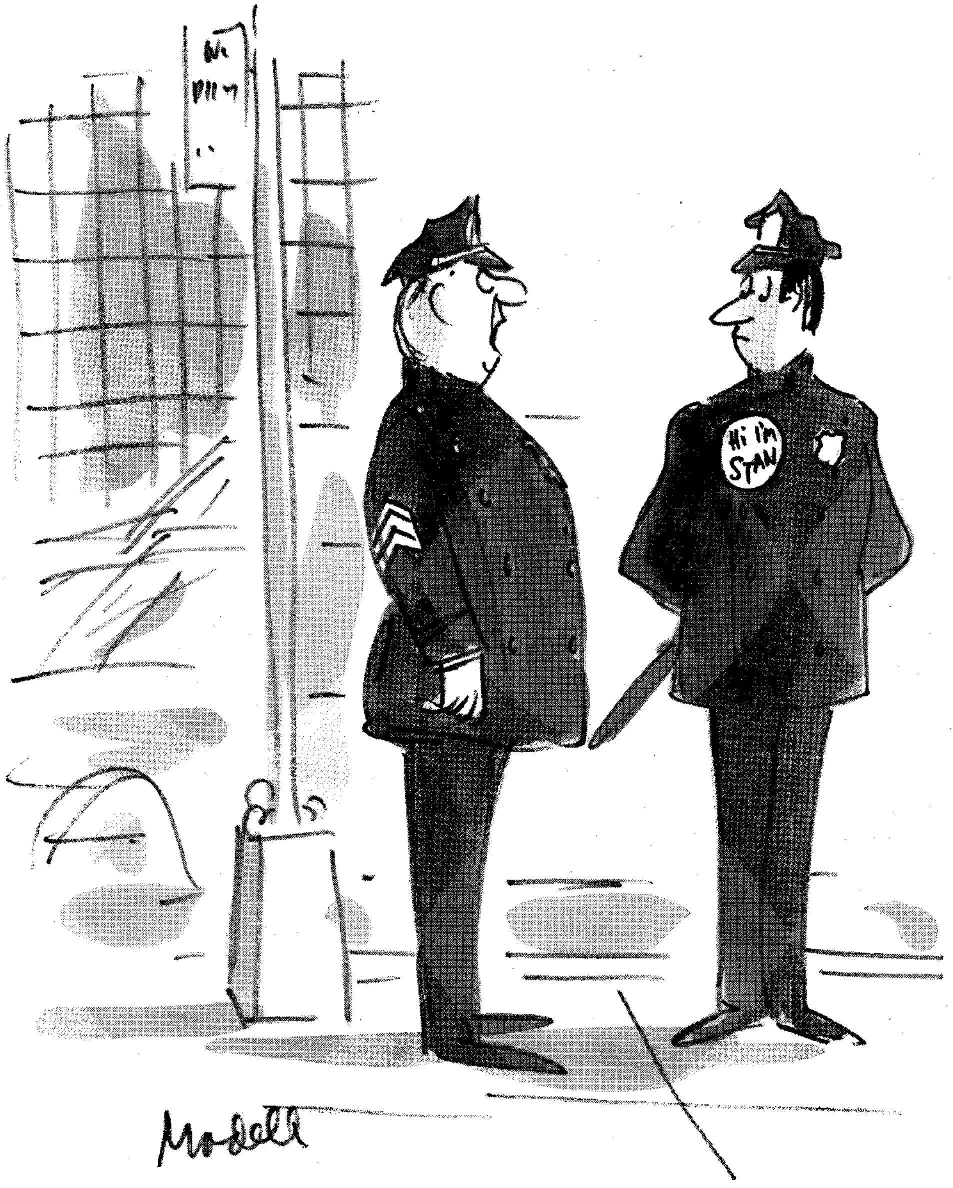
Up here, too, is another domicile, alter ego of the real one, the doll house. The children have failed to replace the front, detachable wall. The house stands open like a bombstruck mansion.

He made the model, working, by necessity, winter evenings in the basement, where his tools are, the heart of the house, with its furnace hissing, the smell of glue and solder. He built it as a birthday present for one daughter while the other helped him, watching mostly, as he turned the fine mahogany bannister (just like the one that in the real house weaves from the second floor) and set in the tiny, perfect spokes. It is built exactly to scale: an inch to a foot. If a six-inch family man moved in, he would find it in working order (except for the plumbing)—light switches in every room to turn on and off, shutters that open and shut, made with a fidelity to detail so obsessive that even the blind room at the top of the stairs has a door that a doll mother could walk through carrying linen to change the bed in the lace-curtained master bedroom.

Red lights in the fireplaces to simulate fires; lights even for the attic (unfinished), where Xmas stuff is stored, a plastic tree and chips of wood covered with red and gold foil to put under it. He scored the Plexiglas crescent attic windows with a nail, in a haze of blue Lucky Strike smoke, sitting down every so often to run his fingers over the piano keys. Next year, for the other daughter, he created an ell.

Living room, dining room, turkey on the sideboard, the rest of the dinner in the kitchen, icebox full of synthetic goodies. No cellar, of course, or a garden—it stands on a plywood platform with turnaround and shade trees and ornamental shrubs. The piano in the doll house plays "Happy Birthday." The doorbells ring, front and back. He ordered expensive furniture from a hundred-page catalogue, papered the walls with Paisley and florets, book-lining paper. They stocked it with a doll family that kept on growing: a father, a mother, boy and girl twins, a baby, a nurse, and a uniformed maid to answer the door.

And the real little girls played with it, in it. A leg broke off the Hepplewhite sofa. The miniature New York *Times* was read to bits. The music-box workings of the piano faltered. The imitation food disappeared, though it was never consumed; dust darkened the white curtains and the maid was helpless to prevent it. And the neighborhood children, and now the grandchildren, innocently fascinated by its smallness, oblivious to its beauty. Their small hands buzz the doorbell, turn the lights (radio tubes) on and off, leaving them on all night. They have recently been playing Moving Man, with a dump truck, which is at the back door, and the living room furniture (what remains of it) out on the fake lawn; and of the dolls only the wife is left.

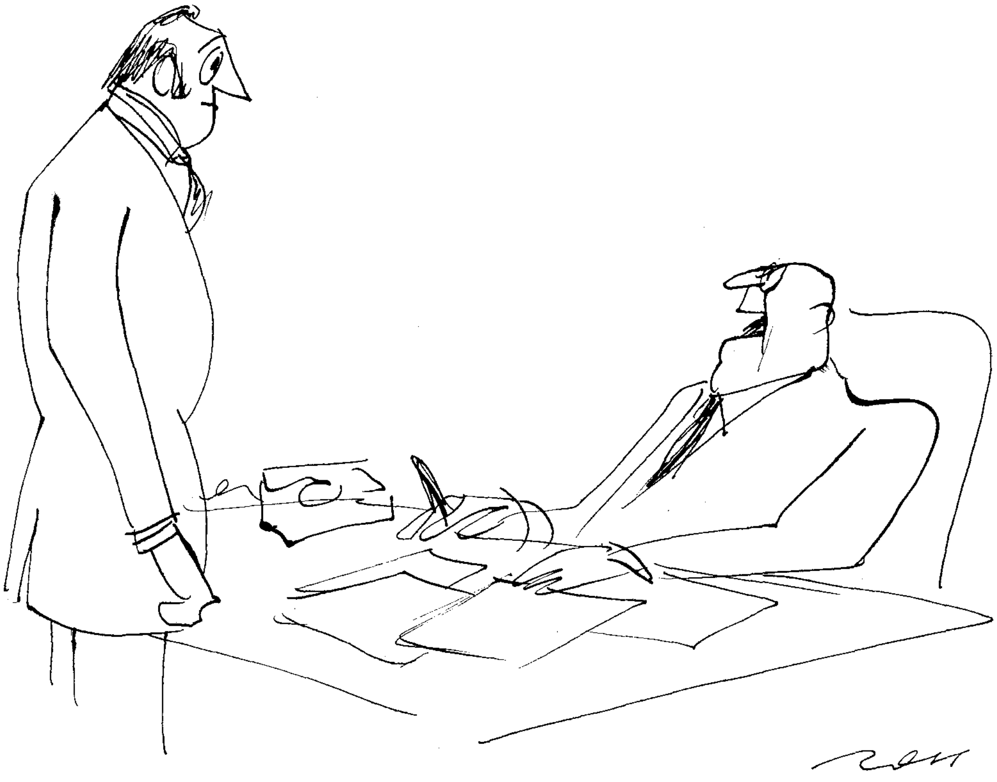


"See here, Hogan. That's not the name tag you were issued."

DOWN the uncarpeted flight to the second-floor landing, and on down the steep back stairs to the big kitchen. The stomach of the house. The dinette looks out over the garden; the dishwasher's old but has never given much trouble, though the Disposall has swallowed a spoon and not yet digested it. But that's all right, since he sees to it that the tea leaves and coffee grounds, organic waste, are kept out for the mulch pile.

No, that is not a bearing wall, and you could break through the dinette into the solarium to convert the family room so many young families seem to need. This door opens onto the steps to the basement, and outside there's a ground-level alternative entrance, the old-fashioned canted cellar doors opening outward, for toddlers to creep up and slide down.

PICK up the wrought-iron filigree key from the hook by the kitchen door, walk outside, and around up the gray veranda steps near the solarium. Do you see this chest, painted gray to match the porch? The painters were surprised when they tried to move it. Because it is a trick. It has a hinged top, and is unlocked with the old-fashioned key, and when the lid is thrown back it reveals a short steep flight of steps, with a rope bannister, leading to the very bottom part of the house. At the foot of the steps there is a door on each side. One opens into the



"People must be spending their money on something, Jackson, and it's your job to find out what that something is!"

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basement proper, the other onto a chamber hollowed out in the dirt foundation under the veranda, deep enough for a man to stand upright in, wide enough to live in if you had to.

The foundation, on the far side, is an eighteen-inch ledge of rock; though the floor is dirt, even in hurricane weather it stays dry—this is one of the driest basements in town.

Now through the other door, to the basement itself, where he worked on the doll house and other projects, with whatever energy remained after the five-fifty-seven commute, builder as well as breadwinner—finishing antique furniture, never finishing that old organ over there by the whitewashed wall.

Here he is, taking a break from yard work to oblige the neighbor children, who want to listen to him play. In the music corner, with a cumbersome record player of the fifties and an old Victrola where the little dog no longer barks, the bookshelf full of 78-r.p.m. jazz records, the upright piano, a Steinway. The voice of the house.

He switches on the brass standing lamp, lights a cigarette, puts it in the ashtray on top of the piano beside the Fake Book, swings into an old-time medley. "Do you know what it means, to miss Noo Orleans? Missed the Saturday dance. Got as far as the door. Thought they'd ask me *about* you; don't get around much anymore. Liza, Liza, dee da da. I'll be down to getcha in a taxi, Honey, you better be ready about half past eight . . ." and their favorite, the Alligator Crawl. Hepcat Rumble. But he has to feed his roses now, do the compost heap behind the hedge a good turn. The black squirrel is burying a nut in the animal graveyard his friends the Noonan children made. The roses have to be cut or they will go to seed and cease to flower. He has to get back to his cabbage kingdom.

FOOTSTEPS on the porch, lantern bobbing, extinguished. Click, the key finds the lock, creak, the top of the false chest is thrown back, the side panel released. A mist from the water hides the moon, making their passage up from the beach safer though harder: white man in dark trousers, leather boots, sweating in the breathless August heat, black man wearing all that he owns, a lent white shirt open at the neck, tattered pants, vaguely luminous. Tomorrow they'll give him boots for his travel-torn feet.

Escort and his charge feel for the footholds, descend. Open the door to the hiding hole. Fumble for the candle, in a holder set into the wall. A guttering orange light discloses the chamber, provisioned with pallet, commode, a covered basket, doorway so low that the black man must duck his head. "Now, there's food in that basket. Remember your instructions. Tomorrow night after sunset"—but no window to tell when sunset will be—"three knocks, and they'll be dressed in gray. Try to move around as little as possible."

Mute with fear and fatigue, the black man tries to speak, can only nod his head.

The door closes, the bolt is slid back, footsteps over his head, through the leaves, gone. Back to the beached dory, to row with a faint swish of oars out to the other boat that ferried them here across the water. Amos the slave, a free man now, listens for the sounds of the house, but the occupants sleep, oblivious to the errand that has just been completed. Should anyone ask, they have heard nothing.

Tomorrow when the sun has gone down, two men in gray, wide hat brims partially shielding their faces, are to lead him through the woods to a tunnel, stumbling together through the fetid passage to another cellar, up the secret stairs, to the night air. A coach will be waiting. Up the Boston Post Road, dressed as a woman, many changes, many houses—Canada! Amos the free man shivers in the humid compartment, too tired even to taste what's in the basket, watching the flame diminish, expiring, waiting for darkness. When it comes he must not cry out. He thinks of Georgia, of the North Star, his children, and shuts his eyes. They had not thought to leave him candles enough for his vigil.

The candle goes out.

WHO is at the door? Why is the furniture out on the lawn? What is he doing beside the compost heap, standing so still and reading the new inscription the Noonan children have written on the wooden pedestal in the center of the animal cemetery? Where are they all driving away to without looking back? When will he come out of the garden? And walk through the French doors of the solarium, into the house, with his hands full of Bibb lettuce, and roses—Helen Traubel, Sterling Silver, five kinds of Peace.

—Julie Hayden

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Early Warning? (Q) I'm a nice girl and want to date only nice boys. When a new boy asks me for a date, should I come right out eeeeeeeeeeee.—*Jean Adams' column in the Syracuse Post-Standard.*

You're nice. But you're high-strung.

REFLECTIONS

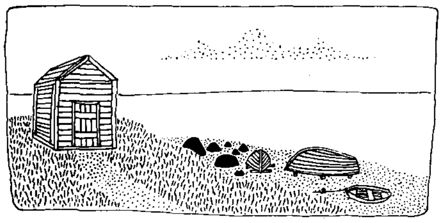
PROLOGUE TO OUR TIME

I WAS born in October, 1895, five years before the turn of the century, and the trumpet fanfare on which that wonderful and terrible century died still echoes faintly in my ears. But though, with the aid of family photographs, I can fish up from the depths of infancy sights and smells and fears and dreams, my conscious life dates from the twentieth century. Being a child of my time, I expected much of the new century. This period was destined, almost everyone then confidently supposed, to produce even greater wonders than the steam engine, the electric telegraph, the Hoe printing press, the dynamo, for daring inventors and even more daring prophets, such as H. G. Wells, were already proclaiming that the airplane, the ancient dream of Flying Man, was just around the corner. And, indeed, these one-eyed prophecies came true. Things of another kind, unfortunately, were also lurking in the same dark alleys of the future. For in the year after my birth Antoine Henri Becquerel, by a happy accident—or was it really so happy?—discovered the radioactive rays emanating from uranium, which were named after him, and when I was three years old the Curies, following his trail, had isolated the first particles of that active but so long unnoticed element called radium. This was but one of many shattering transformations. The very November of the year of my birth, Roentgen had announced his discovery of X-rays, which, penetrating once seemingly impenetrable objects, broke down the wall between the inside and the outside of "solid" bodies. We had begun, whether we liked it or not, to live in a porous, permeable, increasingly translucent world, whose walls and boundaries, if not altogether illusions, existed mostly in the mind.

But at the turn of the century everyone still hoped for the best; only benighted souls or disturbed minds furtively suspected the worst. Even a child of five, thanks to his insecurities and anxieties and confusions, would have been better prepared—had he only remained young—than any adult for the events that were to follow in his lifetime; witches, ogres, malignant demons, imbecile giants were still real to him, and when, in the pride of adolescence, he would learn to dismiss these frightening images, along with Santa Claus, fairies, and angels, he would deprive himself for much of his life of any clue to the satanic realities that already threatened him.

In most departments, and not least in science, a certain blind assurance prevailed, distorting observation and undermining judgment. The physicists, the guild whose later discoveries would shake the foundations of civilization, were wide of the mark in their neat assumptions about the nature of the physical world: they did not, as Henry Adams soon discovered, accept radium easily. Having forgotten the enlightening intuitions of Michael Faraday, who from the beginning had rejected their too tidy conception of atomism, the exponents of the exact sciences were convinced that they had already staked out the ultimate boundaries of the material universe and that no new discoveries of radical importance would be made; their ideology found no place for invisible internal activities or unfathomable depths. The physicists' chief anxiety before Haber discovered how to extract nitrogen from the air was that our planet's wheat supply might fall short. The fabric of nineteenth-century thought seemed so tightly woven and so durable that the editors of the British periodical *The Nineteenth Century* refused to change its name to honor the new century: they bowed to the calendar only to the extent of retitling their magazine *The Nineteenth Century and After.*

Now we know better. We have found out what "and After" means. Far from having reached their ultimate goal, the physical sciences were preparing for a gigantic leap forward, and comparable advances would shortly be made in the life sciences. But meanwhile those aspects of civilization which most closely reflected the human condition and carried with them all the tragic decisions and defeats of history would, for lack of any self-alerting sense of danger, experience a sudden jolt and shudder. In time, we would find that an ancient geological fault which runs through every stratum of recorded history had opened, sending great nations and empires hurtling backward—backward and downward—into an abyss of barbarism that the nineteenth century could not even imagine. But the Industrial Revolution—or, at least, the Scientific Revolution—had changed all that, had it not? When people were faced with any unpleasant contradictory evidence, they refuted it decisively, as one of the characters in Wilkie Collins' "The Moonstone" did, with "*But this is the Nineteenth Century!*" Only a few desolate men, such as Jakob Burckhardt, Herman Melville, and the far more sinister Dostoevski, had been prescient enough to glimpse even a fraction of the evils that the First World War would disclose. Though at its end most of the superstructure of civilization was left standing, somewhat battered but repairable, the foundations that had long been crumbling were visibly sinking—and kept on sinking.



At the dawn of the twentieth century, the illusion of stability and solidity still prevailed. And yet, and yet . . . Am I not playing down the underlying anxiety? More than once, H. G. Wells, in the midst of his exuberant scientific fantasies about the future, expressed forebodings of disaster. While it was typical of the period that as late as 1919 the historian F. S. Marvin could call the passing era the Century of Hope, Wells as early as 1895, in "The Time Machine," saw in the growing pile of civilization "a foolish heaping that must inevitably fall back upon and destroy its makers in the end." Yet his conclusion was even more typical—and irrational—than anything Marvin had to say. "If that is so," Wells wrote, "*it remains for us to live as though it were not so.*" Was that security blanket what the cold, unblinking rationality of modern science actually shivered under?

"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay: did you see my wife today? No, I saw her yesterday: ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." That seemed the smartest and naughtiest of retorts when it was sung in the music halls of London and New York, but one now finds a curious innocence about its sophistication. My infant ears also heard another song, much more innocent in content, which now has a somewhat more ominous sound than anyone who heard it then could have guessed: "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

Even yesterday—that is, two generations ago—the events that were to divorce the twentieth century from the glories and triumphs of the nineteenth were visible in cautionary sam-

"Let's hear it for the bouillabaisse!"

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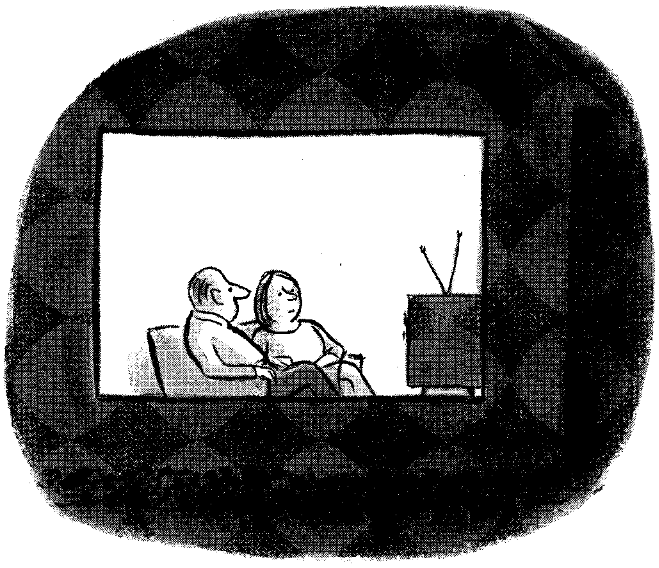
ples. The convulsive weakness of imperialism as it was practiced by the greatest of the colonial powers, England, was disclosed in the fumbling, amateurish conduct of the Boer War, in which, incidentally, the presumably civilized British leaders employed that celebrated instrument of massive political coercion the civilian concentration camp, and almost at the same moment treason and anti-Semitism joined hands in the French Dreyfus case. Thus, Nazism and Stalinism and Nixonism, as one may now call the corresponding American mode—indeed, all the variants of an oppressive totalitarianism—were already being incubated. Yes, political botulism was spreading, and my country's soil was not immune. At the beginning of the new century, the systematic infliction of torture upon war prisoners, in what was politely termed the "water cure," by the American Army in the Philippines, and the wanton sacking of Peking by the combined international forces that put down the Boxer Rebellion set the stage for the epoch we now confront, with its steadily augmenting horrors, from Buchenwald to Vietnam. All the historic collective evils—war, genocide, enslavement, lawless government—that went into mass production after 1914 a knowing eye might have detected much earlier in these samples.

HAD I known the state of the historical weather at the time I emerged from the womb, I might well have been tempted, like a prudent woodchuck in February, to return to my tunnel and await a change of season. But I should have had to wait a long time; in fact, I would still be waiting. As for interpreting those high, thin streaks of cloud which indicate to the weather-wise eye that a great storm is coming, to herald, in turn, a cyclic change in the climate itself, only a handful of those who were then alive could have been capable of it. The majority, whether in Europe or America, were encased in bulletproof ideological vests, which protected them not merely against other systems of ideas but against the direct impact of their own contradictory experiences. And that was far worse, for those experiences might have led them to modify the premise underlying this whole age: the doctrine of Progress. This doctrine reflected the high humanitarian hopes of the eighteenth-century philosophers—impulses that eventually brought about happy political and social innovations, among them constitutional government, universal suffrage, and free public education. But the even more rapid advances in exploiting coal and steam and automatic machines overshadowed these human gains, for they conveyed the notion that mankind's improvement could be brought about by the continued invention of ever more powerful man-displacing mechanisms. This belief was

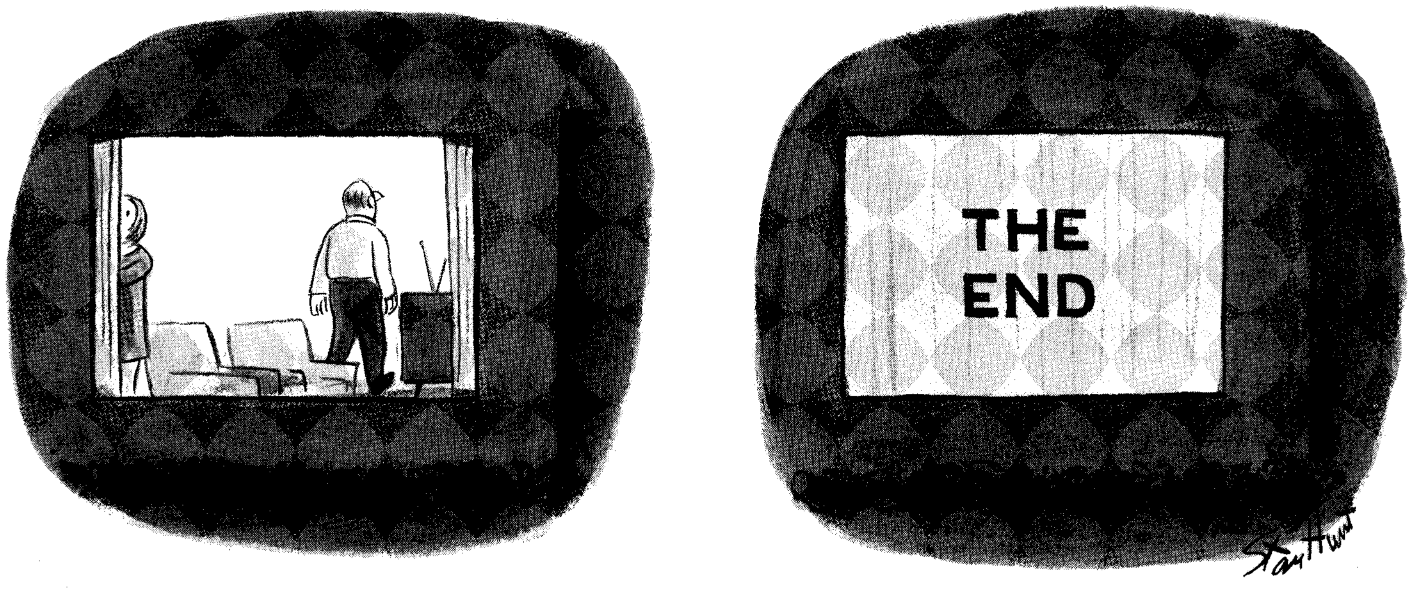


reinforced by the Darwinian interpretation of biological evolution through "natural selection"—fostering the "preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life" (Darwin's words). This curious reading of the battle for existence applied not merely to races and species but to nations and classes, and embellished the brute fact of survival with a smug eulogy of the survivors. What self-flattery for the ruling classes! What consolation for their predestined victims!

On the basis of this theory of human development, Progress meant man's increasing success in overcoming his physical limitations so as to impose his own machine-conditioned fantasies upon nature. By definition, technological change and human improvement were now coupled together, and, also by definition, the forces that made for advance were inevitable, inviolable, irresistible. The latest discovery, the latest invention, the latest fashion was *ipso facto* the best, and the more ruthlessly our industrial advances erased the monuments, and even the happy memories, of the past, the more acceptable (progressive) were the results. Thus, even Modern Man would become "obsolete," one American contemporary observed when the first atomic bomb was exploded. On the same progressive principle, democracy must yield place to totalitarianism; as Anne Lindbergh remarked, Nazism was "the Wave of the Future." "Good" and "bad" had nothing to do with Progress, for they belonged to the Platonic world of values, which science had flatly excluded from the area of verifiable knowledge. No longer were self-knowledge, and discrimination between good and evil, the beginning of wisdom. This bias is still known in the scientific world as "objectivity." That cliché also lingers, along with others based on scientific and technological notions, in the slogans of the ad writer, the industrial designer, the avant-garde artist, and the go-go professors—all shining brightly against their "up-to-date" Jules Verne background. If this conception of Progress had any substance, no part of man's past experience was worth examining or evaluating for preservation and possible future use on a higher level of culture ("History is bunk"). Progress was a tractor that laid its own roadbed and left no permanent imprint of its own tracks, nor did it move toward an imaginable and humanly desirable destination. "The going is the goal," a pragmatic philosopher said; past and future had both been swallowed in the void of a meaningless now.

Such are still the pious beliefs of the futurologist, whose inflated expectations, like the inflated values of our dubious financial-credit system, are based on the supposition that the day for casting up a balance between assets and liabilities can be indefinitely postponed. Are not the losses in fact gains, he asks, like his predecessors, since only through constant waste and war can the megamachine keep on expanding? That this limitless mechanical progress carried with it the possibility of an equally indefinite human regression did not, as late as the nineteen-sixties, occur to the faithful disciples of Marshall McLuhan, Daniel Bell, or Arthur Clarke—those giant minds whose private dreams all too quickly turned into public nightmares. Progress indeed! That the March of Progress would in fact lead to worldwide calamity and catastrophe was something the Age of Confidence never foresaw as a remote eventuality. Even while the bridge to the Brave New World of Technology was visibly buckling and breaking apart, my friend Van Wyck Brooks, steeped in humane tradition as he was, clung to the comforting dogma of Progress and reproved me for not bowing to the idols he and Charles Beard accepted. In this one respect, the Old Guard and the Advance Guard were almost indistinguishable. A century earlier, Emerson himself had shared with Mark Twain the belief that the great mechanical inventions, from the cotton mill to the electric telegraph, had decisively established the reality of human progress. And those who march to this tune are, alas, still in fashion. Did not the president of a great university the other day publicly salute Buckminster Fuller, that interminable tape recorder of "salvation by technology," as another Leonardo da Vinci, another Freud, another Einstein?

This popular conception of Progress dismissed as unreal the possibility of arrest, reversal, discontinuity, or regression, no matter how often history had demonstrated the occurrence of all four. Yet the physical world itself, for all its regularities and uniformities, has its ups and downs, its contractions and expansions, even its total extinctions. Indeed, the entire universe, astronomers now darkly suspect, may someday coalesce into a ponderous, impenetrable mass, as hostile to all dynamic and dispersed forms of matter as to life itself. At all events, nothing is more certain about our earthly habitat and its denizens than the fact that the processes of building up and breaking down continue, at varying rates of speed, in every organism, in every ecological group, in every society. As long as the tissue-building, self-regenerating, growth-promoting functions provide a margin of free energy, life goes on. But what monsters would walk the streets—what stumbling giants, what mountains of obesity—if organic vitality meant limitless growth! I find it hard to believe, I confess, that for



more than a century some of the best minds of the West could have operated on that faulty premise of Progress. Meanwhile, during this last half century we have seen that the most startling advances in scientific technology have by their very success hurled great nations and empires into a morass of political and moral depravity. For have not supposedly civilized governments countenanced or committed scientifically organized tortures and massacres indistinguishable from the unbridled collective sadism of an Ashurbanipal or a Genghis Khan?

The age of "the men who are ten years old," long ago predicted in the Pali Buddhist texts, had arrived before my adolescence ended: ten-year-old minds enclosed in a ten-year-old culture with only a ten-year future—if that. In an editorial in *The Freeman* in 1921, I described my generation's fate as "The Collapse of Tomorrow." But the Buddhists had peered deeper into the future, for they said of "the men who are ten years old" that "their violent hatred against each other will predominate, with violent enmity, violent malevolence, violent lust for wholesale killing." A world picture that omitted all values except those fostered by science and technology was left with only a blank (nihilism) in our proper human realm. Homer, Herodotus, and Shakespeare were far better equipped to interpret man's condition and arm him to face the future than the latest clutch of futurologists.

Even now, perhaps a majority of our countrymen still believe that science and technics can solve all human problems. They have no suspicion that our runaway science and technics themselves today constitute the main problem the human race has to overcome. Only a handful of sensitive scientists, such as Max Born, were ready to admit that this lay at the bottom of our difficulties. Strangely, the palpable rationality of the scientific method within its own accredited area gave rise in the great majority of its practitioners to a compulsive irrationality—an uncritical faith in science's godlike power to control the destinies of the human race. Those who have studied the ancient Mesopotamian and Egyptian religious texts know how cruel, destructive, and inhumane man's godlike faculties actually can be. Only mammalian tenderness and human love have saved mankind from the demented gods that rise up from the unconscious when man cuts himself off from the cosmic and earthly sources of his life.

Very late in my own development, I discovered what any number of more gifted minds should have discovered long before; namely, that the basic ideology that pervaded the Western mind at the beginning of the century was only a scientifically dressed-up justification for the immemorial practices of the ruling classes—historically attested in Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Peru, and, indeed, wherever the archetypal megamachine was in control. The dominant institutions of our time, far from being new, were all in the thrall of a myth that was at least five thousand years old. Only one value was acknowledged, and that one was taken for granted: the reality of power in all its forms, from sun power to military power, from manpower to steam power, from cannon power to money power, from machine power and computer power to sex power.

This simplistic formula for Progress created the overriding imperative that the very victims of the power complex meekly accepted: one must go with the tide, ride the wave of the future—or, more vulgarly, keep moving. The meaning of life was reduced to accelerating movement and change, and nothing else remained. Behold the ultimate religion of our seemingly rational age—the Myth of the Machine! Bigger and bigger, more and more, farther and farther, faster and faster became ends in themselves, as expressions of godlike power; and empires, nations, trusts, corporations, institutions, and power-hungry individuals were all directed to the same blank destination. The going was the goal—a defensible doctrine for colliding atoms or falling bodies but not for men.

Half a century before my own time, Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," had captured the Victorian faith in Progress, with all its comforting emptiness, in "Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change." For most people, to increase the pace of change by every kind of invention and innovation became nothing less than the whole duty of man. At least, it was the duty of the New Man, and, of course, of the New Woman. Implicitly, the progressives followed the reactionary principle of Jean-Jacques Rousseau: "Reverse all that is now done and you will be right." Particularly if the people who had been doing it were one's elders, one's parents, those in authority.

AND now I smile a wintry smile. That was the doctrine I grew up on, and my earliest patron saints were Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. Even the master of my youth, Patrick Geddes, who now seems to many people one of the great minds of the period, would write me, "It is time to be getting on with our ideas," and, despite his warm relations with the poet Rabindranath Tagore and the physicist Jagadis Chandra Bose, he criticized Gandhi's program for achieving free-

COMPLAINTS

“My fun fur is no more fun.”

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dom from Britain and its machine-driven capitalism on the ground that Gandhi’s belief in spinning by hand, without even the use of an electric motor, was only Ruskin, 1850; that his belief in passive political resistance was Thoreau, also 1850; and that his militant nationalism was Mazzini, 1848—just as if these dates deprived similar later proposals of validity. What was Geddes’ own belief in “getting on” but the progressive ideas of Condorcet, 1789; of Auguste Comte, 1840; and of Frédéric Le Play, circa 1870? By now, they are all just as dust-covered by the March of Progress as those of Gandhi himself. So even Geddes’ understanding of biological time in Bergson’s sense—as duration in a present that could not even exist in the mind without a bonding together of the past and the future—was tarnished by the fallacious doctrine common to the whole age. At bottom, when he was immersed in the actualities of contemporary history, Geddes himself knew better; his lapses only show what a hold the doctrine of Progress had maintained.

For the first twenty years of my life, or even longer, I shared most of the naïve hopes of our leaders and rallied to the movements and projects that promoted them; in fact, my first definite inclination to a vocation was to that of an engineer, and the most progressive kind of engineer, too—an electrical engineer. I need not apologize for that part of my past, and I am not sorry about it, for this early acceptance of—indeed, high excitement over—the doctrine of Progress has given me a vivid understanding of my “progressive,” power-infatuated contemporaries. But this early commitment had likewise enabled me to winnow out what was valid in the concept of human advance from the purely mechanical metaphors that so largely had been motivated by the man-devouring ambitions of Bronze Age gods, and incited further by the demented fantasies of absolute rulers.

For there actually was a vital human core in the doctrine of Progress which those who prated most about Progress had lost. What was significant—more than that, sacred and forever memorable—was the slow accretion, though unsteady and intermittent, of meanings and forms and values, those tiny radioactive particles that each generation separates from the gross ore of human experience. To the extent that this precious residue has been extracted and treasured, every part of life—every constructive or creative achievement, every active expression of love—has the aura, however faint, of divinity. To mine and crush tons of pitchblende so that a few grams of radium may become available, metaphorically speaking, is the worthiest conceivable task for mankind, no matter what the penalties and sacrifices: a true fulfillment of emergent evolution and human destiny, though there is no quantitative measure for this kind of creativity or this kind of achievement. But, in a strict sense, this is transcendence, not advance—a change of levels from the human to the divine.

Even when it was viewed from a less exalted position, there was something to be said for the belief in Progress as it suddenly bloomed in the eighteenth century: the Age of Enlightenment confidently proposed to achieve on earth the equality and justice and love that the Christian Church had dared to promise only in Heaven—and then, quaintly, only after the righteous were segregated from the sinners. As Albert Schweitzer pointed out, Western civilization in the eighteenth century honorably, if belatedly, began to carry out the more universal ethical precepts of Christianity. As a result of this newly affirmed faith in the natural goodness of man, some improvements were actually made. Here and there, imprisoned people were treated with more humanity and kept in more sanitary quarters; the insane were no longer shackled and whipped; little children were treated with more understanding and valued in their own right; and for the first time the deplorable condition of the great mass of workers became a matter of open public concern and, fitfully, of amelioration. Many of these departures were pushed further in the nineteenth century. Rousseau’s and Froebel’s new principles for educating the child and Diderot’s acute observations on aiding the deaf, dumb, and blind carried into the daily life of millions the basic precepts of the New Testament, and effected miracles, too: witness Helen Keller. But none of the great projects of the eighteenth century were pushed far enough to alter radically the basis of civilization; and when they went furthest—as with the egalitarian programs of Socialism—they disclosed unsuspected flaws in their conception.

If I have mocked the doctrine of Progress, I have done so only to attack the simpleminded notion that human improvements are guaranteed by purely scientific and technological advances—that they are the predictable outcome of today’s panacea, “research and development.” The genuine improvements, however fragile or fitful,

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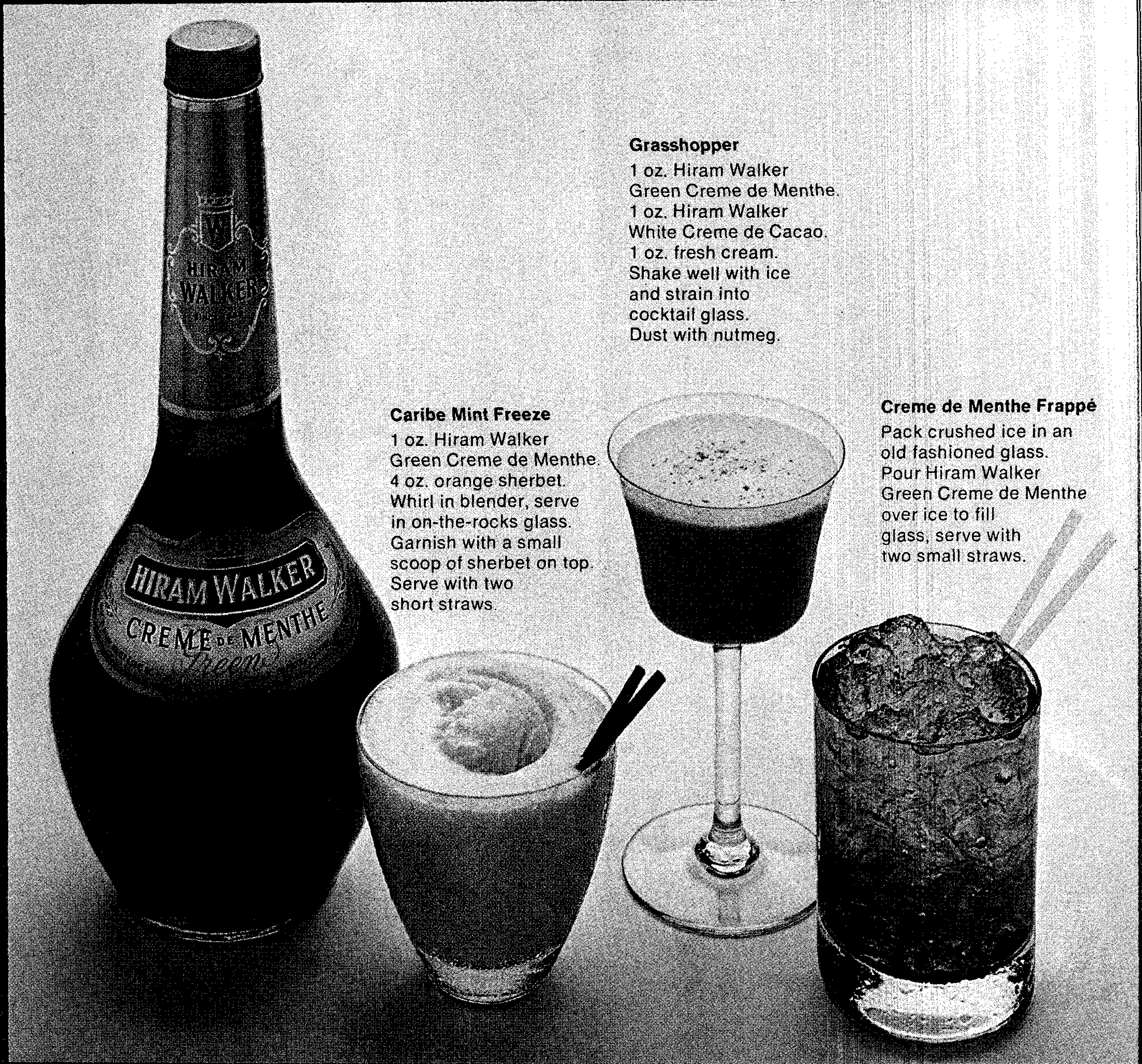

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do not deserve to be ignored. Nor have I any notion of belittling more generous visions of human improvement because they were so easily mistaken for the dawn of even better days. The fault was that those who regarded faith in Progress as a moral imperative mistakenly assumed, on the basis of only a century's experience, that the forward movement was continuous, inevitable, and in most respects benign, and, as well, that it could not be retarded, much less opposed or reversed. "You can't turn the hands of the clock back," people would say, with an owlish air of finality. As if society were not as much a human artifact as the clock, as if anyone would harbor a clock whose mechanism made no provision for turning its hands forward or backward so that it would keep correct time, as if clocks and communities were as immune to human regulation as the solar system! On the same principle, one might design motorcars whose speed could not be regulated, whose destination could not be altered, cars that lacked brakes to halt them when there was danger of collision. People should talk more carefully about machines, for machines wouldn't be of much use if they did not embody many organic principles unrecognized by the doctrine of automatic Progress.

All things considered, it was to my advantage that the hopes and expectations of the Enlightenment were still vivid in the days of my youth. Those cheerful thoughts entered my bloodstream, and today, in whatever dilution, they continue to circulate through my body. Indeed, they provide a certain almost physiological sustenance, which those who were born even half a generation later fatally lack. Without that deep animal faith, I could not now review the events of my life and times.

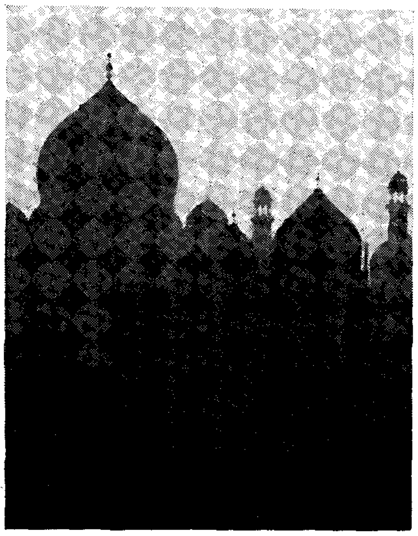
Fortunately, the clouds that soon began to efface all color and light from our sky did not also remove the sun. Some of us still have minds sufficiently immersed in the living stream of human history, and buoyed up by its accumulation of values and meanings in language, art, religion, and science ever since the emergence of man as a recognizable species, to enable us to retain some measure of the emotional energy that has kept the human race alive through an endless series of frustrations, crippling injuries, and disasters—not only natural disasters but even more disheartening man-made ones. Those whose minds were formed in that better day still do not regard all human communication as gibberish, all beautiful form as no better than a child's mud pie.

Even as I put this contrast into words, the reader will mark my hostility to the fashionable nihilist doctrine of our day: the cult of anti-life, with all its psychotic violence and its infantile debasements. That hostility applies equally, of course, to those who seek salvation by giving their energies to quickening, through science and technics, the destructive forces that are now released from their natural limitations and cultural restraints, and are overrunning the habitat and degrading it. I have not lived for three-quarters of a century without some understanding of both aggression and regression—for the irrational avant-garde of the arts and the meticulously "rational" avant-garde of computerdom are heading toward the same goal. They reinforce each other and converge upon a zero point, where their juncture will signal a self-obliterating explosion. Plainly, this hostility of mine marks me as still a child of an earlier period, who is increasingly at odds with the world he has faced as an adult, and is even more remote from the world his grandchildren may have to face.

YES, at the turn of the century the climate of the world was changing; and part of my vocation was to interpret that change, to become acutely aware of its menacing possibilities while I worked, within my range, to forfend them. For those of us who have been awake to realities, this has been a lonely role. But more than half of my life went by before I realized how lonely. There are plenty of people today who view what has been happening in the twentieth century as an entirely normal manifestation of man's nature and destiny. They have no notion of how many dearly bought achievements of human culture (those particles of radium!) have now been buried in irredeemable rubbish heaps or swept out to sea in violent floods. Most of our contemporaries, perhaps, still see only the endless bounties and benefits resulting from that part of our culture which has been changing most rapidly, and have closed their eyes to the varieties of dehumanization and extermination that twentieth-century men—not just the Nazis and the Stalinists—have practiced on a colossal scale. They prefer not to think about the millions who met premature death in war or were gassed in extermination camps, or the countless men, women, and children who are being killed or maimed for life in automobile accidents, week after week, year after year. Even if our contemporaries hide these facts from themselves, there are

Wm Hamilton

"You're stuffy. That's nice."



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others, too palpable to be overlooked, in "great" cities, where horrors in the form of mugging, rape, murder, and torture are practiced alike by criminals and by putative guardians of the law. Inoculated against any evidence that is contrary to their basic assumptions, these anesthetized minds still believe that "science will find the answer," or that if worst comes to worst a saving minority of mankind will escape to some other planet in a spaceship. This, incidentally, was the scenario of a play I outlined in 1914 or 1915—only in my version, I am proud to record, the more human residue of mankind remained behind.

By now, the myth of the machine, the basic religion of our present culture, has so captured the modern mind that no human sacrifice seems too great provided it is offered up to the insolent Marduks and Molochs of science and technology. Those who are in the grip of this myth imagine that with an increasing budget for scientific r. and d., with a more voluminous productivity, augmented by almost omniscient computers and a wider range of antibiotics and inoculations, with a greater control over our genetic inheritance, with more complex surgical operations and transplants, with an extension of automation to every form of human activity, mankind will achieve— what? "Happiness," people used to say, wistfully. But did they not mean anesthesia? These processes are now being directed by those who conceive happiness purely in terms of their ability to foster their own favored activities, and to execute plans that would, with the aid of sufficient Foundation grants, give them almost complete authority over the destiny of the human race. Life so misconceived and so misdirected can produce only mindless nonentities, incapable of performing as autonomous beings any organic or human functions.

One dare not smile in reflecting on what happened to our soaring post-nineteenth-century hopes at the very blast-off. The best one can say about them is that most of the scientifically organized imbecilities predicted by Aldous Huxley for the Brave New World in "the Seventh Century After Ford" have already become realities. But in my youth, as a zealous reader of Hugo Gernsback's monthly *Modern Electrics*, I shared my generation's pious belief in our future; and I still look forward to, as a valid possibility, the slowing down of the pace of automation and depersonalization great enough to permit us to safeguard the immense treasuries of knowledge and technical facility now at our command. There is hardly an invention, a method, or a process produced by the institutions that now work in such a dismally negative fashion which might not in future prove humanly valuable, sometimes highly desirable, if it were applied at the right moment, in the right quantity, for the right purpose—that is, if it were under constant human evaluation and control, if it were directed to higher goals than the expansion of the megamachine and the exaltation of those who command it and profit by a virtual monopoly of its rewards.

But even at their best all these improvements, however helpful, remain peripheral: they fail to do justice to man's central concern, his own humanization. In letting depersonalized organizations and automatic contraptions take charge of our lives, we have been forfeiting the only qualities that could justify our existence: sensitiveness, consciousness, responsiveness, expressive intelligence, human-heartedness, and (alas, one cannot use this word now without wincing) creativity. And love! Yes, love above all. When, more than a century ago, Emerson observed that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind," he identified the conditions we now face in their full-grown form. And as man himself, he who was once—in all his self-sustaining racial, tribal, regional, national, civic, and ultimately personal varieties—potentially an autonomous being, shrinks and disappears, a new kind of creature, infrahuman, fabricated to make our complex megamachine workable, has come into existence: the bureaucratic personality, punched and coded for the machine. As Max Weber predicted over fifty years ago, that under-dimensioned personality has become the all but universal type.

Now this inexorable regimentation, the fabrication of such a rigid and sterile personality, has given rise to a counter-adaptation, since the bureaucratic type has been compensated for and secretly aided by its negative counterpart: the beatnik, the hippie, the gangster, and their underground successors, who have rejected the dehumanized order of bureaucratic automation by rejecting as well those humanized modes of behavior by means of which man emerged from his original animal limitations. Indeed, they reject even such orderly routines, such life-sustaining activities, as animals themselves exhibit in acts of grooming, mating, food gathering, and nurturing of the young; and, in order to live at their chosen subanimal level, they destroy their minds and do violence to their bodies with drugs. Year by year, they ingeniously invent more sophisticated modes of disorder and perpetrate them on defenseless communities.

On the bureaucratic side, Adolf Eichmann, the man who faithfully carried out orders from above, is the veritable Hero of Our Time; and a thousand other Eichmanns stand ready to wipe out not just the Jews but the larger part of the human race as soon as the order comes through from the Pentagon or the Kremlin. There are Hitlers in every war office, and Eichmanns in every rocket center, in every aircraft carrier and submarine, in every nuclear and chemical and bacterial laboratory, as the consistently atrocious practices of the American military forces in Vietnam demonstrated. Those of us who have lived to see this last transformation know the worst about our own countrymen—and so about the human race. The better world my generation grew up in was not wholly a complacent illusion, but we were scarcely equipped to reckon with the vast potentialities for evil that civilization, by its own dynamism and cold audacity, had expanded. Yet did not Giovanni Battista Vico warn us at the beginning of the enlightened eighteenth century that there was no barbarism more savage than that of "civilized" man?

OBVIOUSLY, I have, not without inner resistance, come to a vision of the world different from that which comforts—or, at best, only slightly discomforts—many of my contemporaries. It seems to me that—on the basis of rational calculations, derived from what must admittedly be incomplete evidence—*if the forces that now dominate us continue on their present path* they must lead to collapse of the whole historical fabric, not just this or that great nation or empire. Unfortunately, if we continue to act upon the premises that have increasingly automated human activities, there will be no stopping point before the ultimate terminus: total destruction. Already, languages show signs of slithering into incoherence and confusion, with vocabularies so limited and a semantic structure so primitive that beside them the most elementary tribal language must count as a delicate work of art. H. G. Wells' dire prediction that "mind is at the end of its tether" can

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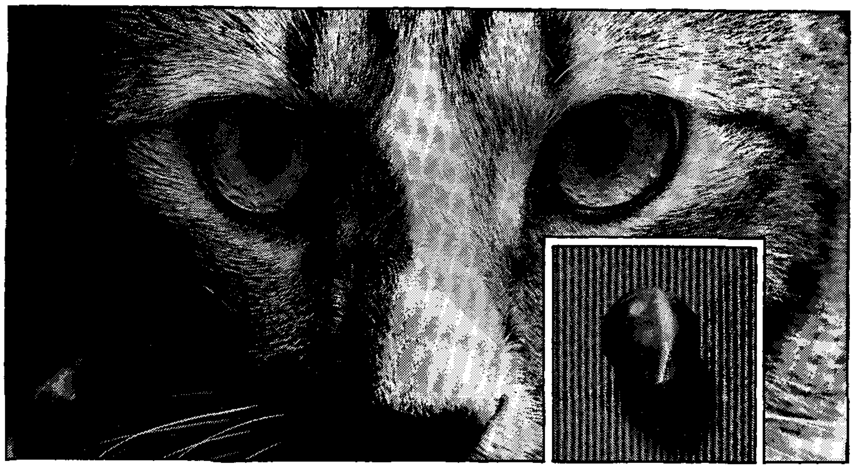

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no longer be lightly dismissed as mere senile despair, as it could be in 1945.

To flinch now from facing these realities and evaluating them is to me an act of intellectual cowardice. But because I have dared to face and evaluate them I have often been dismissed as a "prophet of doom." This is no more intelligent than to say of a physician who diagnoses a possibly fatal disease and applies his skill to curing it that he is a willing ally of the undertaker. On the contrary, every fibre of my being revolts against the fate that threatens our civilization, and revolts almost equally against those supine minds that accept it as inevitable, or, even worse, seek treasonably to justify its "inevitability." From first to last, my own beliefs challenge those who think there is no turning back on the road that mankind is now travelling, no possibility of changing our minds or altering our course, no way of arresting or redirecting the forces that, if they are not subdued, will bring about the annihilation of man. For the last thirty years, then, I have been forced, much against my native interests and talents, to confront the suicidal nihilism of our civilization, for I believe that only those who are sufficiently awake to the forces that menace us and who have taken the full measure of their probable consequences will be able to overcome them. It is not as a prophet of doom but as an exponent of the Renewal of Life that I have faced the future: not by accident do the books I wrote between 1934 and 1951 bear this phrase for their common title. That title may seem, in the light of what has followed since, almost wantonly hopeful; certainly it did not spring from discouragement or despair. For those who share this vision, life itself is the central good and the source of all other goods: life in all its organic manifestations, and even in its dismaying contradictions, its ultimate tragedies—life embracing not alone love, courage, human-heartedness, and joy but alienation, frustration, and pain.

Now, what I mean by "life" cannot be packed into a single sentence or even a single page. Jeffery Smith, my onetime professorial colleague at Stanford, used to tell of a simple farmhand who had always battled against odds, raising a large family while barely able to keep his head above water. If any man had a right to be disheartened or bitter over his fate, it would seem to have been that man, yet he had never despaired. Then, a little while before he died, a visitor found him in a grievous condition, with an ailment that could no longer be fought off or grimly concealed. "Yes, my boy," he said. "My time has come. The feast of life will soon be over."

The feast of life! This phrase, uttered by a man who had faced more than his share of the burdens and miseries of life and seemed to have had too few of its rewards, is an affirmation that should confound a thousand nihilisms. The spirit is at one with the faith Whitman proclaimed, in his acceptance of evil as well as good, in his readiness to count no aspect of life too mean, too vile, too repulsive to be reckoned as part of its meaning and value. And did not Plotinus say that it was better for even an animal to have lived and suffered than never to have lived at all? This, I take it, is what a contemporary witness, Solzhenitsyn, has declared, with equal conviction, about his own experience of cancer, made doubly unbearable by his harsh imprisonment.

In the Second World War, "the feast of life" was snatched from our son at the age of nineteen—all too soon. But when, a little earlier, he was recalling with his sweetheart some of the most disruptive episodes in their association at school, he remarked, "I'm damned if it wasn't fun." Grievous though such an early death was, he had nevertheless known many moments of fulfillment. Far more lamentable is the kind of mental decomposition that takes place in those who have never consciously savored life's feast, for their unlived life takes its revenge, now sinking into docile acceptance of their prisonlike routine, now erupting in fantasies and acts of insensate violence. These victims are the real proponents of doom.

AS the twentieth century approached, there was some popular debate as to when the old one came to an end, many holding that 1900 was the veritable beginning, in the face of those who could prove by the calendar that January 1, 1901, marked the true turning point, since the next century was not in existence until the nineteenth had completed its course. Little children are just as puzzled by the fact that when they are five years old they are in their sixth year. My wife remembers that as a child she always resented this premature advance of her age. But this debate is about an abstraction. In terms of events, the nineteenth century began in 1815, as my history teacher, Professor Salwyn Schapiro, used to point out, for it was then that the Napoleonic Wars came to an

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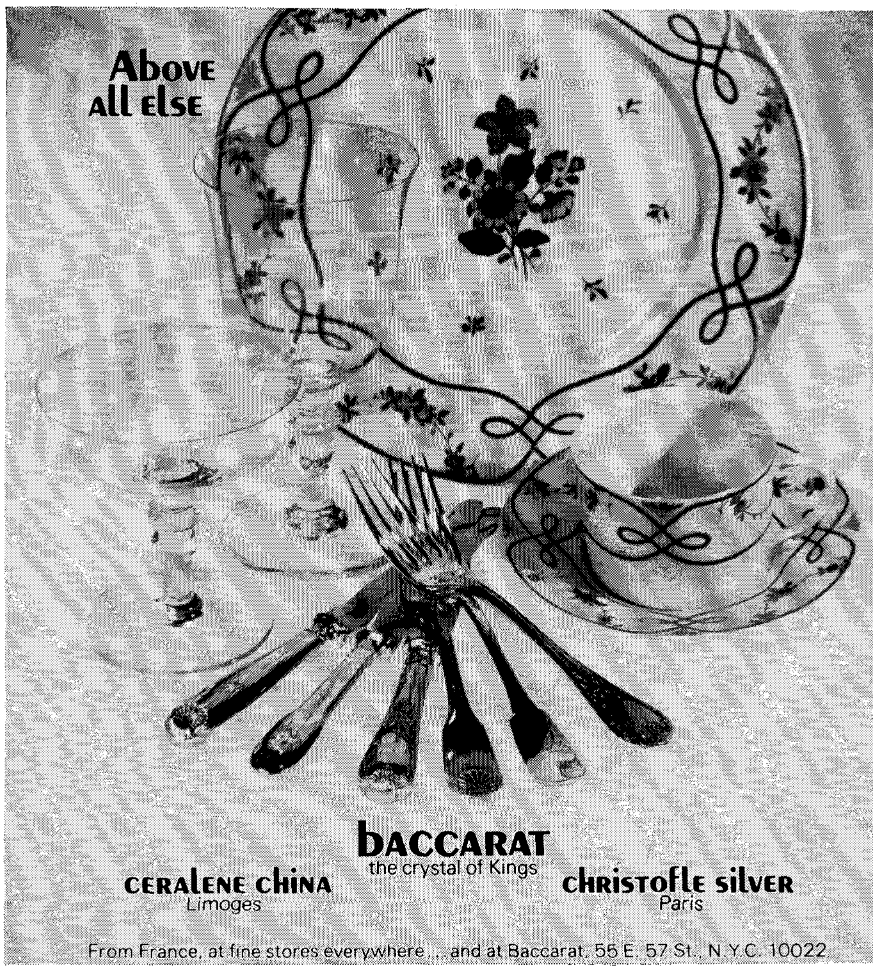

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end; and the nineteenth century terminated in 1914, when the cycle of conflicts and calamities through which we are now living began.

Assuredly there were many signs that were a good augury for the twentieth century. In an effort to head off the coming war, the czar of Russia, no less an advocate of peace (and no more!) than his latter-day successors Khrushchev and Brezhnev, had in 1899 convoked the first great international peace conference, at The Hague; and even before that, at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, in 1893, an equally remarkable World Congress of Religions and their churches—bodies harder to disarm and unite than the more openly belligerent nations—had taken place. One might multiply these favorable instances. When the Paris Universal Exposition of 1900 opened, one of its features was the Rue des Nations, an effort (promoted by Patrick Geddes, who was an indefatigable internationalist) to give concrete expression to the ideas of peace and coöperation by getting each nation to contribute a building in its own characteristic style, as an integral part of the larger whole, safeguarding variety while promoting the unity that the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, and the telephone had already made possible—indeed, almost imperative. Such, at least, was the intention of this symbolism. Geddes was unable to get backing for his proposal to make this demonstration a permanent one, but, as it happened, the idea was carried out in Paris only a generation later, in the new students' quarter, the Cité Universitaire. All over the planet, national barriers were breaking down. The risks on a fire-insurance policy in Chicago might be covered by organizations in London, Budapest, and Hamburg, just as Lloyd's still breaks up such risks among its share-takers. Banditry and piracy had ceased everywhere, except in petty strongholds like Sicily, and only a token force of soldiers and battleships was needed to hold vast empires in Africa and Asia, thus supplying at least outward order and security in partial atonement for the malign and callous exploitation that Joseph Conrad was soon to portray in his classic story "Heart of Darkness." For the first time in history, as the Italian historian Guglielmo Ferrero pointed out, "the freedom of the seas" actually prevailed throughout the world. Something better than the ancient Pax Romana seemed definitely established. Such conflicts as the Boer War and the Spanish-American War and the Balkan

Wars appeared to be little more than a final trickle of bellicosity and savagery, dripping from a faucet that had been turned off.

There was further room for hope because more people than ever, beginning with the Socialists and Communists, were conscious of the many measures that needed to be taken to repair the inequities and injustices left over from the past. The democratic, egalitarian spirit seemed on the march everywhere: did not the Liberal British Prime Minister Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman proclaim that "good government" was no satisfactory substitute for self-government? And yet one must never forget that there remained a deep morass of human misery, for the margin of capitalist profits was still widened by the ancient method of grinding the face of the poor and calling in the police or the soldiery when the working classes or the conquered tribes staged a rebellion. That underlying poverty remains today in supposedly affluent countries, such as the United States, and it is accentuated, rather than lessened, by doles, not to mention corruption, theft, and other impromptu modes of equalization. Yet even the working classes had a freedom then that no one now confidently enjoys. At the beginning of the twentieth century, anyone could travel anywhere he wished, except in Turkey and Russia, without a passport. Workers could move about freely on this planet if they were willing to face the hardships of steerage transportation. They sometimes moved seasonally from one country to another—say, from Italy to the Argentine. My wife's father and mother, thanks to such bribes as even poor people could bestow on the official wretches who guarded the frontiers, escaped from Russia early in the nineties, in order to avoid the long separation that military service would have imposed upon this just married Jewish couple. They had it hard when they reached America, but they stayed; even anti-Semitism was a little less virulent here. As for the rising middle classes, never before had such an abundance of material goods and so much cheap human service been at their disposal. For the first time in history, the whole planet was well policed—a precondition for any other kind of comity and unity. And the old moralities were still so studiously respected that—to take a trivial but significant example—newsstands were left unguarded in New York, permitting the buyers to make their own change.

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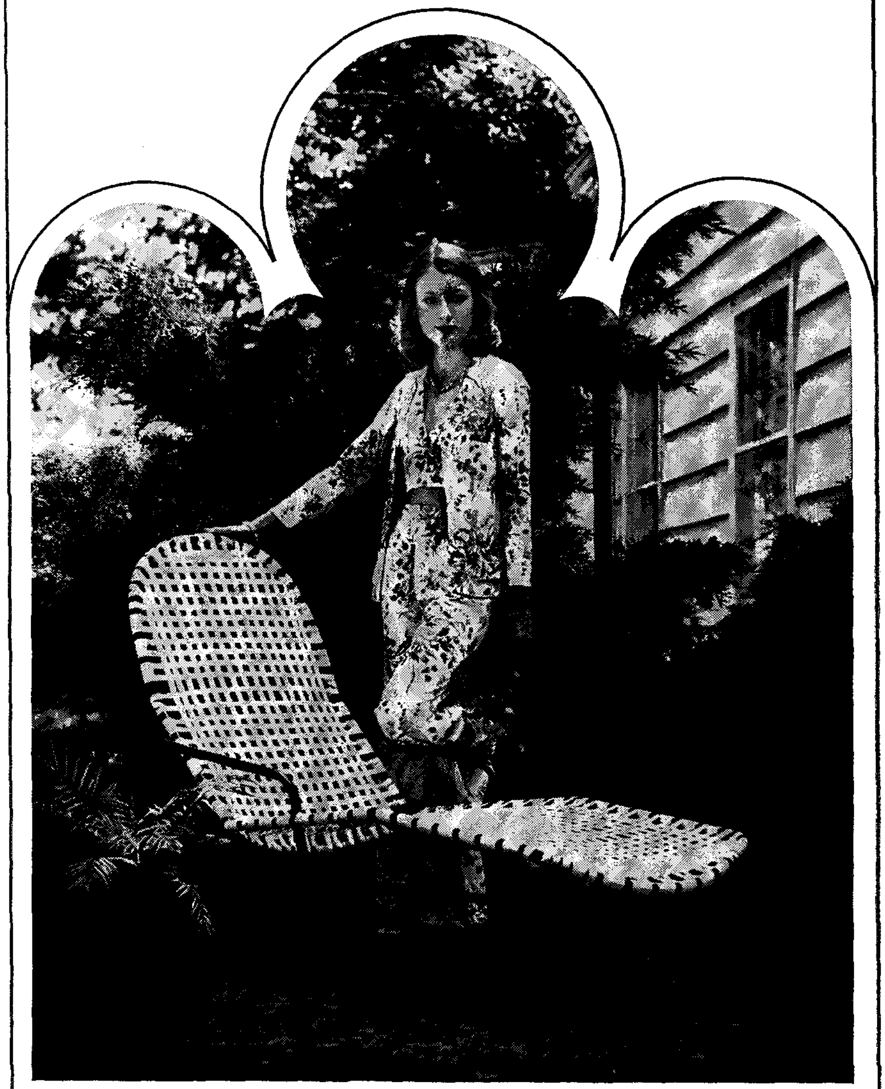

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have ceased to exist, that we can fully realize how much had actually been accomplished in establishing a more benign law and order, in lessening the more outrageous forms of injustice and violence. In many areas, there had been genuine improvements, so the representative figures of the Victorian Age had a right to crow loudly over their political achievements. But there were even surer signs that the tides of life were running high again. Auguste Rodin, the greatest sculptor of his time—probably the greatest since Michelangelo—became a commanding symbol of this vitality. He towered above his contemporaries almost as much because of his feeling for life as of his translation of that feeling into the animated forms, the fluent solids, of his sculptures. A benign deity was he, half Pan, half Jove, whose dancing bodies and passion-entwined lovers celebrated all the qualities left out of the cold Newtonian world picture that had fostered only science and technics. Ranged alongside Rodin were the many mighty spirits of the nineteenth century—scientists no less than artists—who were equally exalted by a fresh vision of life emerging from the primordial slime to dominate the planet and leave the imprint of organic form over every part of the environment, while the inner life of man had been animated and intensified by the works of Delacroix and van Gogh and Cézanne, of Goethe and Tolstoy and Dostoevski, of Herman Melville and Walt Whitman.

Quite aside from the two-faced triumphs of technology, there was a great outpouring of energy in all the arts, first expressed in music, from the eighteenth century of Haydn and Mozart on, and this ultimately found its way into the remotest channels. To forget all these positive manifestations would be to repeat the howler made by Mark Twain when, on Whitman's seventieth birthday, in 1889, he congratulated Whitman on having lived long enough to behold the invention of the steam engine and the printing press, and thereby to have had a glimpse of man "at his full stature at last." If all the technical triumphs since 1815 had been wiped out the instant they occurred, the exuberant creativity of the Western mind would still have made this age one of the notable moments in human culture. The outlines of man's life were being redrawn, and large segments of his past, which had left only a faint impression on his customs and traditions, and a still fainter one on the written record, became

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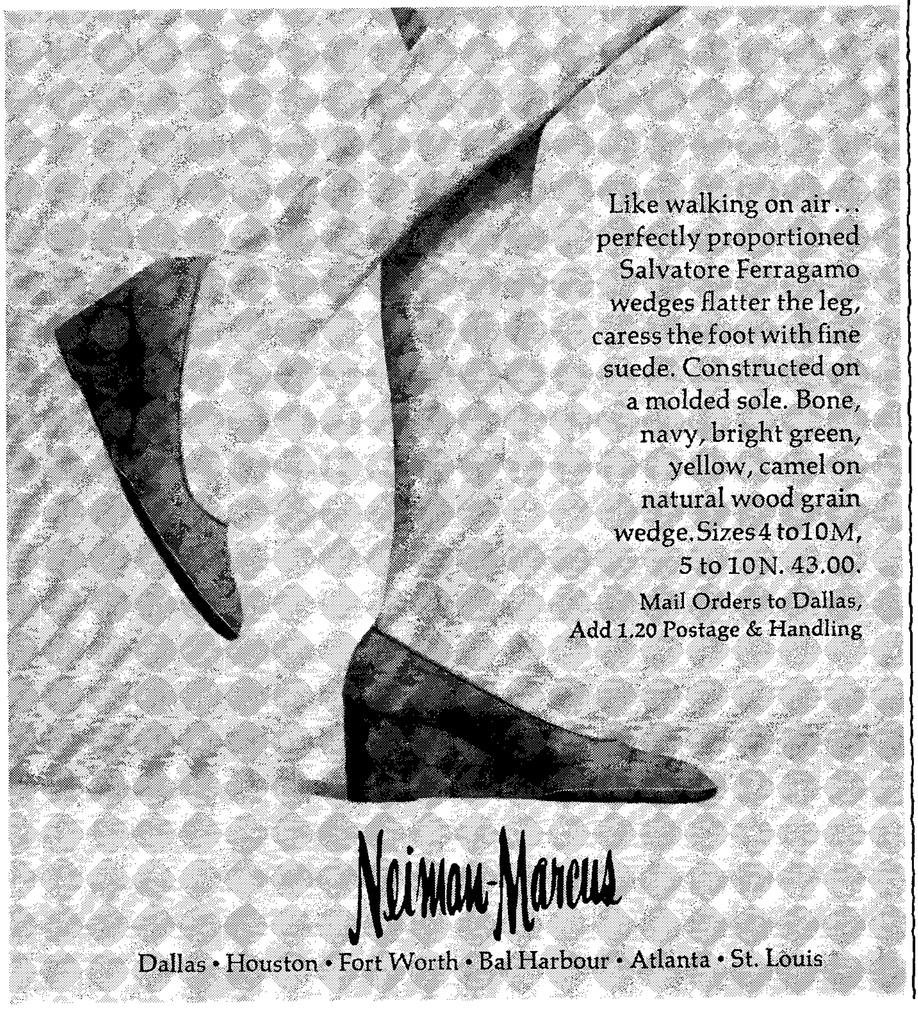

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visible. The discovery of man's origins, as archeologists raked among the bones and the stones buried in ancient geological strata, threw a fresh light on the human psyche. And when Picasso and his fellow-artists came into contact with primitive art they recognized vitalities that spoke directly to them. The rediscovery of the meaning of African and Polynesian art was also a rediscovery, parallel with Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams," of the dark continent of the psyche, and a recognition of the fact that no part of man's nature or his history could be buried or ignored without reducing his potentialities.

For those of us who came to maturity at the end of this period, Isadora Duncan, creating an imaginary Greek world out of our own twentieth-century consciousness, more primitive than archaic, more archaic than archeological, will always remain a symbol of these ideal potentialities. Let us spare ourselves any ironic afterthoughts we might have today, for we might realize how little she represented anything that could now be called Greek—as little as Winckelmann's white-plaster-cast admiration for Hellenistic sculpture. What mattered in Isadora's Hellenic dances and dramatic presentations was not the Greek themes or the gauzy costumes but the uninhibited vitality, the sense of a glorious nakedness about to be affirmed not only in the rituals of lovers but in every part of life. That illusion threw a veil over the more sordid aspects of the period that followed.

This upsurge of living ideas, this embrace of living organisms, this realization of life itself flowing through time, continuous but never more capturable than water is in a net, were expressed to perfection in the metaphysics of Henri Bergson. At the beginning of the twentieth century, he replaced the grim Malthusian picture of life as a lethal struggle for domination and survival with the picture of creative evolution, forever inventing new organs, building new forms, exploring new possibilities, intuitively finding new meanings, to be understood only by further acts of living. This was the underlying faith of the best minds of the period; and, allowing for differences of method and temperament, this is what links me to Bergson, to Kropotkin and Whitehead, and to my own master, Patrick Geddes. For all of them life, human life, and the highest product of human life, the increasingly conscious mind, widening and deepening, conscious even of its

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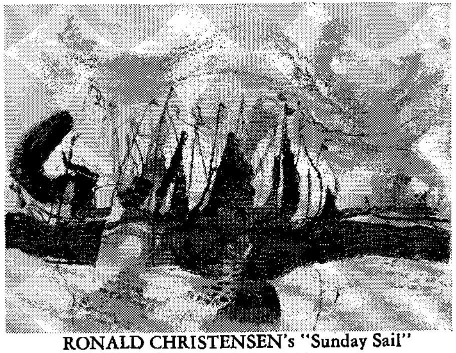

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unconscious treasure hoard, came first.

Some of this vitality was an integral part—often a major part—of the inheritance of my generation, and for a while it tided us over the most threatening moments of the new century. For, as a healthy body does not usually register the first symptoms of a disease except in some purely local manifestation, so we did not recognize the more insidious forces within our culture that were attacking us. And when we finally became aware of our actual state, we fastened all too easily upon one single manifestation, war, as if it were not a symptom but the main cause. This sense of abundant vitality belonged to our youth; it was the reservoir upon which the pre-First World War generation continued to draw; and even in old age some of us, having sufficient memory of that primordial energy, still derive from it courage—so said Shelley—to "wage contention," no matter how impossible the odds, "with the times' decay."

By altering the angle of vision, by turning away from our knowledge of the pustulating evils of the last half century and dwelling only on the goods that still beckoned the Western World in the year I was born, I could, I realize, draw another picture, equally true—to the point where it became smudged and then obliterated by our actual experience. To draw that hopeful picture, I need only suppose that the First World War did not in fact break out—that instead there was a postponement, and that all the tensions and hostilities that brought it about dissolved themselves in a gale of cosmic laughter, while all the instruments of war passed into obsolescence in a double sense, never to be replaced, never to be improved. The world we would be facing now would still not be any blithering utopia, but the meaning of life would no longer be reduced to the evasion of premature death, and we could cultivate new flowers without augmenting the crop of nettles. Yet such happy endings cannot be faked.

Both the highest creative possibilities of the twentieth century and its tragic eventualities emerged symbolically in the life and thought of Dr. Sigmund Freud. His career tells both the best and the worst about the period we are now living in. It was Freud who reintroduced, in the guise of science, the very world that science had turned its back on at the beginning of the modern period: the world of dreams, of potentialities and ideal goals, if also the world of repressed desires and demonic impulses, often too morbid to be exposed to view and too

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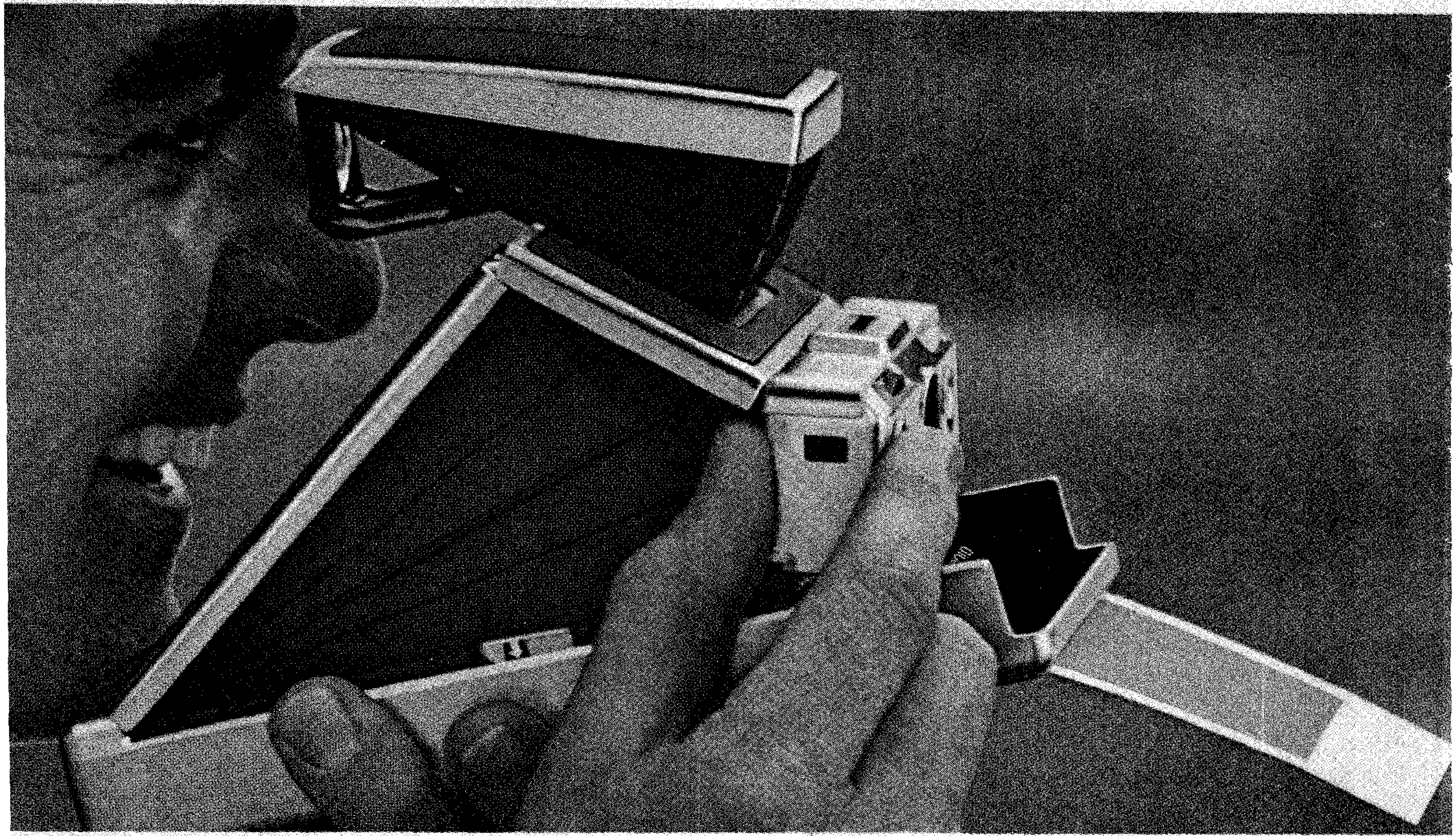

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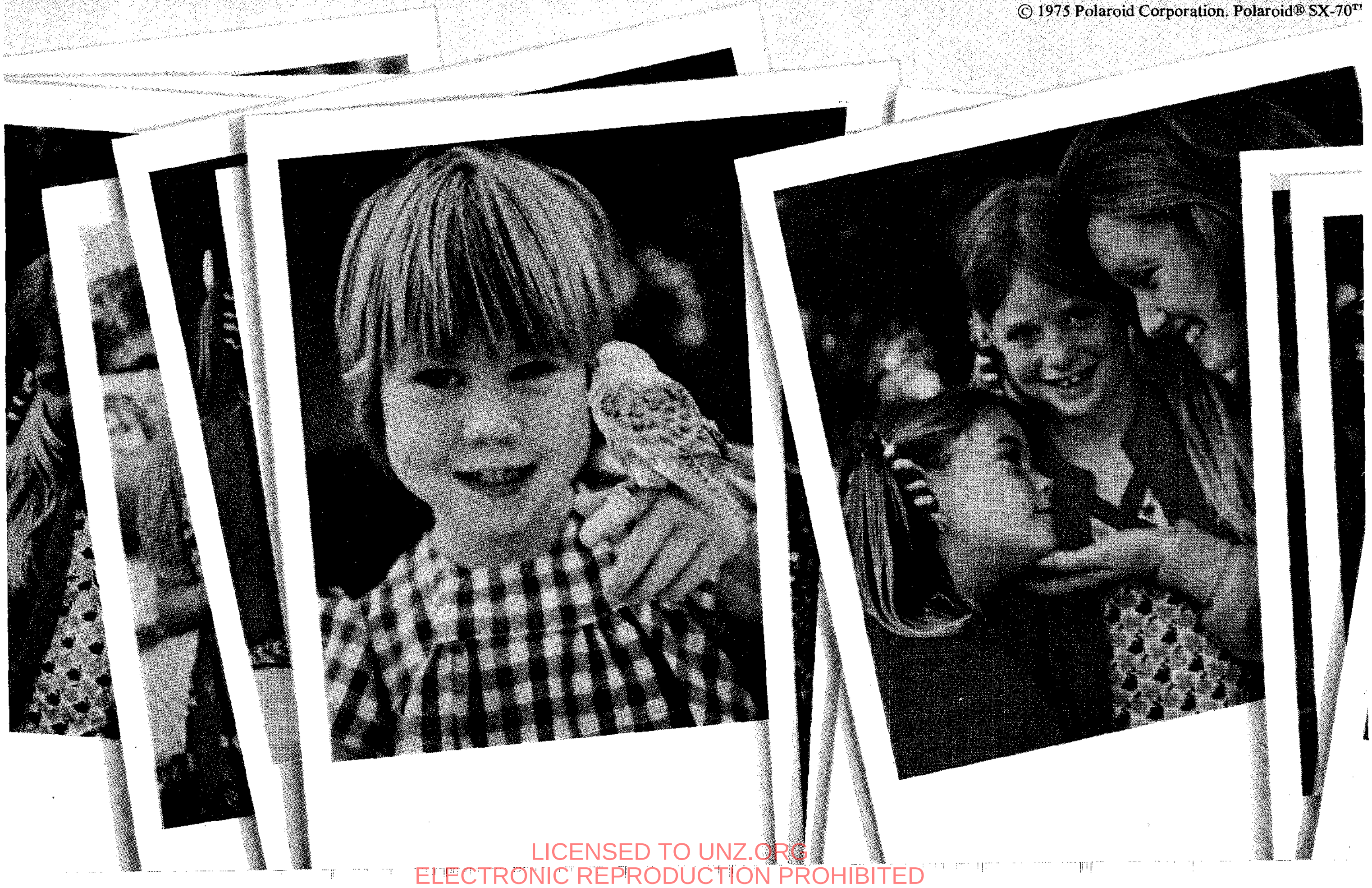

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life-threatening or life-debasing to be translated directly into action. This was a darker continent than Africa, and one penetrated it at one's peril, on the heels of this daring explorer. Freud, by uncovering the unconscious, had enlarged the boundaries of man's conscious life; and, much against his own medical training and expertness, he had given man's teeming fantasies, rejected by exact science, a status and a function equal to those of the objective world. To forget that man is a dreaming animal, who had perhaps dreamed himself into consciousness, was to ignore the very conditions of his emergence from animalhood.

This radical insight into the nature of man's whole inner life, as symbolized by but not restricted to his dreams, has not yet been generally accepted, since it challenges more primitive notions about the nature of the external world—views no less naïve than the wanton subjectivity of earlier religions. Yet "The Interpretation of Dreams" opened up theretofore impenetrable areas of reality as decisively as radium and the other invisible rays had done in physics. Freud himself was too much a man of the nineteenth century to throw off its own materialistic premises; on that score, Jung, with a more adequate metaphysical background, went deeper than Freud, and remained closer to the sources of man's actual development. Though Freud in the end was to speak for disintegration and death more than for life, as the cancer that killed him penetrated every part of his being, he deepened our sense of reality and unwittingly prepared our minds for the dire events that were to follow. Ironically, when the First World War came, Freud's fine analytic intelligence, so sensitive and so subtle, was overlaid by uncritical hatred of The Enemy, which was supported by a pathetically puerile emotional identification with his own Germanic tribe. He who spoke so contemptuously of the irrationality of early religions bowed to the no less primitive idols of Nationalism. So if in his younger days Freud had helped to liberate the forces of life, he later, in turning from Eros to Thanatos, and thus canonizing the death "instinct," helped to undermine resistance to the forces of disintegration; in effect, he enfeebled us and disarmed us. When Albert Einstein consulted Freud about the nature of man, as bearing upon the possibility of eventually eliminating war, Freud spoke with the same naïve confidence in his competence to give an answer that he evinced when he dismissed religion as an obsolete illusion close to the classic manifestation of a neurosis.

That Black Hole of Freud's ultimate pessimism anticipated the scientific theory of the Black Hole in the universe—the Black Hole that astrophysicists now interpret as the ultimate replosion and recoalescence of all the stars and planets and asteroids of the currently expanding universe into a solid, impenetrable lump, duplicating one whose explosion, perhaps tens of billions of years ago, created the starry sky itself and ultimately all the little pockets of life that found a niche on this or that remote planet. The coincidence of these two varieties of Black Hole is perhaps an accident—indeed, only an accident of metaphor—and the metaphor in both cases may be as willfully subjective as the visions of archangels and seraphim and thrones which buoyed up the waning energies of earlier ages. Yet no matter how these Black Holes are read, they remain an awful challenge; and at a lively luncheon of astrophysicists which I attended one of their number irritably wondered how anyone could go on living from day to day without exhibiting any concern over this astronomical prospect—more lethal than the Black Hole of Calcutta—which threatens to bring an end to all cosmic existence, at least for the time being.

But are we sure that we are looking at the universe? Or is this ultimate black lump, like Freud's final orientation toward death, an image we find in our own demonic mirror, by closing our eyes and reading only what we see within? The astrophysicists are daringly open-minded fellows, and, like the good mathematicians they are, they must reckon with the paradox of the Möbius ring, and the possibility that their outer world is only our inner world turned inside out. So, perhaps, with a further twist of the ring, the impenetrable Black Hole may prove the shadow of a brighter sun. Even the notion of an Explosion and an Implosion, a "beginning" and an "ending," may be only a very human metaphor, which the universe, for reasons of its own, neither recognizes nor exhibits. On that ultimate skepticism my own faith blithely flourishes. Let the curtain rise on the twenty-first century—*and After!* —LEWIS MUMFORD

•

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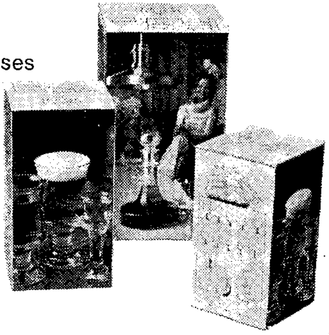
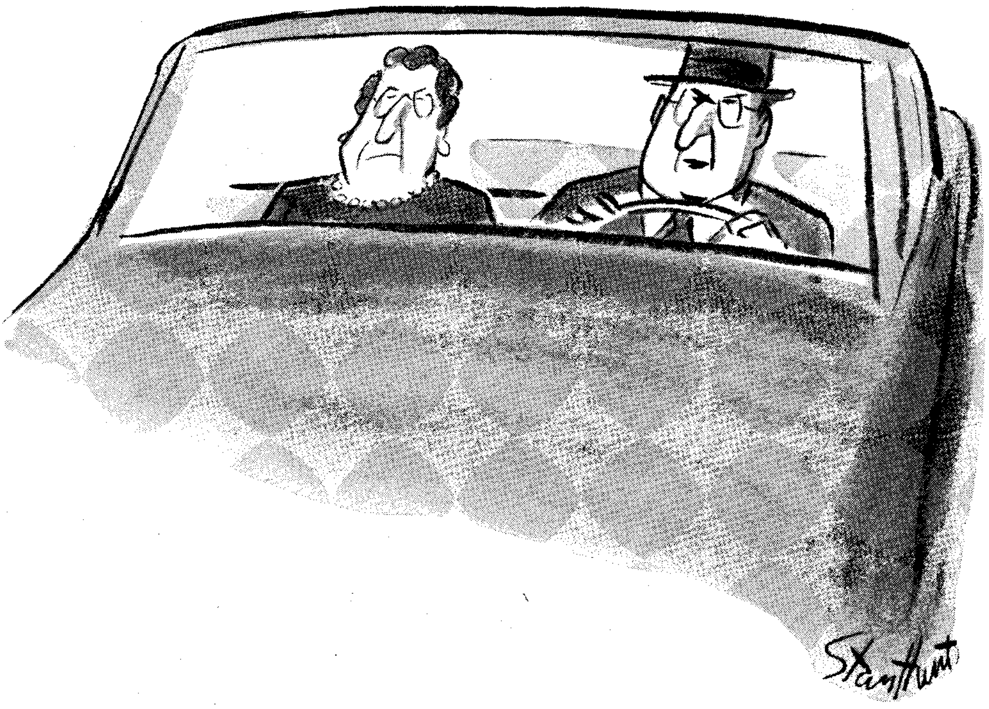


THE THEATRE

TAKING IT EASY

“The Night That Made America Famous” is a grotesquely exaggerated one-man night-club turn, and I was startled to encounter it in a legitimate theatre (the Ethel Barrymore). For a couple of hours, the audience is immersed in the words and music of Harry Chapin, an amiable-seeming man with what may be, when not electronically amplified, a pleasant enough voice. He has an “Aw, shucks” country-and-Western manner that is less irritating onstage than one would expect it to be, perhaps in part because it is so unconvincing. Mr. Chapin is a cowboy from Brooklyn, and his ballads are commensurately synthetic, affecting a folk vocabulary that might well have been ordered out of a catalogue. As a composer and lyricist, Mr. Chapin is notably easy on himself; his tunes and the verses that accompany them are surely the result not of taking thought but of avoiding it. Mr. Chapin’s air of homely spontaneity is much heightened by his tin ear; he rhymes “self” and “else” with every evidence of satisfaction, as if to imply that false rhymes are somehow more sincere than true ones. What *is* sincere in Mr. Chapin’s lyrics is their insistent demandingness. The very titles of the songs are indicative: “Give Me a Road,” “Give Me a Cause,” “Give Me a Wall,” “Cockeyed John, Give Me My Dream.” Rarely does the “I” who is singing offer the gift of anything to another; he scolds and pleads and irascibly boasts that “It’s My Day,” and the poverty of emotion revealed by the sameness of his themes ends by making us miserable instead of happy.

Mr. Chapin is assisted by nine singers and dancers, the most important of whom is Kelly Garrett. Miss Garrett, who can sing perfectly well without amplification, sounds wholly unlike herself by the time she emerges from the maze of audio equipment that is an all too obvious element in the production. The scenery, by Kert Lundell, consists largely of hundreds of yards of some muslinlike fabric, off which scribbles of light are effectively bounced. The nondescript costumes are by Randy Barcelo, the lighting is by Imero Fiorentino, and the direction is by Gene Frankel. —Brendan Gill



“Since Mrs. J. Bascombe Harrington so strongly disapproves of the driving ability of Mr. J. Bascombe Harrington, may I point out that there is a very comfortable compartment in the rear of this expensive automobile more commonly associated with the expression of such views.”

OFF BROADWAY

This Sad Time

If it were not for the dynamic presence of young Mike Gwilym as Edgar and, to a somewhat lesser extent (only because it is a somewhat lesser role), of the clear freshness of young Louise Jameson as Cordelia, the abbreviated “Lear” that the Royal Shakespeare Company is presenting at the Brooklyn Academy would hardly be worth mentioning. “Abbreviated” is putting it mildly; “gutted” is more like it. The play was shortened, Buzz Goodbody, its director and shortener, explains in a program note, to make it practical to perform in school auditoriums and to make it acceptable to sixteen-year-olds. (As if anything on earth were complex *enough* for sixteen-year-olds!) At any rate, we are left with a “Lear” with no Albany, no Cornwall, no Oswald, no subplot, no form, no magic, no tragedy. The acting—Mr. Gwilym and Miss Jameson aside—is just about acceptable (in R.S.C. terms, that is; the words are clearly and correctly spoken). Mr. Gwilym’s tenderness, strength, and nervous sensibility pull together the scene with Gloucester at Dover, and he brings the play to a dramatic close with his reading of cancelled Albany’s final lines:

> The weight of this sad time we
> must obey;
> Speak what we feel, not what we
> ought to say.
> The oldest hath borne most: we
> that are young
> Shall never see so much, nor live so
> long.

Miss Jameson, who was very good as the doctor’s loving daughter in “Summerfolk,” is just as good as self-possessed, loving Cordelia—the only one whose “No cause, no cause” has ever actually made me cry.

Allan Knee’s “Santa Anita ’42,” at the little Chelsea, upstairs at the Academy, tells the story of a Japanese girl, Tamako, who leaves Kyoto in 1920 for an arranged marriage to a Japanese in Los Angeles, only to find, when she arrives, that he is a middle-aged widower living with his aged father. Dismayed, she makes do. They have a child, Michael, whom she adores and who grows to manhood in the course of the action, and she falls in love with, and becomes pregnant by, an American engineer. Then comes Pearl Harbor. The Japanese family is shunted off to the Santa Anita race track, which has been turned into an internment camp. One indignity or hardship after another is visited on them. Michael, turned down by the Army because of his Japanese ancestry, subsequently makes a speech so inflammatory that he is shot and killed by the guards in front of his parents. At the end, Tamako either returns to Japan or imagines she does.

This synopsis, whatever its shortcomings, is firmer than the play, which is often wispy and confusing. At the opening, a character called the Teacher, who speaks to Tamako (and the audience), describes life to her in terms of a Japanese garden, and warns her of the adaptability that will be required of her to see the landscape in different ways and from different angles as her own feelings and circumstances change. At least, that is what I think he tells her, and it would be better to be sure, since he reappears with the same message at crucial moments throughout the evening, so that the entire story is encased in that analogy. The entire story is a matter of small scenes, one fast upon another, which may be more suitable to television than to the stage. I have no idea whether Mr. Knee is of Japanese origin or not, but my principal reservation about his play is that he seems to have imposed the attitudes of 1975 upon 1942; Michael's fatal harangue, for instance—however justified—is out of place. "Santa Anita" is not boring, but it is never entirely clear or convincing, either. No question about the performance, though. The actors, under Steven Robman's direction, do very well. Lani Gerrie Mayazaki is a pretty, affecting, and apparently ageless Tamako. Sab Shimono is strong as humorous, fiery Michael, and so is Stephen D. Newman as Tamako's American lover. Best of all is Conrad Yama, as Tamako's quiet, even-tempered, unloved husband. His silent grief as he looks at the corpse of his only son is, I'm certain, unforgettable.

—Edith Oliver

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> —*St. Joseph (Mich.) Herald Press.*

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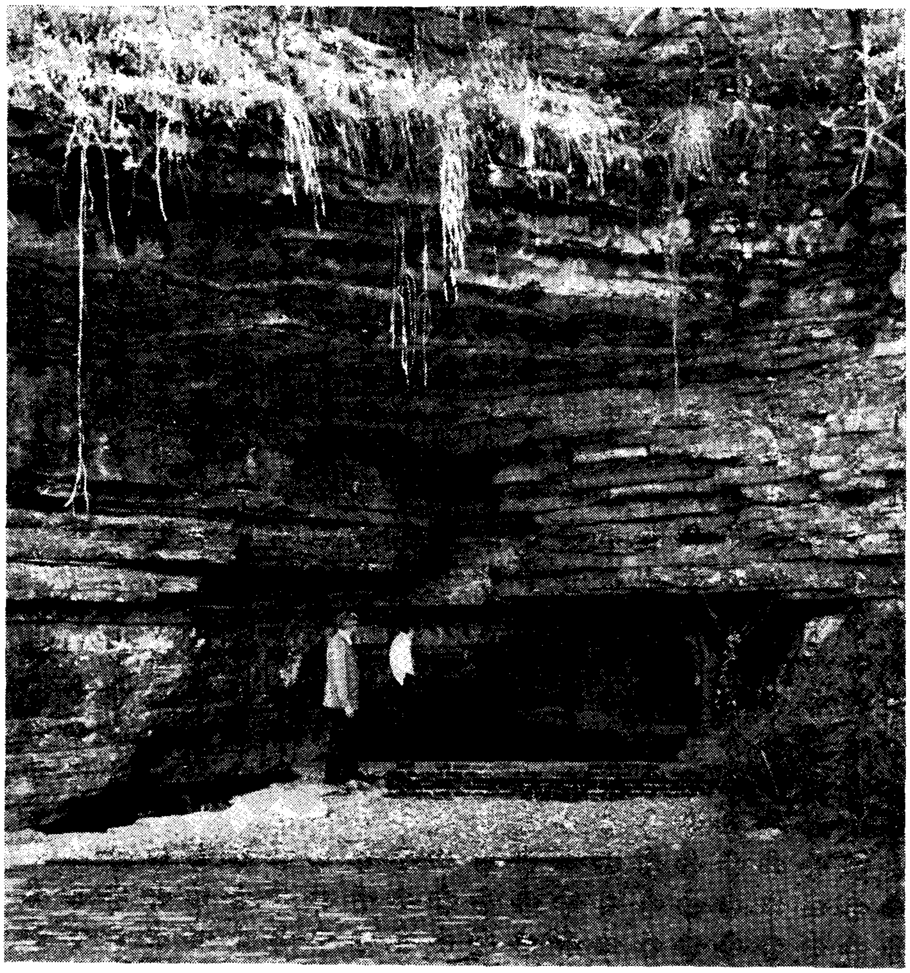

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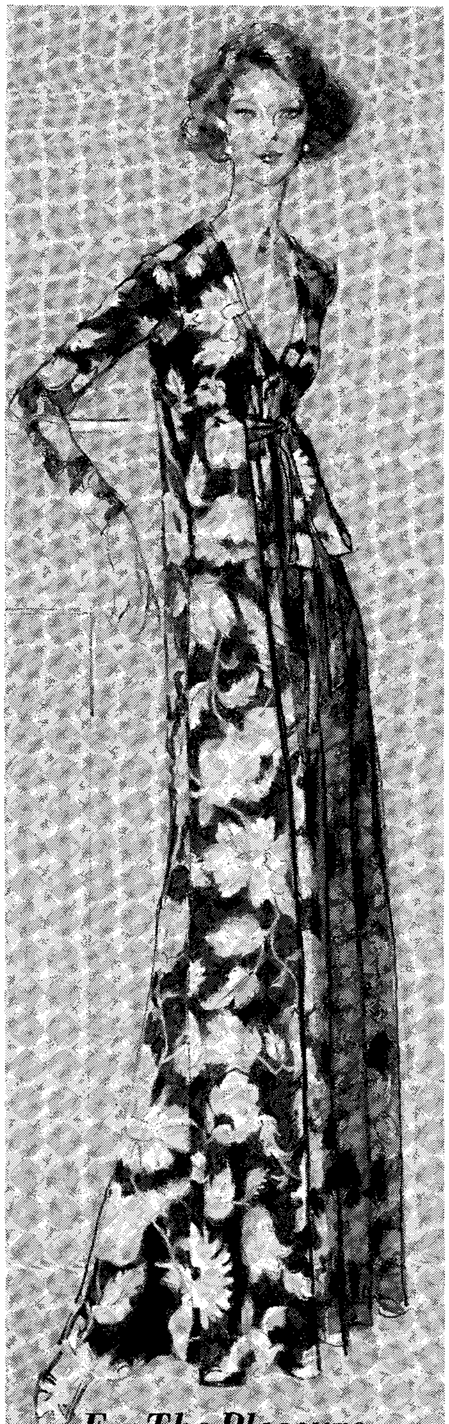

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THE RACE TRACK

Not So Foolish

AT the moment, Foolish Pleasure is probably the most important horse in training for the Kentucky Derby. Continuing his unbeaten progress by winning the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last Saturday, before a crowd of 27,983 (and ever so many more watchers on television), he ran his string of victories to nine. As this slave of the tube saw the race, the dark-bay colt took it easily—one might even say impressively—finishing nearly two lengths ahead of Prince Thou Art, with Somethingfabulous third, three lengths away. The broadcasters, among them Eddie Arcaro, seemed impressed by the furious rush that Prince Thou Art made down the stretch, but in my book he never threatened the winner. The time for the mile and a furlong was 1:48⅗. Foolish Pleasure, who has grown, and who looks handsomer than he did last autumn, was the pick of the ten three-year-olds that came out for the Flamingo, which is the first of the big stakes races leading to the Triple Crown. He got held up in traffic at the first turn, but then Vasquez let him run and he moved quickly into contention, taking command three-sixteenths of a mile from home. Somethingfabulous was hardly that last season, but he is improving.

Foolish Pleasure will run in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on March 29th, and if all goes well he will travel to Keeneland for the Blue Grass Stakes, his final gallop before the Kentucky Derby. John L. Greer, the Knoxville banker and baker who owns Foolish Pleasure, is no newcomer to racing, and his advisers are Moody Jolley, who gave $20,000 for Foolish Pleasure at the Saratoga sales, and his son Leroy Jolley, who trains the colt. They've done all right, too. In his nine starts, Foolish Pleasure has earned $375,335.

THE season in New York opened last week with a split Paumonok Handicap. In the first division of the famous old race, Hudson County, whose best previous effort was a second to Cannonade in last year's Kentucky Derby, raced with Lonetree for most of the six furlongs and won by a nose. In the second, Baeza sent Princely Native to the front early on and never was headed, Nile Delta and Tytus Casella finishing a length back in a dead heat. And what a day they had for it—cold, rainy, and foggy. But the 24,000 horseplayers in the stands didn't seem to mind. At any rate, they bet $3,139,915 in the tote. The weather was more clement at the Big A last Saturday; attendance jumped by ten thousand and the handle by more than a million. Ten three-year-olds came out for the Swift Stakes, and Singh (owned by Miss Cynthia Phipps), who took the Peter Pan on January 4th, the closing day of last season, won it, coming from behind and finishing nearly four lengths ahead of Laramie Trail and Gallant Bob, who had set the early pace. Cordero, who rode Singh, was the hero of the day. He had five winners.

THE stunner of the week, of course, was the Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita, in which Chris Evert faded in the stretch and finished far out of the money. Otherwise, the result was no great surprise: Tizna, a filly from Chile, the winner last year, did it again. A fortnight before, she'd been a bang-up second in the Santa Maria Handicap, beating Susan's Girl. There was also a shocker in the San Antonio Stakes, the final public trial for the $170,000 Santa Anita Handicap this weekend, in which the Camijo Stable's Cheriepe, no stranger to Aqueduct horseplayers, brought off a 35–1 chance. First Back, another long shot, was second, taking the place by a neck from Ancient Title, who carried 128 pounds and gave chunks of weight to everyone else. By the way, Ancient Title will carry 126 in the Big 'Cap. This fallible chauvinist's choice to win it is Tallahto.

COLONEL MARTINGALE recommends the sign in the Frenchman's Kitchen at Aqueduct and Belmont Park: "Eat your betting money but never bet your eating money."

—AUDAX MINOR

•

America's economic ills need curses. Any new medicines or surgical procedures that will help are urgently needed.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

New York Self-Hatred for Fun and Profit: Notes on "The Prisoner of Second Avenue"

ON the occasion of Jack Lemmon's birthday and the imminent arrival of his latest film, the movie version of Neil Simon's "The Prisoner of Second Avenue," Pat Collins, the new WCBS arts critic, congratulated him on not having got a big head—on not believing that "he was the best thing to happen to light comedy since canned laughter." Was she involuntarily telling us that Lemmon's tiredness had got to her?

A Jack Lemmon picture has become something to dread. He's like Jack Paar. When Paar was a talk-show host, he imbued the show with soap opera; you couldn't feel any emotion about what went on, because he himself had so much that he filled everything up.

Lemmon, who isn't Jewish, plays Jews who aren't Jewish, either. He's cast as a Jew for the same reason Montgomery Clift was after the accident that disfigured him—because the look in his face passes for pain. It is pain, but it's the wrong kind—suggesting a mixture of dissipation, grogginess, gutlessness.

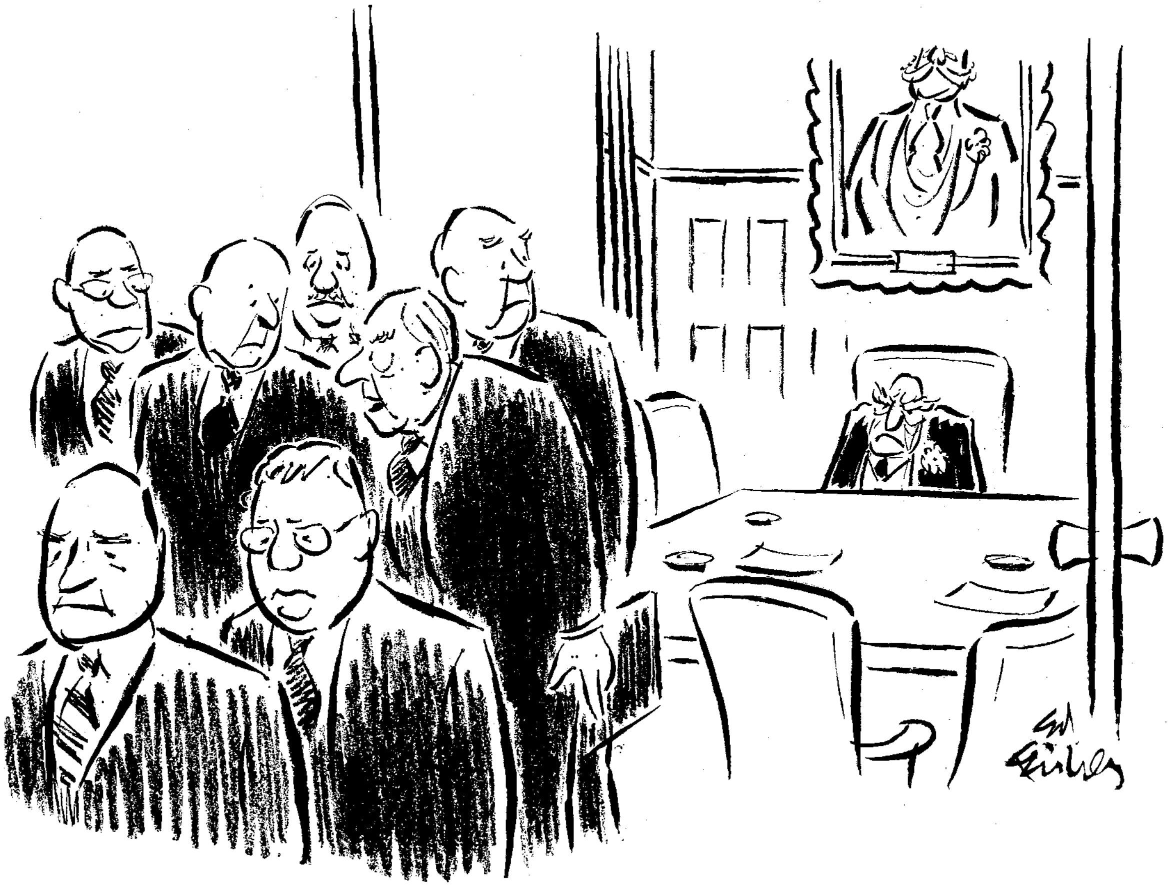
Mike Nichols, who directed "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" on Broadway, and also several other Neil Simon hits, is smart enough to avoid putting them on the screen. What works on the stage can be theatrical and empty at the same time. Melvin Frank has directed the film version in his usual sagging, fifties style, but I can't think of a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this movie except by throwing out the play altogether.

There is a stage convention that audiences accept as a necessary evil: the dead moment when an actor imparts background information to us by briefing another actor. It usually begins, "Remember when . . ." The mechanical sound of what follows is the sound of Neil Simon dialogue on the screen. You get the same sound in a TV sitcom like "All in the Family"—punchy, didactic, absolutely clear. There are no layers of meaning in "The Prisoner of Second Avenue;" it's a big-screen sitcom. Nobody can have a headache without the causes' being diagrammed, as in an Anacin commercial.

Neil Simon tells us exactly what each person is thinking, and each line cancels out the one before. This is bad enough on the stage, but on the screen it's intolerable. The camera isn't a participant in the story, and neither are we. "Prisoner" is gripe comedy; its hero, Mel, complains about accidents, trivia, temporary problems—the toilet that doesn't stop running until you jiggle the handle, the two noisy German airline stewardesses in the next-door apartment (Simon can't get enough of German jokes), a heat wave, a power failure. The movie is vaguely about urban despair, but Simon doesn't start with the environment; he starts with the payoff to a gag and then he finds a cubbyhole in which to stuff it. He works New York for nudges of recognition. Neil Simon is the Nelson Rockefeller of comedy—totally pragmatic.

But Simon isn't having a good time. The movie is extraordinarily self-centered; it's about Neil Simon grieving for himself, and he grieves like Jack Paar—self-protectively, warmly. He thinks he can get away with serious thoughts if he plays Hamlet as a kosher pickle. Mel loses his job as an advertising executive, and, feeling worthless, he cracks up. But he can't tell us that he feels he's disappearing without adding, "I don't need an analyst; I need Lost and Found." It's boomed out for us—another of those fabled Simon one-liners. We get a double load of fun from Simon—the bad jokes and the guilty misery. He fights being just a gag writer, instead of fighting being a rotten gag writer, and taking some pride in the craft.

The things that go wrong for Mel don't come out of anything fundamental. His wife, Edna (Anne Bancroft), a rock of sanity, looks great, and she loves him; his children are fine; he's had some bad luck because business was bad, but he really enjoys his work. Why, then, does he have a nervous breakdown? So that Neil Simon can get some gags in. It isn't a real breakdown; it's for our benefit. We're supposed to laugh at Mel's complaints, because he's overreacting to mostly



"He's always said 'Not in my lifetime,' and, of course, forty years ago it seemed reasonable."

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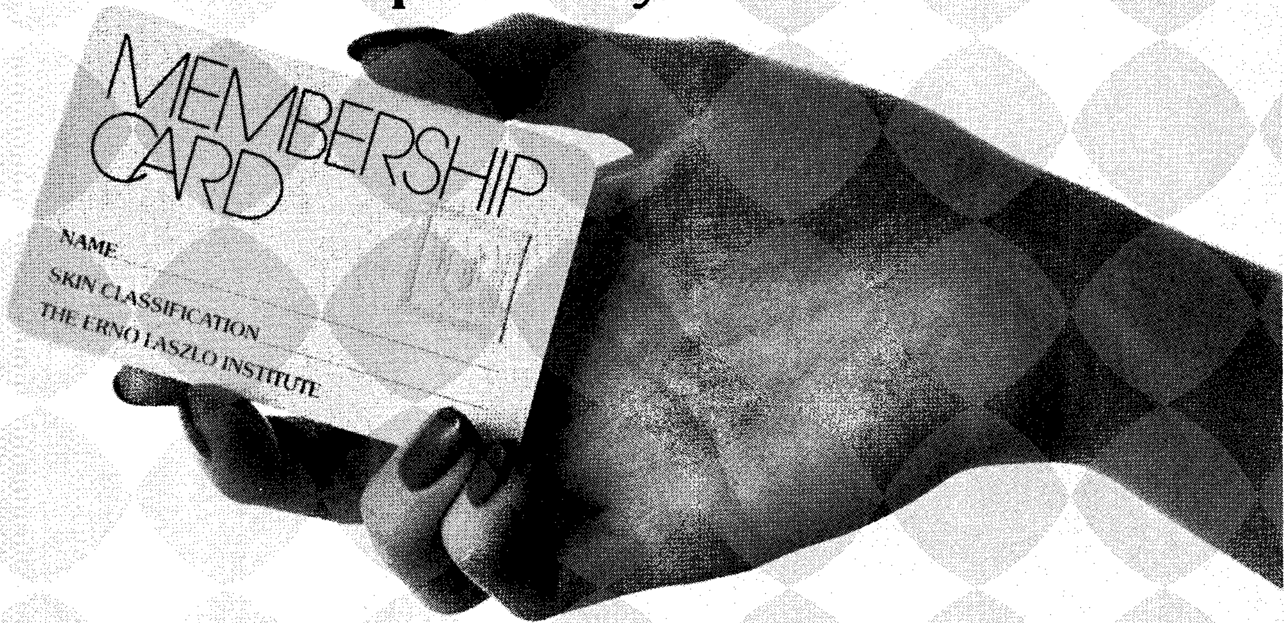

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petty inconveniences. When thieves take the TV and clean out his wardrobe, everything is kept at a cartoon level; there's no suggestion of the fear that many New Yorkers experience after a violation of their homes. The pressures that might have caused Mel's collapse are switched to jokes, as if they were irrational. Yet are they irrational for Simon himself, or is it that he can dare to deal with them only by pretending they are? He seems to be drawn to dealing with nightmarish anxieties but to treating them as slapstick.

The abrasiveness of New York is romanticized in movies now, the way movies used to romanticize French resistance to the Occupation. Implicit here, as in much of Simon's other work, is the familiar idea that New York is a battleground; either you put on your brass knuckles and become a power broker or a mugger, or you're buried. There are jokey news dispatches dropped in from time to time—by a narrator—as if from the front lines. And at the end, when Mel announces that he and Edna won't leave the city, it's like a wartime-movie speech about fighting on—and the audience responds with cheers. Is Simon saying that things are so awful in New York City that you're a hero if you live here and a coward if you escape? Or is it just that he can't resist the possibility of getting the audience on New York's side? There are two articles of faith for bellicose New Yorkers: that they have the toughness to survive here, and that they're in the place they want to be. (In the last shot, Mel, armed with a snow shovel, is prepared to do battle with his neighbors.) However, the subtext of this movie is that Mel is going to stay in New York so he can hate himself more.

When Mel pounds the wall to tell the stewardesses to be quiet, the plaster cracks. Simon's cheapness is in his reflexes, conditioned to give the public a good time in the easiest way. He wants to be a writer, but he has become a mechanic; he uses even Freudian family material mechanically, as if to prove that there's no revelation in it. He's hyperaware of how to get laughs out of exaggerated responses, and utterly blocked when it comes to creating a character who suffers from something more than irritation over a dribbling toilet. Yet Simon's persistence in setting up these boob heroes is almost a cry for help. Mel's despair is always a joke, and he's cured by a gag for an upbeat finish. It isn't really upbeat, though, because Lemmon just in himself projects a genuine despair; it takes the form of a coarsening of his talent. Typecast here, he gives a conscientious performance, but he gets clammy, mirthless laughs, and he looks humiliated. At the end of the picture, when Mel regains his self-respect, Lemmon can't convince us—or the muscles of his face—that anything has changed.

You don't have to be a New Yorker to recognize that this movie is lying to you: your instinct tells you that, deep down, Neil Simon was never a prisoner of Second Avenue and that it's all displacement. Can it be that Lemmon and Simon, both men of talent who give in to the tastes of a mass audience they can't fully respect, don't know how else to perform now, and mourn for themselves even as they go on giving in? Maybe the reason that the urban despair in "Prisoner" never makes much sense is that it's a disguise for an artist's despair, and for disappointments that a plumber and a plasterer can't fix.

Clark Gable, publicized as an outdoor type ("a man's man"), started to live up to the image and became a shooting-and-fishing enthusiast. Gregory Peck carries his sensible-man Lincolnesque image; Charlton Heston speaks in the weighted, sepulchral tones of Moses. Jack Lemmon's face says that the giddy comic spirit of his youth has left him and that he feels defeated—by success.

Neil Simon locks us in with a panicking nonentity who is a mask for a phenomenally successful purveyor of middle-class reassurance humor. Simon's grieving has the sickly odor of not calling attention to yourself. He makes himself small, as if to ward off danger. He cracks bad jokes as if he couldn't afford not to.

Simon says there's no escape for his hero. When Mel and Edna take a trip to the suburbs, Mel walks in poison ivy and stretches out on fresh fertilizer. It's degradation humor, and, in context, mercilessly unfunny. Simon's writing and Lemmon's acting are distress signals; maybe they both assume that we're all so insensitive that we can laugh at the pain they're showing us. —PAULINE KAEL

•

The pawnbroker, a stubborn vestige of America's storied past, is apparently on the way out in Boston.

He is going the way of the shoeshine boy, the blacksmith and the organ grinder's money—all casualties of the times. —*Boston Globe*.

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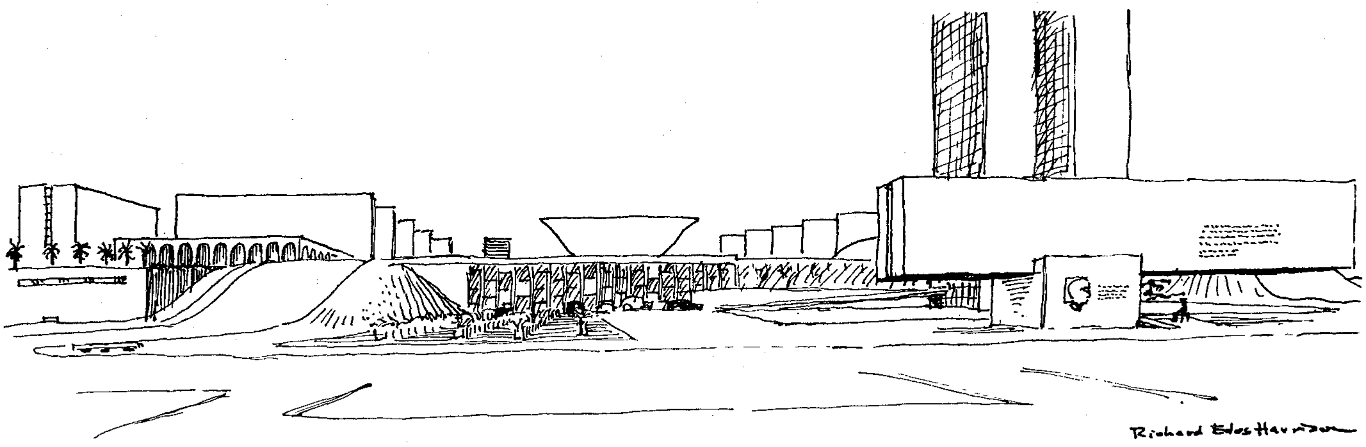


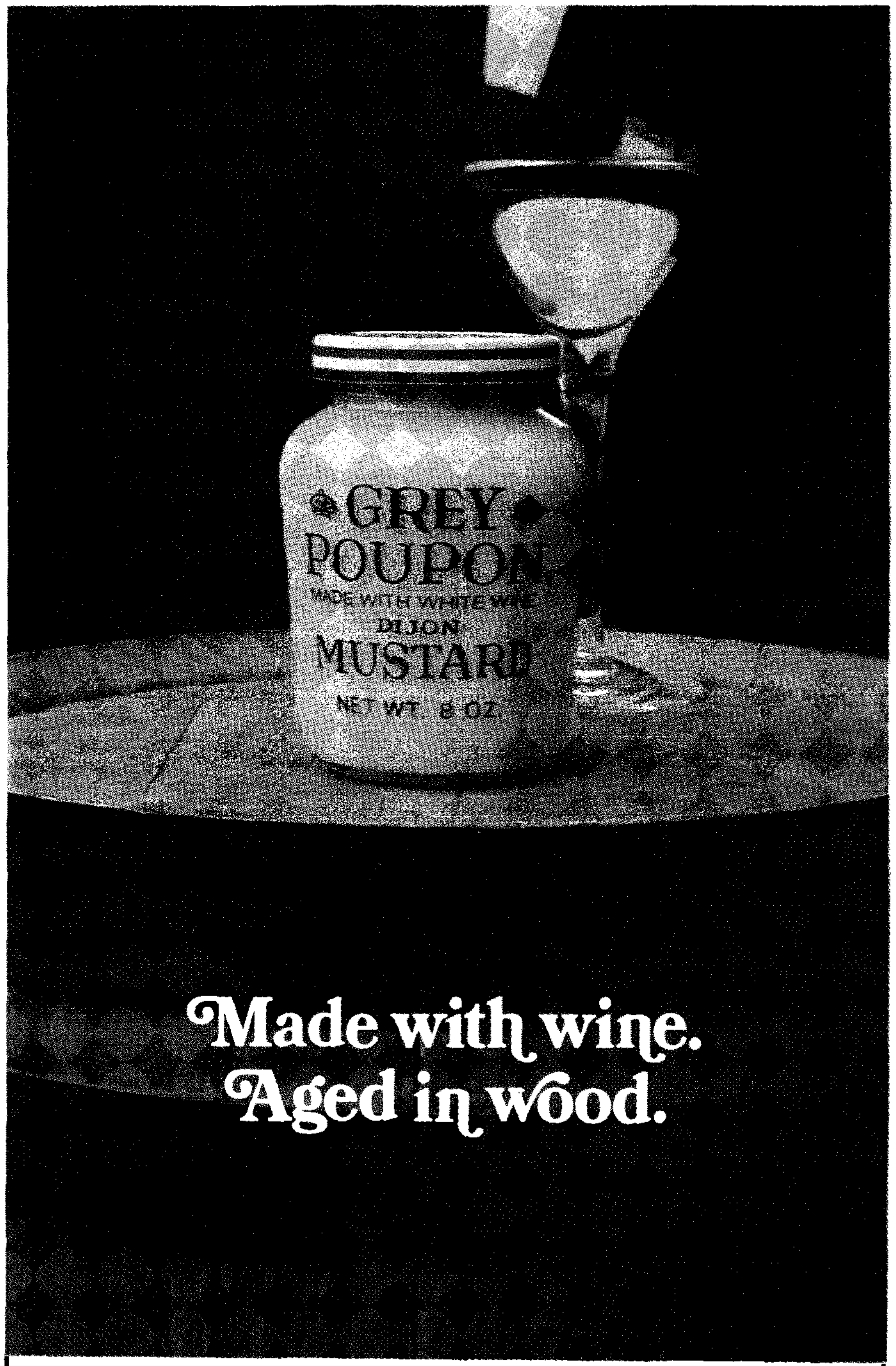
FEBRUARY 25

THE Brazilian military dictatorship, self-assuredly surveying its immense national domain from the inland capital of Brasília, may well be the only government in the world to be quietly delighted over what amounts to a widespread defeat at the polls. That, at any rate, was the impression I gained during a visit to Brasília about a month after the congressional elections, which were held on November 15th. A point made to me over and over again in private conversations with the most senior officials in this city was that President Ernesto Geisel had risked the holding of elections (confined, of course, to the two parties allowed to exist in Brazil) as an experiment designed to end the country's decade of dictatorship and utter political stagnation and to open the way for an eventual return to some sort of democratic rule. All this, of course, contradicts the expected policy of military dictatorships—it certainly is in vivid contrast with the activities of the Chilean military junta, on the other side of the continent—but then Brazilian politics have always been somewhat paradoxical, and the current turn of events is no exception. President Geisel's personal satisfaction over the results stems from his conviction that, in order to face the realities posed not only by great structural changes in the country but also by the coming of age of a new generation of voters, Brazil must move off political dead center—even if that movement should mean a sound electoral defeat at the hands of the democratic opposition. General Geisel, who was chosen for the Presidency a year ago by the country's ruling generals and admirals, would probably have preferred that the government's party take less of a beating, but he thinks that the country can live happily with the new state of affairs, since it conforms, more or less, to his notion that it is possible to phase out an entrenched dictatorship peacefully and to move step by step toward democracy.

Actually, the government's party, ARENA (the name is the Portuguese acronym for "National Renovation Alliance"), was able to retain a majority in both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, but the majority was slashed so drastically and unexpectedly by the opposition Brazilian Democratic Movement, or M.D.B., that in relative and politically practical terms the elections were an unquestioned censure of the government. In the Senate, where a third of the sixty-six seats were at stake, the M.D.B. increased its representation from seven seats to twenty; ARENA's total fell from fifty-nine seats to forty-six. If the entire Senate had been up for reëlection, ARENA would certainly have lost its two-thirds majority—which is necessary for naming committee chairmen. All three hundred and sixty-four seats in the Chamber of Deputies were contested, and there ARENA did lose two-thirds control. The M.D.B. increased its Chamber seats to a hundred and sixty from eighty-seven, while ARENA's strength dropped from two hundred and twenty-three deputies to two hundred and four. (In the old Chamber, there were three hundred and ten seats, but the membership was increased to three hundred and sixty-four in 1974 because of population growth.) This means that the government will no longer have the power to ram legislation through automatically when the new Congress convenes here, on March 1st. In fact, ARENA's forty-four-vote majority in the Chamber of Deputies may not be secure on highly controversial votes, and this is a far cry from the last Congress, in which the government party had a hundred and thirty-six more votes than the opposition. A third is enough to form investigative committees, summon Cabinet ministers for testimony, and propose constitutional amendments. Not even the M.D.B. leaders I met had anticipated the huge pluralities amassed by their candidates or the landslide victories that occurred in all the key states. One M.D.B. deputy from Rio de Janeiro won eleven hundred and forty per cent more votes than he had received four years before, when the elections were mere window dressing for the dictatorship.

During my visit, I found that the Brazilian newspapers, which have been laboring under some degree of censorship for a decade, had no inhibitions about reporting that the government had been defeated in the elections. As the censors sat on their hands, the widely read liberal weekly *Opinião* ran on its front page the headline "WHAT IS THIS M.D.B. THAT WON?" One of the interesting things about current Brazilian politics, *Opinião* pointed out, is the makeup of the new M.D.B. The party was created by the military regime in 1966, along with ARENA, to give some credibility to the fiction that a measure of democracy had been maintained in Brazil. This was two years after military leaders had overthrown the corrupt and chaotic government of President João Goulart and, not long afterward, dissolved the thirteen existing parties. The idea for the two new parties came from President Humberto Castelo Branco, an Army marshal. Both ARENA and—with a few notable exceptions—the M.D.B. were filled with pliant old politicians who had been around ever since the Brazilian Army, then imbued with postwar democratic ideals, overthrew the dictatorship of Getúlio Vargas, in 1945. In 1966, a two-party Congress was elected, but the new President, Artur da Costa e Silva, another marshal, closed it in 1968. In 1970, the military dictatorship decided to reëstablish Congress, and new elections were held. ARENA's candidates were handpicked by the military leaders, and the M.D.B. came up with a list of safe names, although a dozen or so real independents did sneak in on the M.D.B. ticket. Some of the more independent candidates were actually elected, but there were so few of them that the government chose to make no issue of it. In four years, only two minor pieces of legislation proposed by the M.D.B. won approval in Congress. But things may be different now, for in November the party underwent a major change. The voters swept into office dozens of young M.D.B. candidates, some in their twenties, who were unknown politically. They were highly persuasive to the electorate, apparently, and they came across on television much better than the tired old faces of the ARENA politicians. In São Paulo, a former Finance Minister and state governor was beaten in a Senate race by a young provincial mayor, of whom almost nobody had heard two months earlier. And in the northeastern state of Rio Grande do Norte an ARENA senator—the most elegant man in the old Congress—lost to a tattooed former sailor and truck driver.

WHEN I arrived in Brasília, after an initial stopover in Rio de Janeiro (which ceased to be the capital of Brazil fifteen years ago but remains an enormously active political center), politicians and journalists alike had generally come to accept the results of the November elections as a milestone in the Geisel government's plans to restore some form of democracy to the country. Immediately after the elections, some Brazilians feared that a few hard-line military leaders—many refer to them as "gorillas"—might attempt a coup d'état to annul the election results, but by mid-December Geisel and his top advisers were basking in pride over having carried off, with no complications, the first free elections in Brazil since the military revolution of March 31, 1964. And six weeks after the elections Geisel felt so secure politically that in a nationally televised year-end speech he congratulated the M.D.B. on its "victories" in key races and on its "substantial advance" in political representation in general. Praising the opposition party for its "self-discipline," the President



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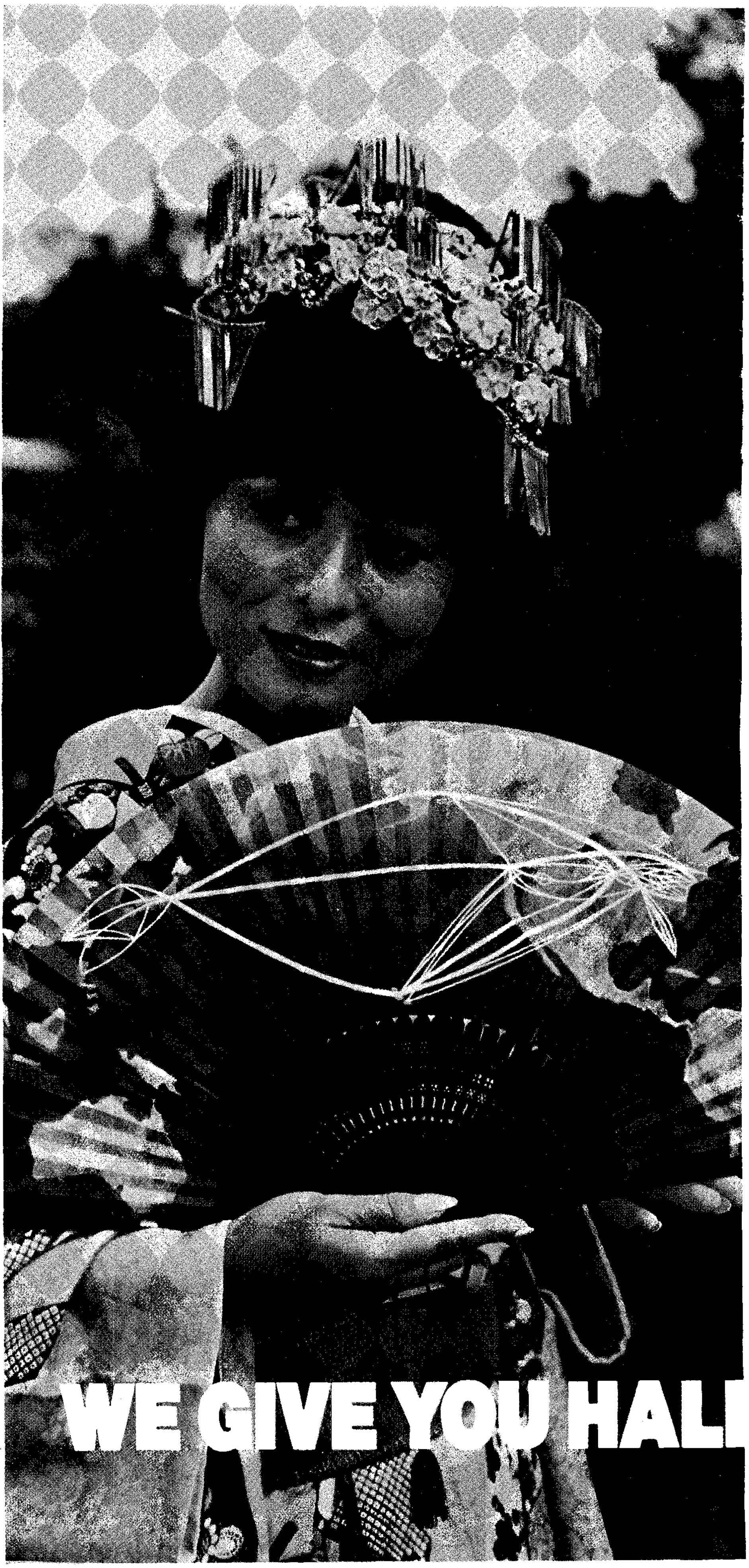
remarked that ARENA had ruined itself "during the long period of a comfortable but debilitating majority position." In language of the sort not heard in Brazil since the dictatorship created the two parties, Geisel chastized ARENA for having behaved as if it were living in a "one-party state," and counselled the party to modernize itself. The M.D.B.'s gains, he said, should be a warning "to the few who dream of an anti-democratic, supposedly monolithic one-party structure."

A major problem for Geisel and his allies now is to prevent the M.D.B. and other Brazilians in opposition to the regime from attempting to engage in political revenge against the military establishment, which has a ten-year history of brutal repression and torture involving real, suspected, and imagined "anti-revolutionary" militants. Even though Geisel enjoys the loyalty of the nation's most important troop commanders, he and his moderate military allies could be deposed in the event of an all-out confrontation affecting the interests of the armed forces and the nation's conservative (some say reactionary) businessmen and industrialists. For this pragmatic reason, Geisel and his strategists are in constant touch with the leaders of the M.D.B.—in Brazil it is possible for a dictatorial regime to conduct a discreet personal and political dialogue with much of the opposition—and they have received assurances that the M.D.B. will try not to upset the current political balance. As many of my Brazilian friends told me, however, maintaining the control necessary to preserve the balance will be the hardest task that Geisel and his allies face in the immediate future.

As matters now stand, the target date for Brazilian democracy is the latter part of 1978, when a successor to President Geisel must be chosen for the next five-year term at the Palácio do Planalto, or Plateau Palace, which is the modern Presidential office building at the apex of the airplane-like design of Brasília. The capital has the shape of a plane with long, broad wings and a stubby fuselage. The Supreme Court shares this windswept apex with the Palácio do Planalto, and directly below are the twin twenty-six-story office buildings that house the chambers of Congress—all grouped around the Praça dos Tres Poderes, or Three Powers' Plaza, to make the symbolic point that the executive, the judicial, and the legislative branches of the government are equal. In the last ten years, this equality has been largely



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a myth, since four successive military Presidents have had little use for the Supreme Court and none whatever for the rubber-stamp Congress. (Although the Presidential term is five years, General Castelo Branco withdrew after three years in 1967, and Costa e Silva had a stroke in 1969. General Emilio G. Médici was the first President since the revolution to serve out the full term.) The four Presidents, including General Geisel, have ruled instead with a series of so-called Institutional Acts, of which the current one—Institutional Act No. 5, which was decreed in 1968, after an outbreak of political unrest—is a sweeping charter for dictatorial license. Geisel and his advisers keep reassuring the more nervous generals that the continued existence of Act No. 5 is a guarantee that things will not get out of hand. It is within Geisel's discretion whether and how to apply this act—it calls for, among other things, the closing of the Congress, the establishment of martial law, and the suspension of habeas corpus in the event of a threat to the national security—but, with the election of the new Congress and the new mood in Brazil, a lot is bound to change at the Three Powers' Plaza.

The elections of November 15th—held, interestingly, on the anniversary of the military coup that overthrew Emperor Pedro II, in 1889, and established a liberal republic in Brazil—were the first step on the road to change in Brazil. They were meant not only to test Geisel's liberalizing program but also to tell the government what Brazilians think and want after a decade during which the emphasis of the government has been on brutal political repression in the name of anti-Communism and on stunning economic development, based largely on private foreign investment, while political life in the country has grotesquely atrophied. The idea behind the elections was evolved by Geisel and his principal adviser, Golbery do Couto e Silva, a retired general, who holds the Cabinet-level position of head of the Civil Household of the Presidency. Both Geisel and Golbery (as he is widely known in Brazil) are unusual by Brazilian military standards. Geisel, the first Protestant to serve as President of Brazil, which is overwhelmingly Roman Catholic, became Chief of State after a long, if unspectacular, Army career and, more important, a long stint as president of Petrobrás, the state oil monopoly and Brazil's biggest industrial operation. He has the reputation of being a fine administrator and a

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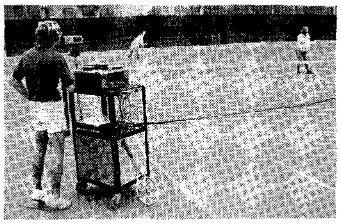

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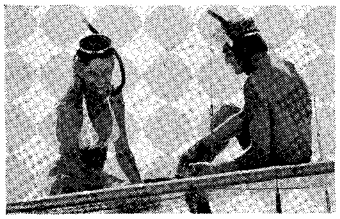

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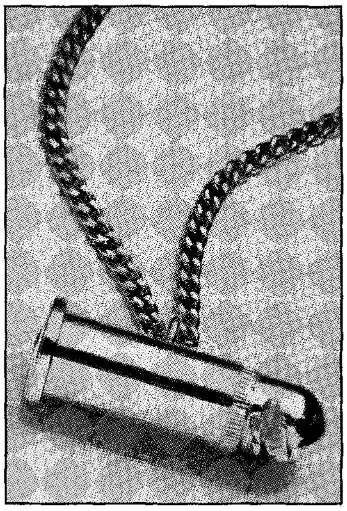

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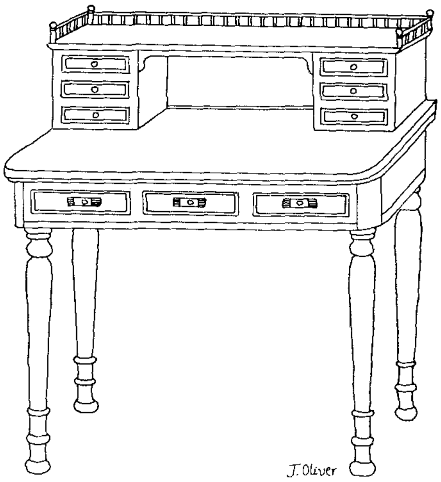
moderate, evenhanded man. Unlike his predecessor, General Médici, he has no caudillo-like inclinations, and he tends to reason rather than pound the table to achieve his objectives. With his gaucho tradition, Geisel is as tough as any of the famous horsemen of Rio Grande do Sul, but his friends say that he is also a humanist, and has been deeply disturbed over his inability to impose full control over the machinery of repression—almost a state within a state—that military-intelligence services and the police created during the decade of dictatorship.

Golbery is known in Brazil as the power behind the throne. He is an intellectual, with friends throughout the academic world in Brazil and in the United States. In Brasília, he acts as the government's chief political strategist, and, quite discreetly, as the link with the opposition. He has served as the chief of the armed forces' National Information Service, which is the nation's principal intelligence organization. He was extremely close to the late General Castelo Branco, the first post-revolutionary President of Brazil, who had hoped to restore civilian rule as soon as possible after the overthrow of the Goulart government but was thwarted by hard-line generals and admirals. Golbery, who sat out the Médici period as president of the Brazilian subsidiary of Dow Chemical, thinks that Geisel is picking up politically where Castelo Branco left off—prodding Brazil again toward democracy. Inevitably, Brazil's right-wingers blame Golbery for ARENA's losses in November, and are already out to get him. Sarcastically, they call him "the political Zagalo"—a reference to the coach of Brazil's 1974 World Cup soccer team, who was held responsible for its horrendous performance in last year's playoffs. In Brazil, the fortunes of the national



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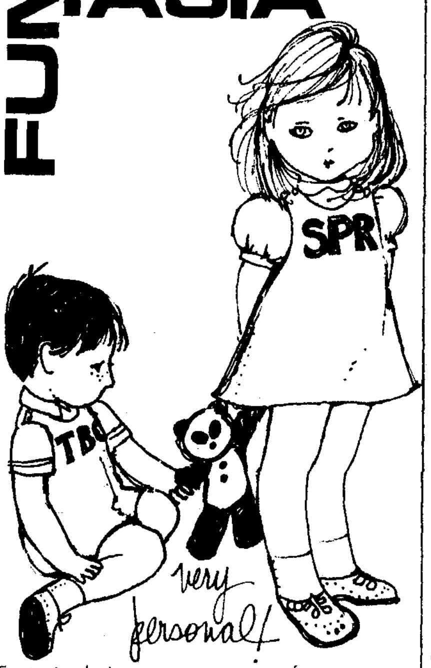

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soccer team are comparable to political victories and defeats.

According to his friends, Golbery is not unduly concerned about the attacks, since the policies of reform thus far have the tacit support of such key military men as General Reinaldo Melo Almeida, the commander of the First Army (which is based in Rio de Janeiro), and General Fritz de Azevedo Manso, the Army Chief of Staff. There have been reports in Brasília that Army units led by officers loyal to Geisel and an extra squadron of Mirage fighter-bombers were quietly moved to the capital the week of the elections, just in case some right-wing general should get wrong ideas. A week or so after the elections, Geisel and his advisers received a signal that the military establishment had accepted the results. This was in the form of a speech by an Air Force general, acting as a spokesman for the armed forces, during the annual celebration of the military's putting down of a bloody Communist coup attempt in 1935. Everybody breathed easier when the speech produced nothing but praise for Geisel and no mention at all of the elections. When I asked a friend of mine about the military's attitude, he told me, "Let's imagine that General Sílvio Coelho da Frota, the Minister of the Army, called a meeting of the top commanders and said, 'This election is no good for us, and we should call out the tanks and force Geisel to annul it.' Well, I can bet you that, starting with General Almeida, most of the officers would say, 'I'm sorry, but I disagree.' "

In any event, President Geisel is taking steps to insure that he does not incur the wrath of right-wing military leaders. In mid-December, he made a point of attending the graduation ceremonies of the Brazilian Air Force Academy, near São Paulo; of the Army Command and General Staff College and the Superior War College, in Rio; of the Military Academy, at Agulhas Negras, in the mountains above Rio; of the Military Engineering Institute, in Rio's outskirts; and of the Air Force Command and General Staff College, at the Galeão base, near Rio. He also promoted five influential colonels to the rank of general. These actions, for the time being, will probably take care of any problems that Geisel might have with the military.

IF the Geisel government is to succeed in its aims, one problem that it must now turn its attention to is that of civil rights. To be sure, Geisel, im-

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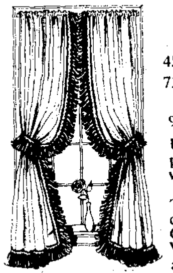

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mediately after assuming office last March, began to relax press censorship and to discourage illegal arrests and widespread torture, but the government's opponents agree that, while the situation has greatly improved in the last year or so, the President has not yet brought the virtually independent machinery of repression under his control. A few days after I left Brazil, the government took a conciliatory step toward the press by removing the censors from the offices of the hundred-year-old *O Estado de São Paulo*, Brazil's principal daily. By and large, the Brazilian press had exercised self-censorship over the last decade, and, except at *Estado* and a few political magazines, there were no censors in editorial offices. Editors have a fair idea of what the government considers permissible, and in recent months they have sensed that they are being granted considerable latitude to discuss politics in their columns. They have taken advantage of this latitude, and not long ago the *Jornal do Brasil*, in Rio, felt free to quote an M.D.B. leader who was insisting that open political debate on television should not be confined—as is still the case—to election campaigns. *Estado* refused to go along with the idea of self-censorship, on the ground that if the government could not tolerate a free press it should be forced to implement direct censorship. Whenever a censor at the *Estado* offices edited an article, obeying guidelines from Military Police headquarters, the editors filled the resulting blank space on the front page with such things as poems by Portugal's great early-Renaissance bard Luís de Camões—a gesture that was not lost on *Estado's* readers. Now, for the first time in years, the newspaper appears without Camões' contributions to the news pages and other startling literary adornments.

Editors sometimes receive written messages from the censorship office prohibiting the publication of specific news items. On one occasion, a statement by Finance Minister Mário Enrique Simonsen was censored because the military thought that an old ban on critical discussion of the Brazilian economy was still in effect. Simonsen, a no-nonsense forty-year-old economist turned businessman, who is probably the most interesting member of Geisel's Cabinet (in addition to being an outstanding financial man, he is a mathematician, an opera singer, and an accomplished reciter of Molière), complained to Geisel about the censorship order. It was rescinded. Messages sent

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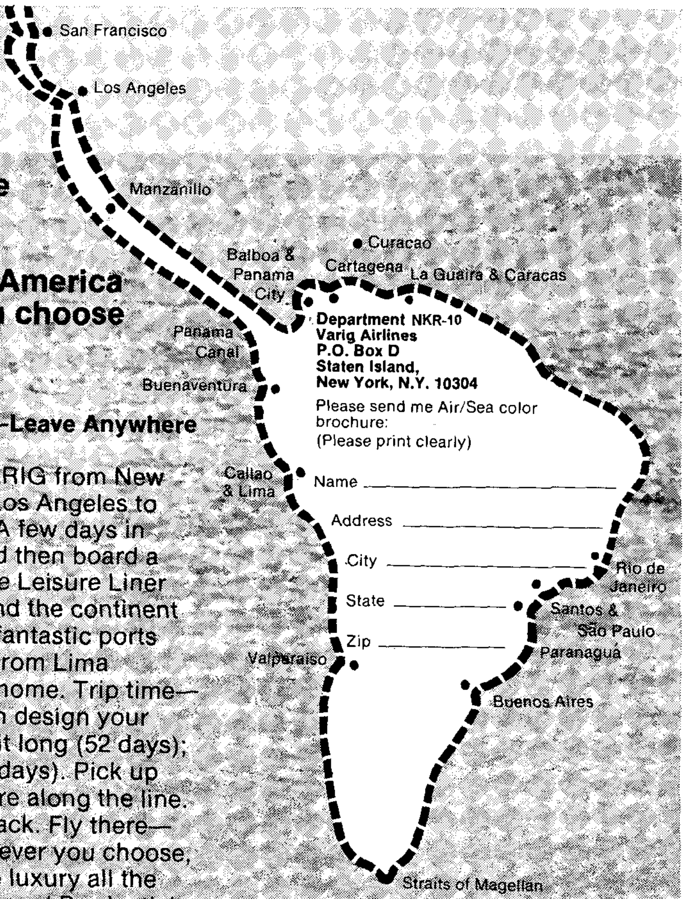

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to editors often provide them with news that they might otherwise miss. In December, for example, one such message advised the newspapers that they could not publish the fact that Brazilian Army units had briefly entered Paraguayan territory early that month to put an end to a wave of border violence associated with smuggling. This was the first time that editors in Rio had heard of this military action.

While the problem of censorship does seem to be abating, arbitrary repressive acts by the military and the police remain a serious problem for the Geisel government. The President has sent out word that, unlike his predecessors, he takes a dim view of unwarranted arrests and tortures. "We are under the President's direct orders to report to him personally whenever we learn of an illegal arrest, so that he can have the person freed," one of Geisel's ministers told me. But the difficulty is that senior officials often don't hear about incidents of arrest or torture for a long time, and then it may be too late to act. "You see," one Cabinet minister told me, "the revolution has created this enormous machinery of repression, and it has turned into a Frankenstein monster. It's a powerful bureaucracy that needs to justify its survival and its huge budgets—and it still has influential allies among the top military leaders. For damn near ten years, every Army, Navy, Air Force, and police commander in the country was told that it was O.K. to arrest and torture 'subversives,' whatever that means—opposition lawyers and intellectuals, students, priests, nuns, and just about anybody else they wanted. So now they can't understand what has changed. And they go on with their brutalities. Geisel can cashier a lower-ranking officer when he hears about torture, but it's another story when a senior regional military commander is involved. Some of these commanders think it's bad for morale to punish their subordinates for a bit of torture. But the worst of the problem is that we are such a huge country. When a local police chief in some remote town in the state of Maranhão or Mato Grosso pulls in some poor bastard and tortures the hell out of him, we may never hear about it. And, mind you, a lot of these cases are personal vengeances that have nothing to do with our 'revolution,' but they are justified as being in defense of the regime. Obviously, the families won't complain, because they are scared to death—although some people now do try to get the word

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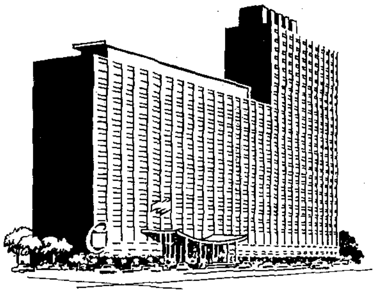

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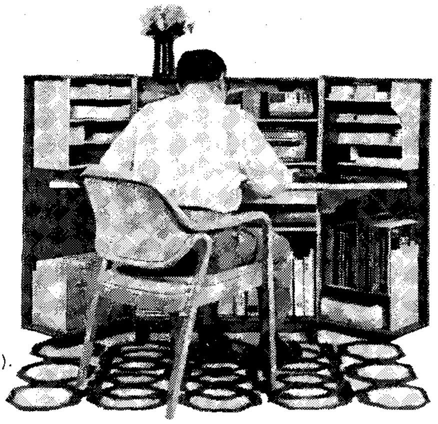
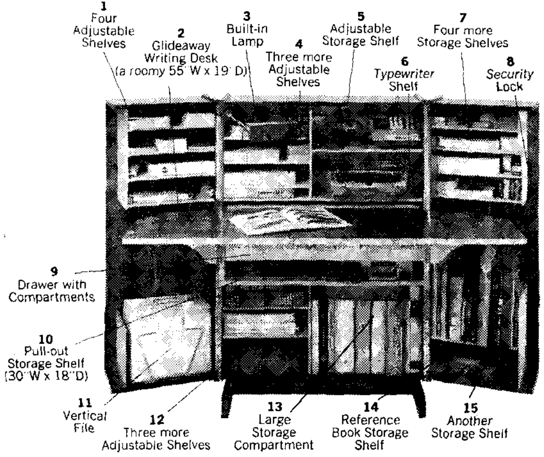
out—and there isn't a thing we in Brasília can do about it. Maybe this is why the M.D.B. did so well in the elections, even in the back country."

As evidence that military-intelligence services have not yet relinquished their independent police powers, Brazilians I talked with during my visit pointed to the fact that people are still being arrested without reason, even in the big cities. In Rio, I was told of a young woman lawyer who vanished for a week after an unexplained arrest by unidentified plainclothes policemen. In the northeastern state of Pernambuco, where repression is still probably the most rampant, several M.D.B. candidates just elected to the local legislature were reported to have been arrested, but I could not find anyone in government who would confirm or deny those reports. For one thing, the law-enforcement people stick together. Recently, a São Paulo police commissioner who has the reputation of being a notorious torturer was absolved by a court of charges that he was involved in wanton killings of common criminals. Because he had hunted down two top guerrilla leaders years ago, the commissioner was, in effect, invulnerable. "To the military, this guy is like a four-star general," a friend of mine who knows the situation well told me. "Nobody can touch him."

The whole question of arrests and of people disappearing is an acute embarrassment to the Geisel regime. When I was in Brasília, I learned that the President had delayed a planned news conference because he anticipated questions about the fate of twenty persons missing since the term of his predecessor, General Médici, and seven more who vanished last year—questions he apparently had no answers for. Still, the very fact that questions about torture may be asked publicly is quite a change in Brazil. During the electoral campaign, torture was openly discussed; such talk would have been unthinkable a year ago. When the new Congress convenes,

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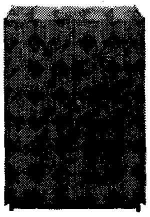

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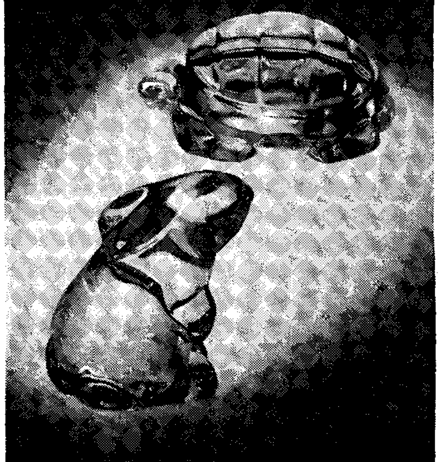

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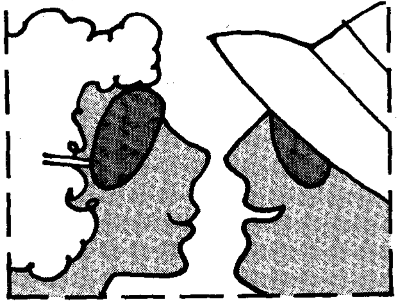

more questions will surely be raised by the aggressive young M.D.B. deputies, and now that ARENA no longer has a two-thirds majority in the Chamber, the opposition, with a little help from sympathetic deputies on the other side, may be able to set up commissions of inquiry to look into the sad state of civil rights in Brazil.

ONE question the Geisel regime wanted an answer to through the elections—the November vote having clearly been something of a plebiscite on how, in the view of its citizens, Brazil has been functioning—pertained to the whole basic concept of the 1964 "revolution" and the quality of life it has established in the country. "We knew that Brazil was turning into a pressure cooker, and we wanted to let off some steam before it was too late—and to learn something in the process," one of Geisel's associates told me. Inasmuch as the M.D.B. campaigned on a platform of social justice and a better distribution of the national wealth, the election results suggested to the government that something might be wrong with its order of priorities. If, indeed, a new look is taken at the whole situation, there may be an even more substantial break with the past before very long.

For the last ten years, the government's official slogan has been "Development with Security"—a reasonably accurate description of the policy of Brazilian and multinational companies under the umbrella of total political repression. This concept, incidentally, may explain why the country's big entrepreneurs were (and are) wholeheartedly for the dictatorship. No questions were asked of the new millionaires. The result of this policy was the much advertised "Brazilian Miracle"—the annual growth rate of the gross national product hovered for years around a fantastic twelve per cent—with an attendant euphoria among those who profited from the boom. The new wealth was most evident in the huge industrial complex around São Paulo, with its seven million inhabitants, and in other big cities, such as Rio, Belo Horizonte, and Brasília. Everybody seemed to own a Brazilian-built automobile and a television set, and more and more rich Brazilians were joining the Jet Set. In Rio and São Paulo, luxury apartments sold for half a million dollars or more. But in the last year or so the boom has slowed down markedly, inflation has soared past the thirty-per-cent mark, and thoughtful people have be-

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gun to realize that while the rich and the new middle class have prospered, the majority of the hundred and ten million Brazilians have not been cut in at all, and have gone on living in unrelieved misery.

I saw evidence of this economic distortion in Rio's hillside *favelas*—slum shacks without running water or sewerage systems and often without electricity—which stand side by side with spectacular high-rise buildings, just as they did when, fifteen years ago, I lived in the former capital. This contrast is understandable, given what critics of the regime have labelled "triumphalism"—something that goes way beyond mere ostentation on a colossal scale. It was presumably triumphalism that led the government to spend three hundred million dollars on a fabulous nine-mile bridge spanning Guanabara Bay, between the sister cities of Rio and Niterói. The construction catered more to the Brazilian passion for the grandiose than to any real need, and most people still take cheap ferryboats across the bay rather than drive, for the one-way toll of a dollar and twenty-five cents discourages car traffic. Uncounted millions of dollars went into the digging of long tunnels through the granite of Rio's mountains to decongest the maddening traffic, and this investment is thought of as probably necessary. Avenida Atlântica, the famous Copacabana seaside boulevard, was enlarged fivefold (and dressed up with a beautiful flowered median) to assist the huge flow of traffic to the residential districts. To make space for this enlargement, engineers moved the Copacabana beach four hundred yards out into the ocean along a two-mile curve by pouring millions of tons of sand into the waves to create a new shoreline. But precious little has been done for the *morros*—the hills where the poor dwell in their *favelas*—which foreign tourists find picturesque as they look out from the windows of the new super-hotels to starkly magnificent mountains in the distance.

The spectre of misery is also evident around Brasília. There it takes the shape of mass migrations to the new Federal District from the drought-stricken Brazilian Northeast—the nation's everlastingly cursed region, which has the highest birth rate and not nearly enough work available for most *Nordestinos* to make a living. So an unending flow of starved humanity streams to Brasília. The migrants are kept out of the federal city itself but are allowed to settle in satel-

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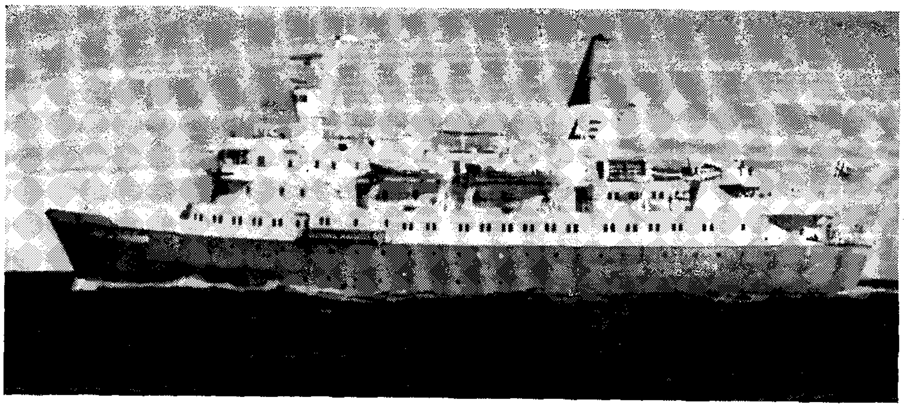

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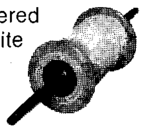

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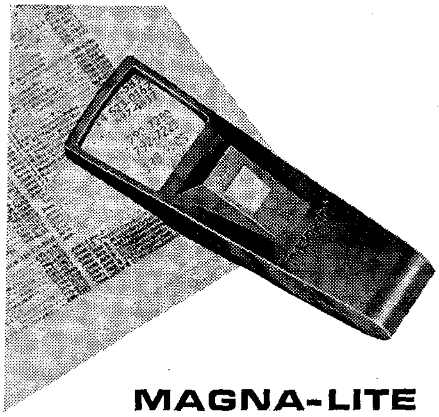

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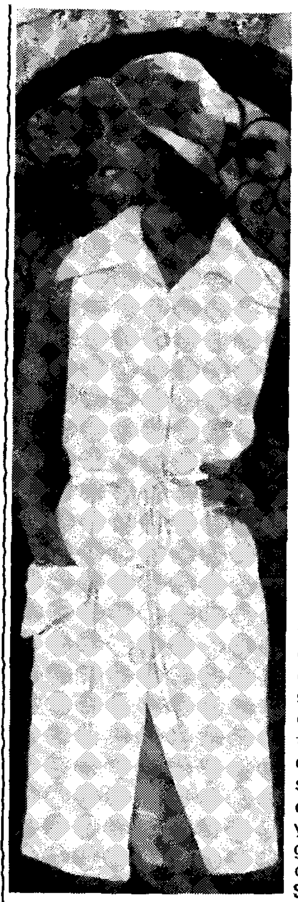
lite towns around Brasília. The city, known as the Plano Piloto, or Pilot Plan, was designed by the architect and urban planner Lúcio Costa in 1957, when President Juscelino Kubitschek decided to go ahead with the construction of Brasília on the empty savannas known as the Central Plateau. When Costa completed his design, the expectation was that the entire Federal District, of twenty-two hundred square miles, would have a population of six hundred thousand by the end of the century. But Brasília's growth has been so fantastic that the population reached seven hundred and seventy thousand late in 1974—two hundred and fifty thousand people in the strictly controlled high-rise complexes and the villa residential districts of the Plano Piloto and the balance in the seven satellite towns that have mushroomed around the city proper but inside the Federal District. The *Nordestino* migrants have arrived many times faster than the government can house them decently in the satellite towns. The most extraordinary example of this is Taguatinga, which grew in less than fifteen years from a single farmhouse to a community of two hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants. I drove to Taguatinga one recent morning to see what the authorities call the Campaign of Eradication of Invasions, or C.E.I., which is a highly ambitious program of constructing one- and two-family whitewashed brick dwellings for the migrants. The idea is to prevent the spread of squatter shacks, but it is impossible to keep up with the pace of the migration, and Taguatinga goes on fighting a losing battle with the invaders. The upper section of the city is covered, almost as far as the eye can see, with the white structures built for the migrants—there are now nearly two thousand such houses—and it is known as Ceilândia, the first three letters in the name being derived from "C.E.I." The lower section looks like a fairly prosperous typical Brazilian inland town, with paved streets and attractive houses belonging to middle-class families who commute to work in Brasília. But all around are the shacks that the *Nordestinos* seem able to build in a few hours. The commuting between Taguatinga and Brasília is so heavy that a new expressway is to be built soon to replace the present two-lane highway, where, according to Elmo Serejo Farias, the Federal District's overworked governor, there have been ninety-eight accidents in ninety days.

People pour into Brasília day and night from all directions: by road from



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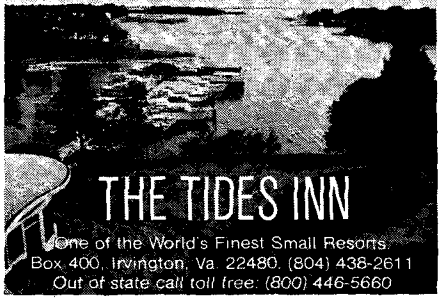

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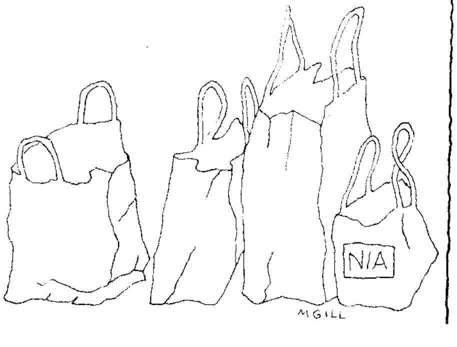
the satellite towns and from as far away as Rio, São Paulo, Belo Horizonte, and even Belém, in the Amazonian north; by railroad from the coast; and by plane from just about everywhere. Brasília's ultramodern International Airport handles round-the-clock four-airline jet shuttles from Rio and São Paulo, plus flights from other Brazilian cities and from New York, Caracas, Lima, and Buenos Aires. Given the distance from the coast, Brasília is essentially a jet-age city. (It takes eighty minutes to fly from Rio, and a bit longer from São Paulo.) The city is also spectacular. It offers some of the world's most stunning and imaginative modern architecture in its public buildings—the government palaces and glass-box ministries; the cathedral, built within sixteen gracefully curving concrete columns (five hundred tons of white Carrara marble were imported from Italy for its floor and lower walls); and the National Theatre, which resembles a Mayan pyramid.

Yet my own feeling is that Brasília, in its way, is the coldest, most impersonal—even dehumanized—city that I have ever seen. It is so insanely functional that one wonders whether it was built for people or for automatons. Residents of the Plano Piloto live in identical "superquadra" complexes, each consisting of eleven six-story buildings. Each building houses about two hundred families, and each superquadra has its own shopping center. This works out to twenty-two hundred families (ten thousand human beings) in each wholly integrated and virtually self-sufficient superquadra concrete village. The superquadras occupy the two wings of the city's airplane design—eighty in the south wing and sixty-four in the north wing, with sixteen more still under construction there. When they are completed, the population of the Plano Piloto will reach the prescribed total of three hundred and fifty thousand families. The two wings are beautifully landscaped, and the buildings sit among vast expanses of greenery. Flowers abound. The view from the apartment buildings is quite lovely



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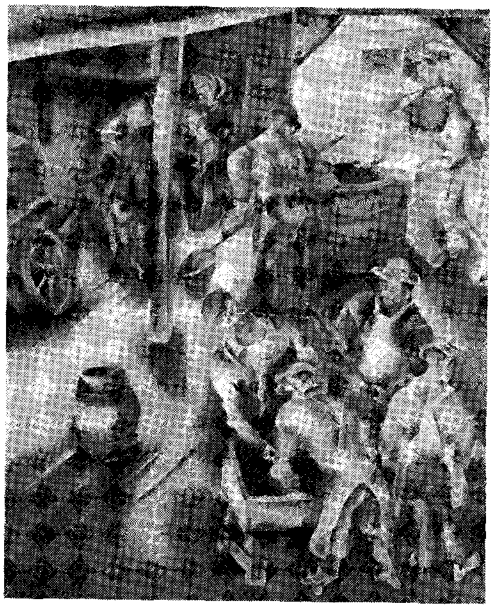

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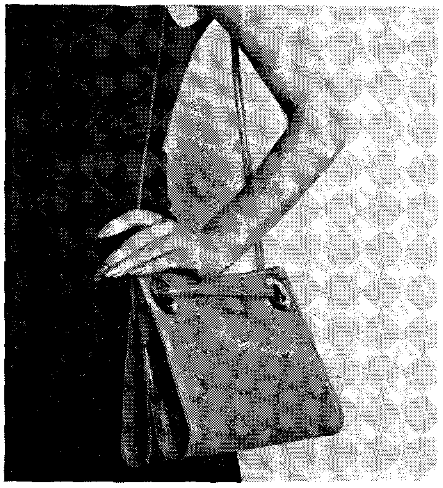

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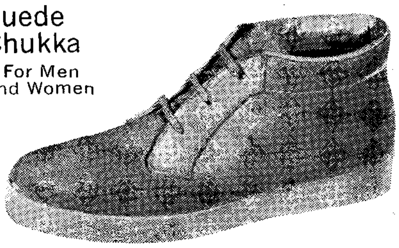

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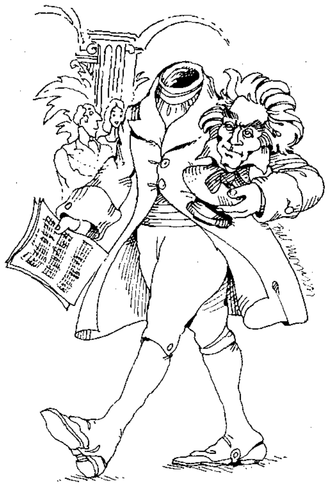
at night, when all the city lights go on. But, curiously, Oscar Niemeyer, the best-known Brazilian architect, who designed every important structure in Brasília, failed to equip the superquadra apartments with balconies, as if to avoid any external sign of life in his buildings.

Signs of life are, in fact, what are chiefly missing in Brasília. Looking out my hotel window, in midtown, I could see cars and buses speeding along the wide avenues and overpasses and in and out of underpasses. The whole road system eliminates intersections, but it also does away with pedestrians. Except in the superquadra shopping centers and the midtown center in the "hotel sector" (Brasília is neatly divided into hotel, banking, office, hospital, cultural, and other sectors, in addition to the ministerial and embassy rows), nobody walks in Brasília. Because of the great open spaces, everything is too far for walking with a purpose, and the idea of strolling has simply not caught on here. It would almost seem out of character. One of the things that bothered me most in Brasília was the system of street addresses. A typical address I picked at random in the telephone directory was "SQS-306 blD ap 505." This reads like a computer printout, but it means that the person lives in South Wing Superquadra No. 306, Building D, Apartment 505. It is probably impossible to get lost in Brasília if one glances at a map, but the city offers no challenge. It's too orderly, and, as a friend of mine remarked, "too totalitarian." So after fifteen years of existence Brasília provides no sense of personal identity. Everybody seems to belong elsewhere. The Cariocas hang out with each other and rush back to Rio at every opportunity, and the Paulistas rush back to São Paulo. Brasília now has its own soccer team, but the team has virtually no fans. People still root for their home-town clubs back in Rio or São Paulo or elsewhere. Still, life is not altogether unpleasant. Those who are well off—top government officials and diplomats—belong to sailing and tennis clubs. Others can take weekend trips to surrounding waterfalls and have picnics in grottoes. Unfortunately, the vast artificial Paranoá Lake, wrapped around Brasília's eastern shore, is so polluted that swimming there is impossible.

Nothing, however, seems to erode the Brazilians' warmth and their joy in life—not the coldness of Brasília, not the ten years of dictatorship. The sense of humor remains intact even



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in this strange capital. Every day, there is a new anti-regime joke, usually unprintable, and Brazilian optimism remains incurable. When a major oil find was made off the coast of the state of Rio de Janeiro just about election time—it gave the Geisel government a useful psychological boost—a newspaper cartoon proclaimed, "Allah is a Brazilian." If the offshore strike is as promising as the experts think, Brazil may become self-sufficient in oil in five years or so and stop depending on imports from the Middle East, which, at current prices, contributed importantly to this year's seven-billion-dollar deficit in the balance of payments and to the damaging rate of inflation. In the meantime, Brazil and the Geisel government face a trying period, for reasons ranging from the economic situation to growing social unrest and the inevitable consequences of the November electoral experiment. Men like Finance Minister Simonsen are increasingly concerned with the problem of the quality of life in Brazil, and with its political implications, now that the earlier euphoria is wearing off. President Geisel must maintain a balance between the pressures for further liberalization and the suspicions of the hard-line military leaders and their business allies. None of this will be easy, but at least the first fresh political breeze in ten years is blowing over the vastness of Brazil. —TAD SZULC

•

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The clearest thing about a conglomerate like Macmillan during a monetary crisis seems to be that it has to run faster and faster just to stay in place. And even that may not be fast enough.
—*The Times.*

And in the confusion they can't even find their copy of "Walden."

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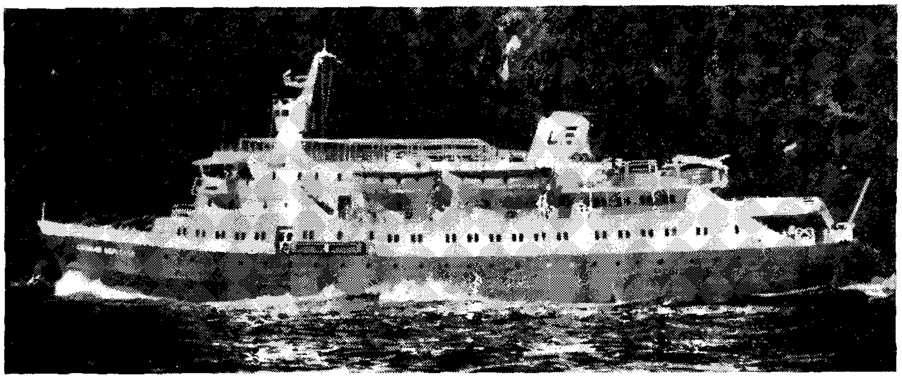

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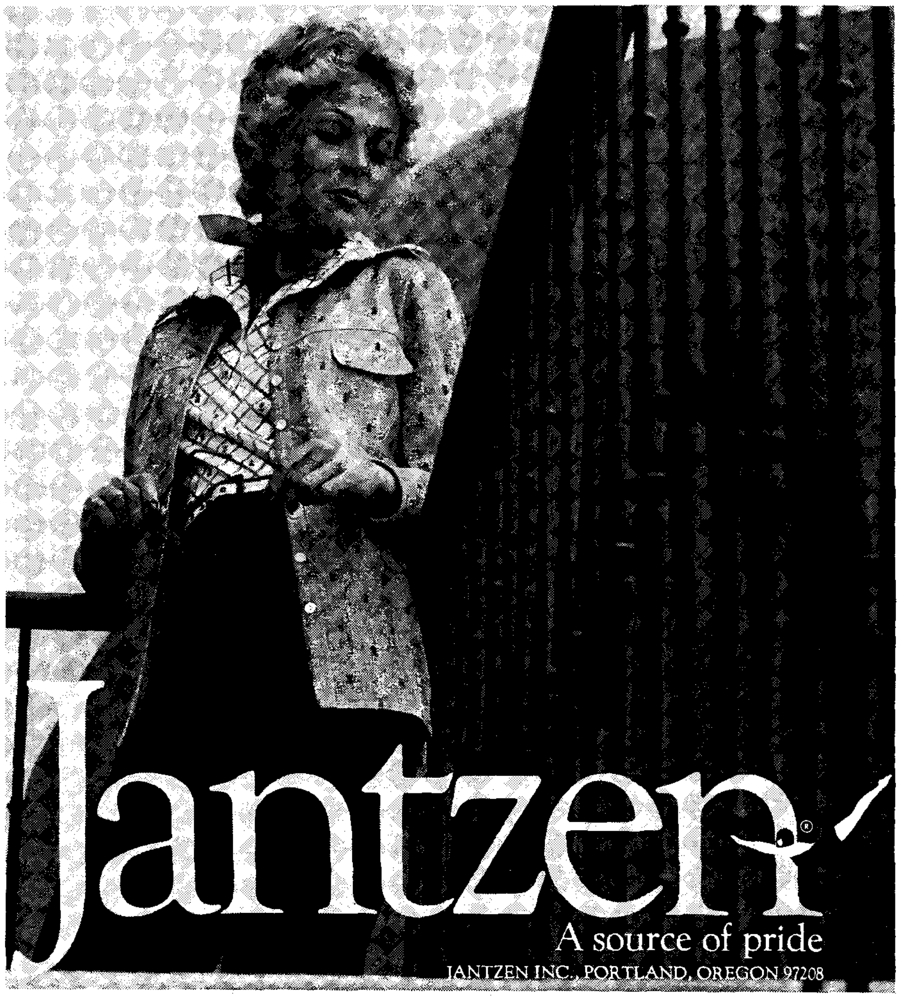

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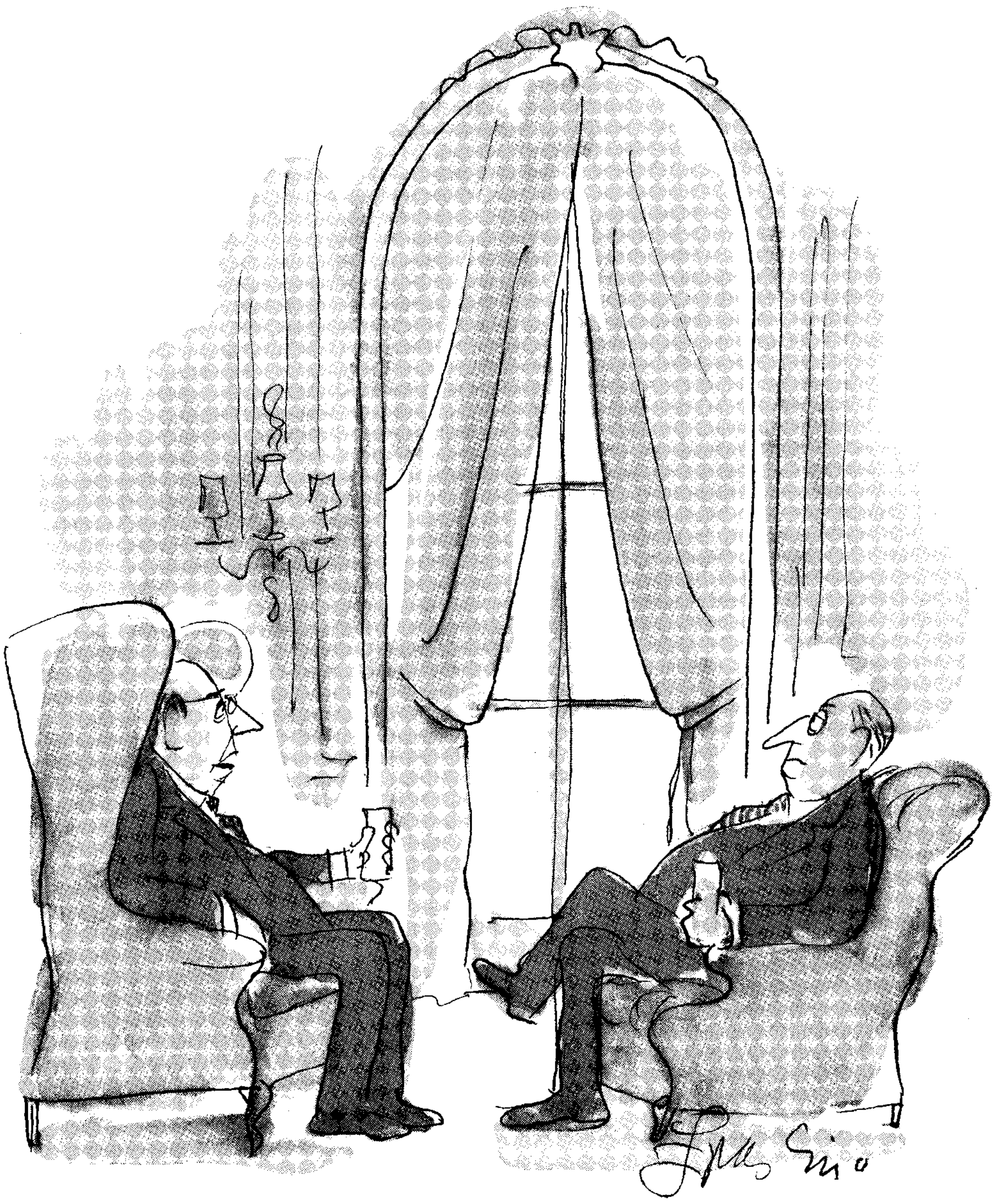
The Media Dramas of Norman Lear

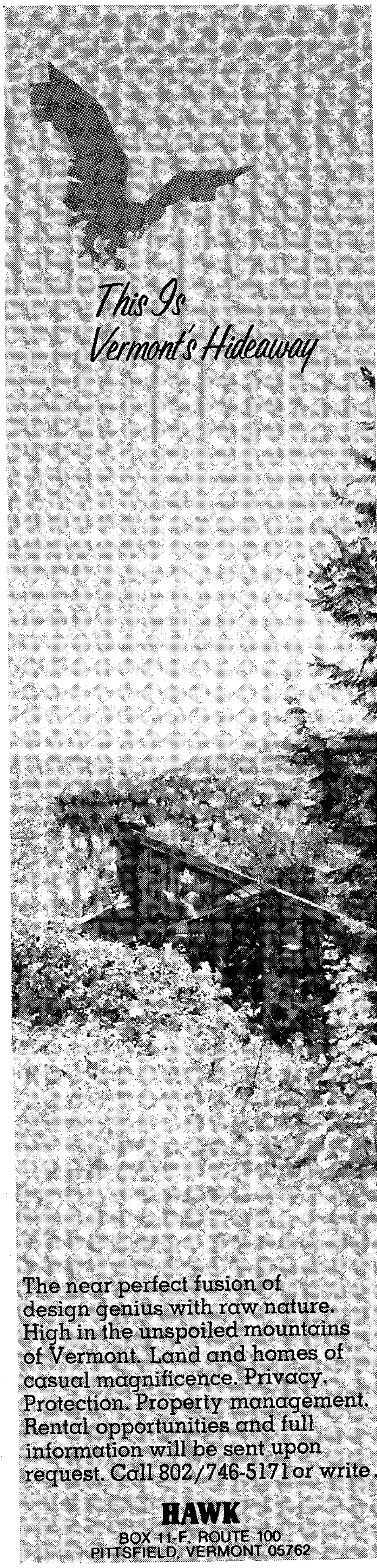
I HAVE been trying to figure out what is so fascinating about the comedies of Norman Lear. Right now, six of Mr. Lear's shows are being broadcast every week to a prime-time audience: "All in the Family," "Maude," "Good Times," "The Jeffersons," "Sanford and Son," and "HOT L BALTIMORE." The first five programs named are currently among the dozen most popular programs in the nation, while the sixth, and newest, "HOT L BALTIMORE" (the title refers to the Hote*l* Baltimore, a riffraffy version of "Grand Hotel"), after just six weeks, has received a warm reception, despite a degree of wariness on the part of network-affiliate stations, several of which appear to think that in populating his run-down inn so freely with prostitutes, homosexuals, and other social misfits Mr. Lear may have been pushing his gift for jokey topicality farther than the mass audience will bear. Even so, it's probably a good bet that roughly a hundred and twenty million Americans watch Norman Lear comedies each week—which adds up to a total of roughly five billion viewers every year. Perhaps what is most fascinating about Mr. Lear's œuvre is the dimensions of its success, for he seems to be one of those ordinary but uncommon figures who come along every so often in our mass-entertainment culture and manage to achieve—more or less single-handed and with the appearance of naturalness—what tens of thousands of business geniuses and consumer theoreticians spend half the energies of the Republic vainly striving after; namely, a "feel" for what the public wants before it knows it wants it, and the ability to deliver it.

What is *not* so fascinating about Lear programs is easier to determine. Surprisingly, they are not very funny, for the most part, which is to say that the level of acting—at least, the stage presence of the actors—is generally of a higher order than the humor in each show: the jokes and joke situations. The humor is not bad, but it certainly isn't brilliant. "In my building, the roaches are so big that the crunch drowns out the television." And "Deep down, you know, he respects you." "Yes, but I don't want to dive that deep." On the whole, there are few unusual comedy routines in Lear comedies, and there has been virtually no introduction or creation of striking new comedy characters, with the possible exception of Archie Bunker, in "All in the Family," who was transplanted from the successful BBC series "Till Death Us Do Part," and, in any case, derives from a mass-entertainment cartoon that stretches back from William Bendix and Wallace Beery to Sancho Panza and Shakespeare's Pistol. And even Bunker, who has most of the best lines in his show, is given an overabundance of easy malapropisms: "Salivation Army," "Let him who is without sin be the rolling stone," " 'Pilferers will be prosecuted' means 'Queers stay out of the men's room.' " In fact, much of the aura of comedy in Lear shows (as in other television comedy programs, with the exception of Carol Burnett's) derives from television's electronic institutionalizing of the old theatrical claque: the sound track of taped audience laughter, which rises and falls, whoops, giggles, and shrieks, taking on a blurry identity of its own, like a lunatic Greek chorus, and nudging the isolated viewers into an impression of high spirits.

If the level of humor in Lear comedies is routinely professional—which in itself wouldn't be unusual, save for the enormous success of the programs—what is more visible is the level of anger. For, while the sound track is laughing, the characters in Lear comedies are mainly snarling. Again, Archie Bunker stands as the prototype of the Lear angry-man character. When Bunker first appeared on American screens, in 1971, representing the politically and socially threatened silent-majority blue-collar worker, his outbursts on politics and race were taken as quaintly liberating and timely. They also had a specific quality and direction



"I only regret that I never felt, even fleetingly, like God's gift to women."



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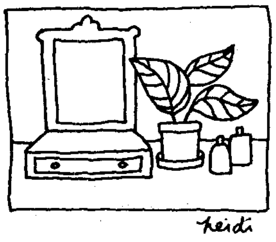
to them: blacks moving into the neighborhood, or being hired at a nearby factory. For some time now, though, Bunker's anger has become random—a random musical note that is methodically sounded by the script as it travels through each half hour. It is an accepted form of stage business. In a recent episode of "All in the Family," for example, within a space of about fifteen minutes Bunker snarled and mugged such lines as "What's the stink in the oven? What kinda animal you cookin' in there?" (It's a fish.) "So, Irene is a Catholic. That means I gotta pay for *her* mistakes?" (Irene leaves.) "Whadda I care if she leaves. She's not my guest, she's your guest." "C'mon, throw the fish on the table!" "Don't stay in there—c'm here! Move it!" "Listen to this, Commie pinko!" "Let me remind you of something, Meathead!" "Yeah, Dingbat, I'm talkin' to you in English!" "Get in, get in. Just put your keyster in the chair and shut your mouth." If Bunker's anger has settled in as a conventional shtick—like Groucho Marx's walk or Jack Benny's stinginess—it has also been picked up and incorporated into all the other Norman Lear shows, and, for the most part, with the same quality of randomness. On "Sanford and Son," which was transplanted from "Steptoe and Son," another BBC series (about two Cockney junk dealers), Fred Sanford is an irascible and bullying black man—often with only the sound track and the vaudeville mugging to tell one that the show is a comedy. In a recent episode, Sanford was waiting for the arrival of his younger sister and her new "mystery" husband. First, he wanted his truck. "Where's our truck?" he asked angrily. "Julio borrowed it," said his son, referring to a Puerto Rican neighbor. Sanford grimaced broadly and slammed his fist on a table. "Now, you gone got *Puerto Rican* all over our truck!" The taped audience erupted in laughter, the joke presumably being that it *was* a joke. Then the married sister appeared with her new husband—a white man. The audience giggled apprehensively but delightedly as the husband—a soft, droll figure—sidled warily into the room, unseen by Sanford. Time passed and Sanford still didn't notice him. Then he mistook the man for a taxi-driver. Then, finally introduced to and embraced by the new brother-in-law, he went into an elaborate and energetic sequence of grimaces and double takes, crashing about the room in a fury that was again comic mainly in the laughter of the unseen audience. "How come you're lookin' that way?" Sanford's sister said to him, feeding the line. "I just got hugged and kissed by a Snow-Whitey," replied Sanford. Afterward, he called the white husband "Mr. Intermarry," "Paleface," "Honky," "Color-Blind," and "The White Tornado," each one to bursts of applause from the tape; indeed, the only purpose or reality of the white husband's existence seemed to be as a butt for Sanford's jokey snarls.



Anger as stage business runs through nearly all Norman Lear's comedies, but it is a curious, modern, undifferentiated anger, provoking laughs from the sound track, and providing the little dramas with a kind of energizing dynamic—sometimes the only dynamic. At the beginning of an episode of "The Jeffersons," George Jefferson enters his new apartment already angry—vaguely and generally angry. Maude, in "Maude," appears to be angry at Walter, in one particular instance, for eating too much, but clearly—clearly to the audience—she is just *angry:* it is a state of being, interrupted periodically by stage-business jokes or stage-business sentiment, or sometimes stage-business problems. What is notable here is that anger in a Norman Lear comedy isn't something isolated or set apart—as with, say, Sheridan Whiteside in George Kaufman and Moss Hart's "The Man Who Came to Dinner," or in the traditional routines of "insult comedians." It has become part of the spirit of the occasion, like music in a musical comedy. Also, as with the characters themselves, who, despite their fits of problem-solving and self-awareness, return each week to the same unserial starting point, it is a rage that rarely extends much into the future, or even into the present. An individual outburst of temper may sometimes produce a concrete result, such as the disruption of a dinner, but for the most part these acts of the new anger are strangely actionless, and, in any case, are soon automatically defused and retracted. King Lear's rage has travelled, by way of Sheridan Whiteside's irritability, into the release-rhetoric of the psychotherapist's waiting room.

Modern, psychiatrically inspired or

induced ambivalence may, indeed, be the key dramatic principle behind this new genre of popular entertainment. A step is taken, and then a step back. A gesture is made and then withdrawn—blurred into distracting laughter, or somehow forgotten. This seems especially true in the area of topicality—topical themes—which is supposed to be where Mr. Lear's chief contribution to new forms of comedy lies. For it is in Norman Lear comedies that the mass-entertainment public has first been persuaded to deal regularly with serious contemporary social subjects such as racism ("All in the Family"), alcoholism ("Maude"), black middle-class striving ("The Jeffersons"), and black lower-class problems ("Good Times"), and with a hodgepodge of traditionally unacceptable social and sexual situations ("HOT L BALTIMORE"). With or without the help of contemporary trends, what Mr. Lear has done in this regard is no mean achievement. He has taken a lot of the subjects that people privately talked or thought about, in between watching game shows, detective shows, and stand-up comedians, and put *those* subjects into mass-entertainment programming. His shows don't explicitly claim to be constructive or dogmatic, although the writers (and presumably Mr. Lear) are not averse to throwing in periodic doses of social democracy, but they do implicitly claim to be topical.

As things work out, though, it is a curious kind of topicality. The subject seems to be there—for instance, financial problems stemming from the recession, in a recent episode of "Maude"—but the actuality of the subject soon dissolves into the texture of the aforementioned vague anger, or else into a new type of ambivalence, which has been effected by employing fast cutting and the claque sound track. For example, in a recent episode of "HOT L BALTIMORE" the main drama concerned the breakup of a long-standing homosexual ménage involving two hotel tenants—the middle-aged George and Gordon, with George clearly the "wife" in the pair—as a result of George's decision to spend two evenings out of each week studying law. Interestingly, the roles of George and Gordon were cast with a fair amount of sympathy and contemporary realism; at least, the actors and their parts were several cuts above the traditional mass-entertainment depiction of limp-wristed effeminacy à la Billy De Wolfe. The tilt of the drama—rather more a vignette—seemed human, and even serious, but

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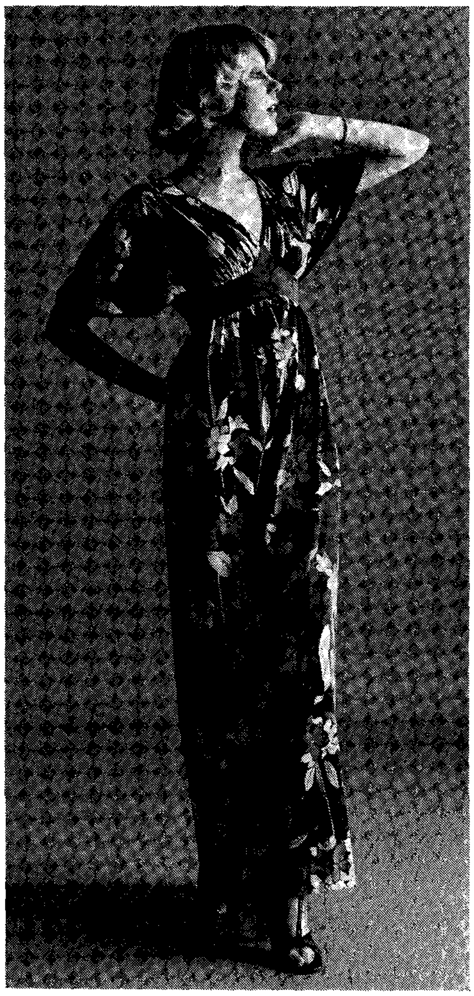

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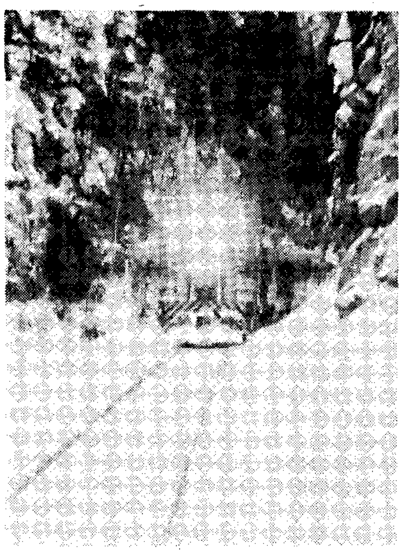
then the mood would suddenly shift, almost in mid-dialogue, into an old-timey gag or a cheap laugh played off the invisible audience. At one point—supposedly a key moment—the youthful and well-intentioned but dopey hotel manager appears on the scene to try to patch things up between the two separating roommates. The scene requires him to shake hands with George. George, quite dignified, extends his hand. The camera cuts to the hotel manager mugging his straight-arrow distaste. Then we see George, playing it seriously. Then back to the hotel manager, alternately rolling his eyes, shuffling his feet, and continuing to mug he-man embarrassment while the sound track variously giggles, sniggers, guffaws, and breathes a chorus-like sigh of relief when the handshake is finally consummated. What seemed unusual about the scene was that the other actors onstage were directed to play it seriously. In other words, the caption on the picture, so to speak, said that we were watching a human, realistic, albeit comedic treatment of a contemporary "social problem," but in fact the figures in the portrait were dissolving into images of our own (and perhaps their creator's) anxieties and ambivalences: into a caricature of the homosexual's role in our society, which the "caption" was attempting to deny. Similarly, in a recent episode of "The Jeffersons" the dramatic vignette concerned a tenants' party in the family's new apartment, in a predominantly white, upper-middle-class building, which George Jefferson had decided to give in order to show off to his neighbors and impress an important white banker with his cultivation. Predictably, the party was a social disaster. A funny "colored maid" went screaming around the room. When an effete, English-type tenant asked for "a Scotch—neat," one of the Jeffersons said, "Don't worry, you'll get a clean glass." George Jefferson had ordered, sight unseen, a grand piano, which none of the family could play, and it was delivered into the middle of the living room, so that everybody tripped over it. And so forth. But none of the people onstage batted an eye. If the real point of the story was that the Jeffersons were pushy, *arriviste*, inept, but unfortunately *there*—in fact, were uppity—it was not a point acknowledged, or even touched upon, except very slightly, by the rest of the cast. There were no haughty looks and contemptuous sneers from the other posh tenants—the way the ritzy people used to look at Charlie Chaplin when he stumbled into the wrong salon. The only way you'd know that the party was an embarrassment was from the sound track, which, with its shrieks and giggles at the awkward moments, keyed the real audience: Yes, the Jeffersons *are* uppity. We can't say it too loud, because that would be wrong. In fact, we're going to play it on the level with those other stage tenants, perhaps—Lord knows—encouraging real tenants somewhere to play it on the level with real Jeffersons. But in the meantime let's let our anxieties and ambivalences work up the real drama, and let's have a laugh.

Even so, if what could mainly be said of Norman Lear's comedies was that they were on the cheap side, playing serious topical subjects for easy laughs—with a few jokes and snarls and much professional expertise thrown in—that wouldn't be very new or very interesting, and I don't think it would account for Mr. Lear's enormous success. It may well be that Lear does more with topical humor than comedians and comedy writers before him have done, but topicality isn't his invention, nor is exploiting it a new device, recently discovered. Indeed, American mass-entertainment producers have exploited audience "seriousness" for generations, as with the *Classics*-comics pageantry of Cecil B. De Mille, or with Stanley Kramer's "message" films, or with "The Defenders" on television, or even with the slick good-think of the Smothers Brothers and the political wisecracks of Bob Hope and "Laugh-In." Topicality doesn't really seem to be what Mr. Lear does best—nor does comedy seem to be his strongest card. After watching a great many of Mr. Lear's six shows this past season, I suspect that what is most fascinating about the works of Norman Lear is that they are our first true "media" dramas.

Consider briefly how American mass-audience comedy has evolved in the past fifty years. For much of this time, comedy—both in print and onstage—was trapped within the joke: the one-liner, the two-liner, the set piece, the funny bit. From these beginnings, with the joke presented as separate or disconnected from ordinary life, came the more expansive—albeit still

Last of the Great Excursions



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disconnected—narrative joke or funny story: "Nothing but the Truth;" "Bringing Up Baby;" "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein." On television, the funny story survives in such now old-fashioned programs as "Hogan's Heroes" or "Gilligan's Island" (as, indeed, vaudeville one-liners still survive with Bob Hope), but, for the most part, during the last generation television—as if it had prenatally digested "The Pickwick Papers" or at least "Life with Father"—has expanded humor from the isolated joke into the so-called family comedy. In "I Love Lucy" and "The Honeymooners" and "The Beverly Hillbillies" and countless other shows, the surface emphasis was still on jokes—Lucy finds a wallet, wins a contest, loses a handbag—but the joke sector of life had been enlarged to include not merely a comedian onstage talking about farmers' daughters but much of ordinary family life, if a rather stylized version of it. Lucy at first was not a real woman, though she had many of the appurtenances of a real woman—modest house, noisy kitchen, gossipy neighbors—but she ended up actually having babies and bringing up children. More recently, Dick Van Dyke and then Mary Tyler Moore expanded the terrain of family comedy further, replacing the home family with the job family, and fashioning, as in the case of the current "Rhoda" and "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," more or less "real" people to go with the "real" problems and comedy situations. Still, "Mary" and "Rhoda" have remained by and large in the conventional mold of *families* dealing with *family* situations—either home family situations, such as boyfriends or dieting or mothers-in-law, or job family situations, such as office misadventures or employment rivalries.

The comedies of Norman Lear are probably new in that they seem to depend mainly neither on jokes nor on funny stories, nor even on family—although they often give the appearance of depending on all three—but on the new, contemporary consciousness of "media." By this I mean that the base of the Lear programs is not so much the family and its problems as it is the commonality that seems to have been created largely by television itself, with its outpouring of casual worldliness and its ability to propel—as with some giant, invisible electric-utility feeder line—vast, undifferentiated quantities of topical information, problem-discussions, psychiatric terminology, and surface political and social in-

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volvement through the national bloodstream. Thomas Jefferson, it is said, wrestled for a lifetime with the dark, felt concerns of intermarriage and miscegenation, and it is high time that Americans should be able to deal freely and rationally with such historically taboo matters. Now in the space of a single week, in two Norman Lear shows, the subject of mixed marriage twice breezes blithely by, accompanied by the usual defusing jokes and the laughter of the sound track. Have we come this far so suddenly? In which case, who are *we*? Doubtless we are the same people who, as informed adults and media children, discuss, with all the appearance of passion and involvement, events that have occurred in places we have no knowledge of and had no previous interest in, and with implications we have rarely examined, or tried to connect backward or forward to other events—but events that now sit there and *exist* in the new consciousness in the manner of found objects, tuned into by interested and uninterested parties alike.

Mr. Lear is surely not the first explorer to have stumbled on this pool of media-informed consciousness, but he is the first man, as far as I can tell, to have so formally and so successfully tapped it for the purposes of mass entertainment. It is perhaps not a step higher, but it is a step forward. Ancient drama, one might say, was concerned primarily with the act as act—as the dynamic of drama. Modern drama has gradually interposed motive and guilt as the kinetic forces. Now, maybe, we are treading dizzily into a new phase, where both act and motive have blurred or receded and what we are left with onstage (or onscreen) is the strange dynamic of a ubiquitous, unfeeling, unknowing, discursive collective consciousness. Beginning with the comedies of Norman Lear—as Aristophanes might have been the first to appreciate—we have finally been plugged in to our own Talk Show: connected to nothing except the assumption of being connected to something, which for the time being appears to be our new bond and our new family.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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DANCING

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In a Cunningham work, choreography, décor, and score are independent entities. This is a well-known fact, and it's what has enabled Cunningham to give stripped-down studio performances that, for the lucky few who manage to get into them, are more exciting than many another company's in full panoply. But the fact that the choreography is conceived independently doesn't mean that it exists in a vacuum. To what extent dancing and sound and décor impinge on one another is a question that each viewer must settle for himself, and about many Cunningham pieces—"Crises," "Variations V," "Summerspace," "Winterbranch," "Place," "Scramble," "RainForest," "Canfield" (the list is amazingly long)—there is no doubt that they were meant to share more or less equally in the creation of a theatrical subject. And seeing sections of works like these run into one another without their production elements and without intermissions raises another question: Are the various choreographies interchangeable? If they are, why the bundling together under a formal title of one set of choreographic studies rather than another? Is this arrangement, maintained outside New York, a mere convenience for impresarios and audiences, or does it indicate the presence of identifiable distinguishing features in each work? Is the studio performance an alternative way of seeing Cunningham's work—of seeing how those features may be erased or changed in different contexts? Is it actually closer than a staged performance would be to the fundamental "truth" of his choreography—its flooding of all formal boundaries, its mutability, its capacity to seem to be anything the viewer takes it for on any given night? How different is different, and can we know the variations without the theme?

Questions like these can't be answered on a prolonged diet of studio performances. The more I see of Cunningham's work the more I am interested by qualities of differentiation in it and the less I care to have these qualities, and their possibly groupable meanings, blurred by informal, eclectic presentation. Much—and much of it nonsense—has been made of Cunningham's chance operations in the making of dances. To me, his work is no more haphazard than the work of any other fine choreographer. Basically, Cunningham works from the materials he has—the capabilities of his dancers combined with formal or technical concerns that seem to him in need of development. The results of this labor may be illuminated or organized by chance discoveries, but what Merce Cunningham does is not determined by chance. A studio performance gives us the undifferentiated results of different labors—sometimes in the same moment ("I'll wear the 'Canfield' jacket, the 'Signals' tie, and the 'Loops' pocket handkerchief")—and this, although undeniably fascinating as sheer spectacle, makes it difficult to see what integrity, evolution, *process* there is to any of it. At Westbeth, where the company has to fight *not* to draw crowds, the audience isn't even told what works or excerpts it is seeing. Nor will it help to wing out to Detroit and see the piece—if it is a piece—that is called "Rebus." What we need is an extended New York season in a decent theatre, with works performed separately as theatrical pieces and together

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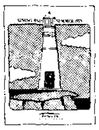

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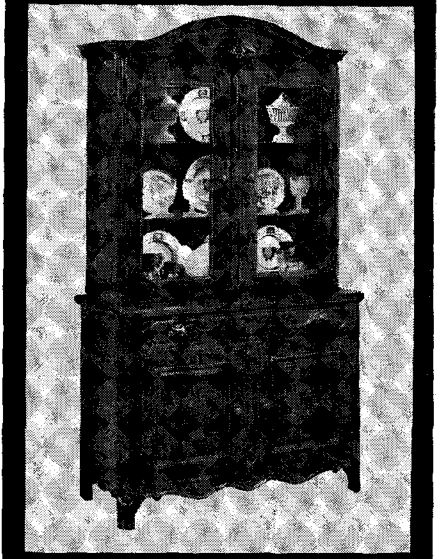
as "studio" events. Only in this way can we begin to assemble the dimensions of Cunningham's current achievement. It may be that he's working in a less patterned way than he appeared to be a few years ago, and that works of recent seasons—"TV Rerun" and "Landrover" and "Changing Steps"—and possibly even "Rebus" look as good *as they do in the studio* because they aren't really individual works at all. It would be useful for New York to know some of these things. Maybe Detroit or Chicago or Minneapolis will tell us.

IN St. Paul, where Twyla Tharp and her company were concluding a February residency at the Civic Center Theatre, I saw "Sue's Leg," the latest of her jazz ballets, and "The Double Cross," a shorter work, created during the residency in open sessions to which the public was invited. Both as to length (four weeks, which allowed for a luxurious amount of rehearsal time) and as to community involvement (the company offered daily classes as well as open rehearsals, all free), the residency was extraordinary. The major première, "Sue's Leg," is named for Suzanne Weil, the coördinator of performing arts at the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, which sponsored the residency. "Leg" is used in the sense of leg of a journey, suggesting that there are more residencies or more jazz ballets to come. Twyla Tharp, like many other choreographers, loves wordplay, and "The Double Cross" has a spoken text dealing in puns and antonyms which relates to the form of the choreography—a tiny suite of maximal-contrast dances—in ways as difficult to reject as to understand. The high point, literally, of the piece is Rose Marie Wright, nearly six feet tall, dancing to a calliope rendition of "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers." This bright, staccato, giant-size Coppélia is followed by Kenneth Rinker and Tom Rawe on the floor, doing slow, fluid somersaults and pushups to "Träumerei." Contrast is an elementary compositional device, and except for the comedy she gets out of it (which is also elementary), Tharp's special use of it in this case isn't apparent; we don't perceive the dances as antonymous without some prodding from the text. And, while the dances and the music may veer from one wild extreme to another, the cheeky banality of taste in both departments is pretty consistent. The piece is about reconciling contrarieties. Its conclusion is the lovely contra-

time will tell



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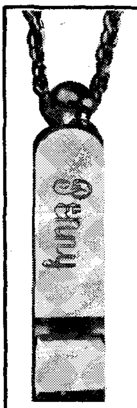

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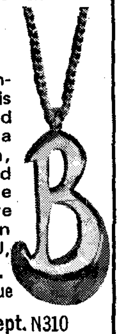

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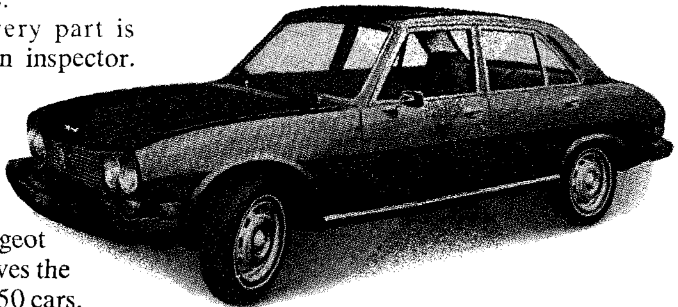

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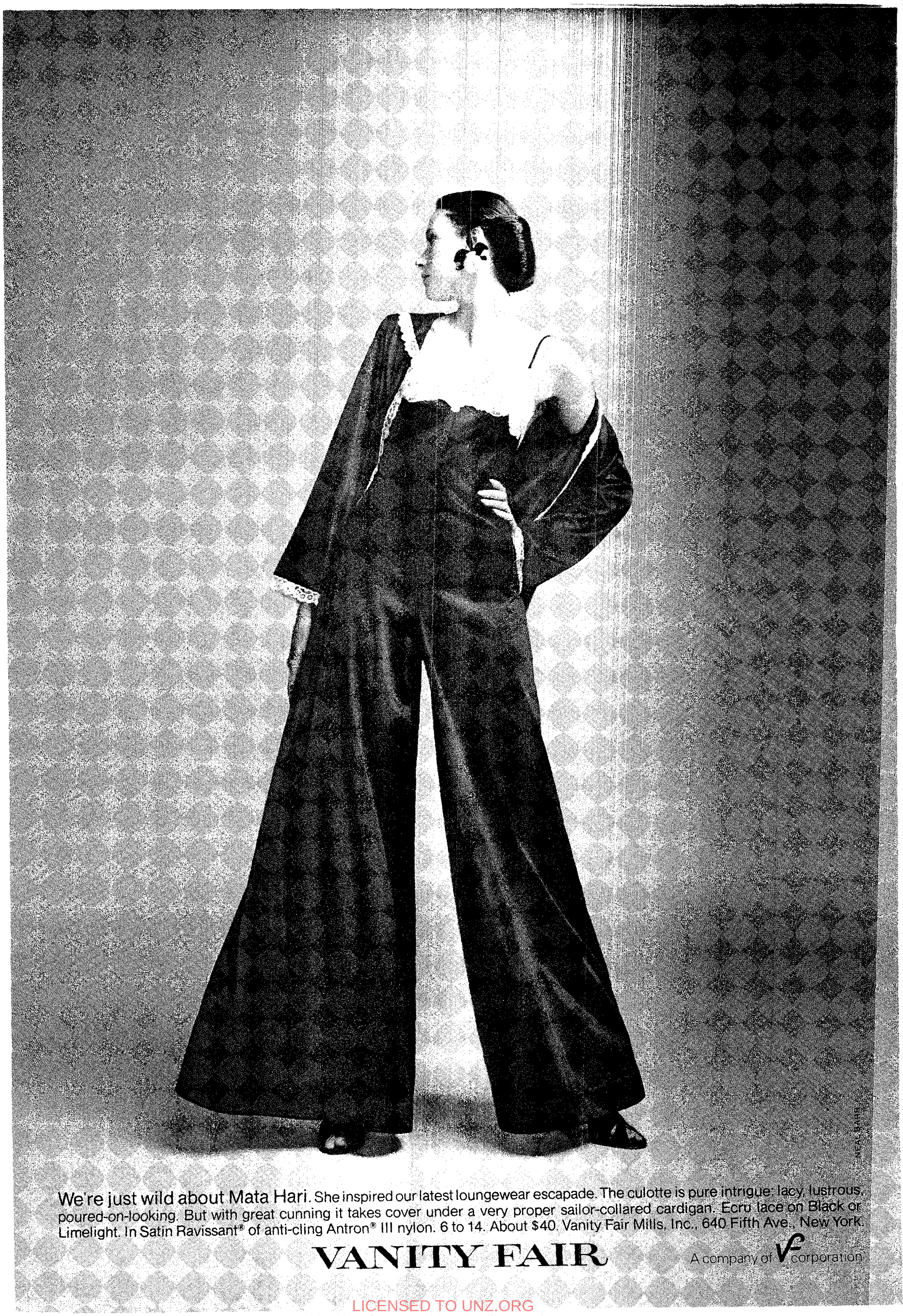

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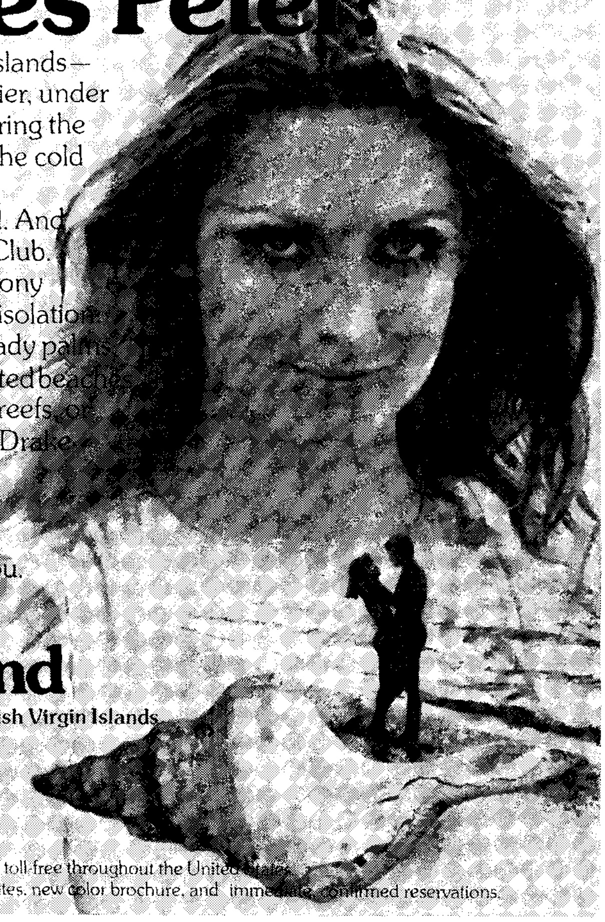
puntal Bach duet for Rinker and Wright that was first seen last year at the Delacorte Theatre, in Central Park. The duet is all one engrossing serpentine curve unwound from some inner mechanism of concentric spools and shuttles. This fiendishly complex Tharpian invention is a marvel; it's baroque art and it's classical art achieved without reference to the behavior of classical ballet. Tharp knows that you don't have to look like ballet to look classical—that classicism has nothing to do with decorum. (When classical ballet is drained of meaning, nothing is left but decorum and tricks. This is why all those mindless classroom ballets are so popular.) In the duet, Rinker periodically spits on the floor and rubs his shoe in it, as dancers do when the resin has run out. The audience laughs happily each time, glad to have its expectations of the sublime undermined, glad to see so practical a gesture become part of the tightening weave of the dance. Maybe the gesture is the ultimate reconciliation—of art with life.

Twyla Tharp's jazz ballets are so refreshing because they, too, undermine our expectations. "Sue's Leg" is made to the music of Fats Waller, and, like its predecessors—"Eight Jelly Rolls" (to Jelly Roll Morton) and "The Bix Pieces" (Beiderbecke-Whiteman) and "The Raggedy Dances" (Scott Joplin et al.)—it doesn't give you the feeling either of watching concert dancers doing jazz or of jazz dancers in concert. It's a whole new type of show. Except for some choice period references, like Tom Rawe's "tap" solo, the choreography eludes every stylistic category you can think of. Yet it is anthology choreography, incorporating the best of everything. Occasionally, a source will be glimpsed pure, in isolation—a shimmy, a carefully pointed preparation in fourth position, bits of "character" mime; more often, a dozen different circuits combine to light up a single phrase. But deciding what the piece is made of is not as much fun as watching it move. Rigor is the basis of Tharpian movement, yet the dancing doesn't look "worked"—it looks light and easy, like what virtuoso dancers would do for recreation. This deceptive ease has caused some people to think that the dancers improvise or work off their natural skills in public. If this were true, no Tharp dance would be repeatable, and "natural skills" (supposing the very idea is not oxymoronic) aren't something a dancer can rely on to sustain a piece. Tharp



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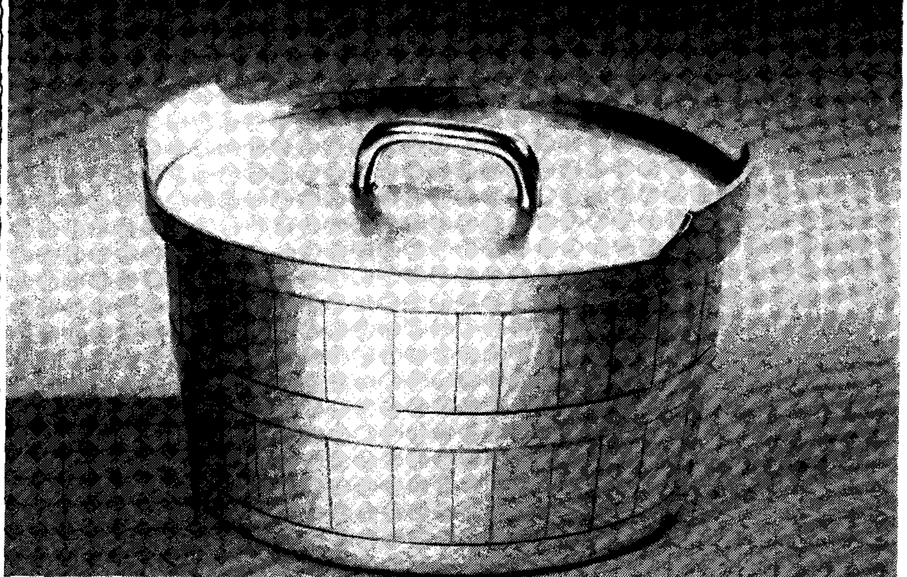

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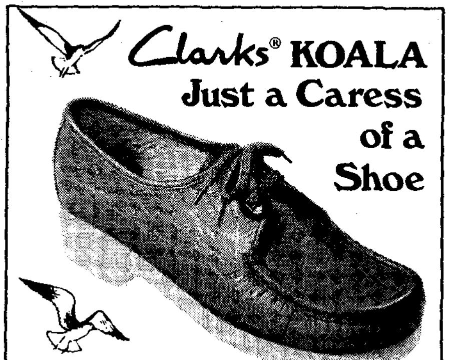

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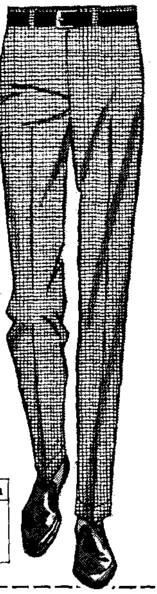

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dancers work harder than any other dancers I know at preserving the kind of grace in dancing that looks accidental, spontaneous, and private. In St. Paul, "Sue's Leg" was performed twice—once at the beginning of the program, in costume, and once at the end, in practice clothes. Half the pleasure of the repetition was in seeing which were the real accidents and which were the planned ones.

Santo Loquasto has based his costumes on the practice clothes the dancers wear in the repeat performance—a crazed assortment of fatigue pants, pullovers, sweaters, and ankle warmers. But Loquasto has rendered this patchwork in a smooth palette of beige and mocha satin and oatmeal knits. This is a heroic idea and it really works. In Jennifer Tipton's warm lighting, the dancers gleam as if cast in bronze. The performance was marginally better the second time, a shade more relaxed. The dancers—Tharp and Wright and Rinker and Rawe—are an exquisitely balanced quartet; they have enough dynamic variety for a company of forty. There's a schematic dualism in "Sue's Leg" that is stressed by the repeat performance. Waller's version of "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" is set twice—once as a quartet, once as a solo by Tharp. In "Ain't Misbehavin'" Tharp's solo is very different in style, and the difference, to me, is roughly that in the first one she's a "black" performer and in the second one she's "white." "Fat and Greasy," a rhythm number full of riffs, is danced by Wright, Rinker, and Rawe, who follow it with the romantic, legato "Tea for Two." Then there are two views of the thirties. One is Rawe making like Bill Robinson in "I'm Livin' in a Great Big Way." (This is not a Fats number, but it is Fats-related: Robinson's tap track from the movie "Hooray for Love," in which Waller also appeared.) The other, "In the Gloamin'," is for the quartet, and it's an album of pictures: line dancing, marathon dancing, the Lindy, the Big Apple, college boys piling on top of each other. The dance twists the thirties through the prism of the seventies.

"Sue's Leg" is the most tightly focussed and most consistently funny of Tharp's jazz ballets to date. From Wright's opening solo, which is set like an ice-skating turn to the big bounce of Fats at the Wurlitzer, you know the piece is going to be a spree. As it would have to be to such music. In jazz dancing, as in jazz music, authenticity is all that matters. Either a

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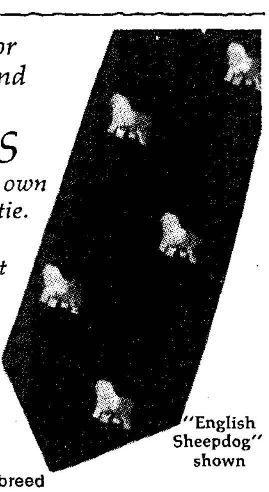

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performer has the life of jazz in him or he hasn't—there are no two ways about it. Twyla Tharp has rescued jazz dancing; she's got it away from the ersatz, Broadway-Vegas school. And she's rescued it from compartmentalization. Her choreography to Fats Waller isn't unlike her choreography to Bach, and in her suite of Joplin rags she includes a striking duet to Mozart. Today, specialist jazz dancing by persons under sixty is hardly ever done. It's a hobbyist's delusion to imagine that great popular art forms can be reborn in isolation from the conditions that sponsored their growth in the first place. But in working to jazz musicians of other eras, in treating them with the same respect she gives to the constructions of Bach or Mozart and with the same omnivorous idiomatic sweep, Tharp is doing more than salvaging a lost art—she's reconditioning it and restructuring it as a *modern* art. In her solo to Waller's 1940 recording of "Ain't Misbehavin' " there's a moment when he cries out, "Sweet essence of pig bar milk, look what's goin' on here!" I wish New York could have heard him. "Sue's Leg" has since been performed at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut. There are no plans to bring it to New York.

A FEW days after "Sue's Leg," the Joffrey Ballet opened at the City Center with a new version of "Deuce Coupe." The original production had a mixed cast of Tharp and Joffrey dancers and was one of the great hits of recent years. The revision, by Tharp, is for Joffrey dancers alone, and it amounts to a completely new, more mature, less sensational work. Tharp hasn't tried to give audiences back what they think they remember; instead, she's made the piece a kind of nostalgic celebration of the "Deuce Coupe" of 1973. The dancers seem to be about five years older; they're like college kids remembering the joys of high school. Remnants of the old ballet flit through "Deuce Coupe II," but most of the choreography and many of the recorded tracks of the Beach Boys songs are new. Erika Goodman, as the ballet girl in white, is still there, but her part has been broken up and parcelled out to other dancers and her significance considerably reduced. She, too, is a remnant, and although I didn't fully understand her function in the first version, I've no idea what it is now.

"Deuce Coupe II" has a dark, spectral quality, like the parts of "The Bix Pieces" which also were concerned with reminiscence. It's more a sequel than a revision. The bridge to the sequel appears to be in the costumes. Scott Barrie has designed a new set—white midriff blouse and pedal pushers for the girls, white sailor pants for the boys. The piece begins with one of the girls in the new white costume doing a little solo that seems to say "I remember 'Deuce Coupe.' " When other dancers appear, they're in their original costumes—orange dresses for the girls, red pants and Hawaiian shirts for the boys. Soon people start reappearing in white, and by the end of the piece everyone has changed to white except Goodman, who never wore anything else. It may be that this costume scheme diverted me more than it should have on opening night, but the ballet as a whole seemed to move too fast and to be more arbitrarily pieced together than the old one was. Although the childlike mood is gone (along with the graffiti; a Pop painting by James Rosenquist has taken their place), the new sophistication is beguiling, too. Lovers of the old "Deuce Coupe" are in for a period of readjustment. Don't give up the ship.

—Arlene Croce

• •

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Shrunken and drained dry, turning transparent,
You've followed me like a dog
I see through at last, a window into Away-From-Here, a place
I'm headed for, my tongue loosened, tracks
Apparent, your beggar's-lice
Bleaching to crystal along my britches leg.

I'm going away now, goodbye.
Goodbye to the locust husk and the chairs;
Goodbye to the genuflections. Goodbye to the clothes
That circle beneath the earth, the names
Falling into the darkness, face
After face, like beads from a broken rosary. . . .

—Charles Wright

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THE lack of a Piccolo Met—dormant since its first season, in 1973—matters less when the Juilliard Opera Training Department can, within the context of its regular activity, offer to the public a presentation as sensitive and accomplished as its workshop production last week of Britten's "The Turn of the Screw." Conducted by Martin Isepp, directed by Emile Renan, designed by Robert Yodice, and lit by Joe Pacitti, this was one of the most satisfactory evenings of opera I have encountered in New York. The Juilliard School is the heart of the Lincoln Center complex. One looks to it to maintain the standards of careful preparation, scholarship, and dedication sometimes unattained amid the hurly-burly of professional life in the large institutions on the plaza. An evening like this "Turn of the Screw"—or Albert Fuller's Rameau program two years ago—is worth a dozen vociferous "Turandot"s.

Bonnie Lee Leys, the Governess in the first of the alternate casts, gave a delicate, intelligent, and beautifully poised performance. Her voice is narrow in timbre (so was that of Jennifer Vyvyan, for whom the role was written) but was skillfully used, and she is a subtle, distinguished actress. The double role for tenor was divided between John Aler (Prologue in the first cast, Peter Quint in the second) and Steven Pearlston (vice versa). Mr. Aler, who reminded me of a young McCormack when first I heard him (in Haydn's "Philemon und Baucis"), has a fresh, forward, lyrical tenor and a feeling for words which make him an ideal exponent of Peter Pears roles; Mr. Pearlston had both the stage presence and the command of eerie cantilena to be a striking Quint. Miles was cunningly and powerfully played by a young lady, Penny Orloff, who looked, sounded, and acted convincingly like a boy. Some little things were wrong: Mrs. Grose exclaimed about Flora's pinafore, but Flora did not wear one; the game of cat's cradle, instead of matching the words, never got beyond first position. (However, the anachronistic pronunciation of "*malo*" to rhyme with "Barlow" rather than "halo" is sanctioned by the composer; it provides a better vowel for the melismatic refrain.) The large problems of the work—getting the atmosphere right, fleshing the ghosts, catching the precise tone in the scenes between the Governess and Miles—were perceptively and persuasively solved. Under Mr. Isepp, the student instrumentalists were eloquent, and his control of the music's paces was masterly. Everyone was responsive to the high-tension charges of this score, in which every detail tells—everyone, that is, except those members of the audience who sought to obliterate the interludes by their applause. And by Act II even they were silent and attentive.

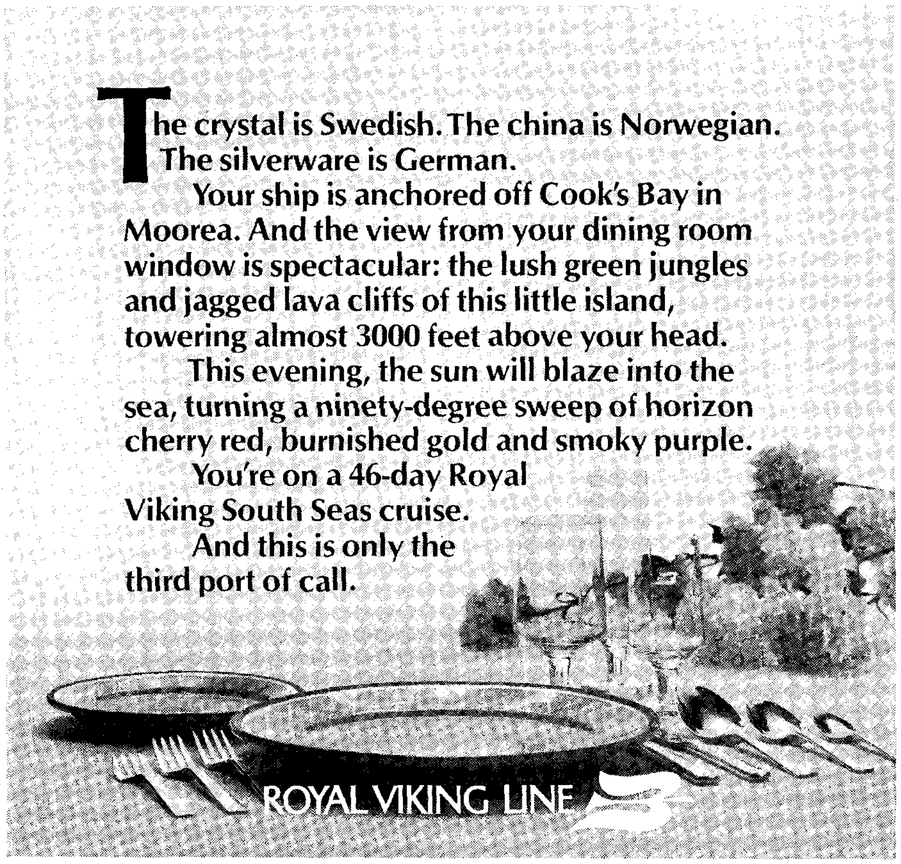
THE Metropolitan's and the City Opera's plugging of Puccini—"Manon Lescaut," "La Bohème," "Tosca," "Madame Butterfly," and "Turandot" are in both repertories, and last week they were playing "Manon Lescaut" on the same day—matters less while Eve Queler and her Opera Orchestra of New York are at hand to expand our experience of grand opera with such things as their "I Masnadieri," reviewed last week, and now, again in Carnegie Hall, "La Favorite." The latter is not to be reckoned among Donizetti's top ten, or perhaps even top twenty, operas, but it is worth hearing from time to time, and New York had not heard it properly since 1905, when Edyth Walker, Caruso, Scotti, and Plançon sang it at the Met. "La Favorite" is a fascinating product of those last five busy years (1840-44), when Donizetti, based in Paris, dominated the lyric theatres of Europe as decisively as Rossini before and Verdi after him—the years in which he produced a dozen operas, revived (often with considerable recomposition) half a dozen more, and somehow found time to direct the Italian and Viennese premières of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and to introduce Verdi's "Nabucco" to Vienna. "La Fille du Régiment" and "Don Pasquale" date from this time. "La Favorite" is the third of his four *grands opéras* (that simple phrase could be qualified by thousands of words, sorting out a tangled chronology). Like "Dom Sébastien," the last of them, it was composed for a mezzo-soprano, the odious Rosine Stoltz, "favorite" of Léon Pillet, who directed the Opéra. Italian mezzos—Stignani, in a famous 1934 revival at La Scala; Barbieri; Simionato; currently Fiorenza Cossotto—have kept it alive, but like Spontini's "Fernand Cortez," Cherubini's "Médée," Rossini's "Le Siège de Corinthe," Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," Verdi's "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," and several other pieces (Rameau and Berlioz apart, the principal composers of French grand opera are foreign), it awaits a major revival in the high French manner and in the original language. Miss Queler wanted to do it in French, but various difficulties arose, and in the end the usual Italian translation was employed. Yet there is no reason the cast could not have sung in the original while the orchestra played from "Italian" parts. The crude translation may blunt the rhythms and make nonsense of the plot, but the instrumental score of "La Favorita" (unlike that of "Lucie de Lammermoor," "La Figlia del Reggimento," or "Le Trouvère") is quite compatible with the original vocal lines.

Never mind. Anyone wishing to perform a Paris grand opera from a freshly studied text has an arduous task. (Last summer, some light spadework on the "Dom Sébastien" material, which is divided between four Paris libraries, turned up six unpublished numbers for that opera, and a glance at the "Favorite" autograph—there is a microfilm of it in the Library of the Performing Arts—will show the sort of problems that arise there.) Using the standard text, Miss Queler made a splendid job of it. Her Léonor and Fernand were the best to be had: Shirley Verrett and Alfredo Kraus. Miss Verrett was intense, brilliant, lustrous, electric—more varied, less monotonously ample, than Miss Cossotto is in the role. An artist of uncommon calibre, she obviated applause after an "O mon Fernand" that could have brought the house down by catching the ensuant recitative on her next breath—before the rapt listeners could draw theirs—and thus joined air and cabaletta in one exciting number. She could be more impressive still if there were moments of calm in her singing. The tension was so constantly maintained that to increase it, for special effects, she resorted to noisy breaths, fierce attacks that were almost grunts, and cutoffs that were nearly snarls.

Mr. Kraus had no inhibitions about accepting applause. "Ange si pur" (he sang it as the familiar "Spirto gentil," but the alternative translation, "Angiol d'amor," is much closer to the sense of the original) elicited the longest mid-scene ovation I have ever heard any singer receive anywhere, and Mr. Kraus made no attempt to get on with the opera until what seemed like ten minutes had passed. An ovation was in order, for in this repertory he is peerless. (Luciano Pavarotti, his nearest rival, has a lovely, easy tone, but no such fine-drawn distinction of style.) Fernand is one of Mr. Kraus's finest roles, and in the warm Carnegie acoustics he sounded better than ever. Pablo Elvira, the Alphonse, has a potent baritone of excellent quality—very forward, very even—but he used it without much imagination. Barbara Hendricks, the Inez, sang her pretty air in the prettiest fashion, with dainty, bewitching graces and cadences. James Morris, as Balthazar, was clear and precise, although ideally the Prior needs a heavier, more magisterial voice for thundering anathema. Miss Queler's command of dramatic pace and her feeling for the natural surge or settle of a vocal line were sure. The Brooklyn College Chorus sounded light, and unskilled in Italian. Mr. Kraus made his usual cuts, including a verse of "Un ange, une femme" and the whole of the air that should end Act I (it is a poor piece, unregretted except from a formal point of view); the ballet was omitted; and further cuts brought the work down to a little under two and a half hours of music.

"La Favorite" is a stiffer, less romantic, and less fluent work than Donizetti's Italian dramas of the eighteen-thirties. The shadows of Meyerbeer and Scribe fall on it. To, say, his "Pia de' Tolomei," it is as Rossini's "Tell" is to his "Elisabetta." On Italian composers the Paris Opéra regularly imposed an odd mixture of ambition and conventionality. Instead of being effortlessly true to themselves and their earlier styles, they adopted Paris formulas, strove for (and often achieved) grandeur, and constructed musical edifices in which numbers could be shifted from act to act (as happened in "Les Vêpres"), at the expense of direct, natural characterization. "Dom Sébastien" is probably Donizetti's best *grand opéra;* there the composer treated Scribe in cavalier fashion (the cross poet obtained depositions to that effect, which survive among his papers). "La Favorite" may be only second-best, but it still flowers in an execution as warm as the one Miss Queler gave us.

MEANWHILE, at the City Opera, the spring season has brought new productions of "Turandot" and



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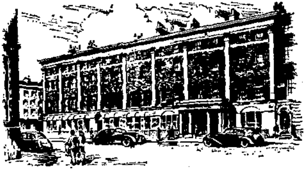

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"Salome." The Metropolitan is engaged on "Ring" operas—too widely spaced to be experienced as a cycle. More of all that later. In Alice Tully Hall, Newell Jenkins' Clarion Concerts staged (in modern dress) another example of an opera composed by an Italian working in Paris—Niccolò Piccinni's "Didon" (1783). Had Piccinni never crossed the Alps, he would be remembered as the merry composer of "La Buona Figliuola." Instead, he survives in the histories as the unfortunate whom the Parisians, ever eager to promote an operatic squabble, set up as Gluck's rival. On the page, "Didon" looks very much like Gluck—the same strong, square cut to the phrases, plain harmonies, and ostinato accompaniment figures. We turn on, and find a D-major chorus, "Dieux des Troyens," surprisingly like the finale of "Idomeneo." (But "Didon" came three years after "Idomeneo;" Mozart's and Piccinni's paths crossed several times, and Mozart and Piccinni scores.) Singers who command the grand classic style, in which passion and majesty are combined, could make something *noble* of "Didon," I feel sure, but those of the Clarion performance could do no more than suggest what the work might be. The synopsis went astray and had Aeneas killed on the Carthaginian shore. So no Rome? But, in fact, Marmontel's libretto does follow Virgil faithfully. The 1785 print of this libretto has thirty-two pages (sixteen "openings") and cost twelve sous; would a simple modern reproduction have cost more than the enthusiasts who attend this kind of event would care to pay?

SHOESTRING opera was represented by Bel Canto Opera's production of Alessandro Scarlatti's "Mitridate Eupatore." Of the handful of Scarlatti dramas that get done nowadays, "Mitridate"—his ninety-first opera, and the first he composed for Venice—is the noblest and most interesting. The plot is an "Electra" shifted to Pontus, in which the Orestes (here called Mitridate) has a wife and the Electra (here Laodice) a husband, and Stratonica and Farnace (the Clytemnestra and Aegisthus of this version) are killed onstage. The score represents Scarlatti in his broadest and grandest vein. The great numbers are an air for Laodice beside her father's tomb; one for Stratonica in which she hesitates to ordain the murder of her son; the entry of the disguised Mitridate, at the start of Act IV, bearing an urn supposed to contain his

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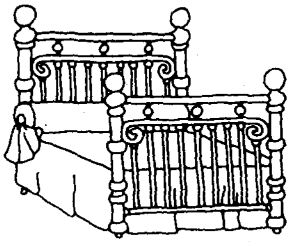

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own head; and, most wonderful of all, Laodice's lament over this urn, "Cara tomba del mio diletto," which Edward Dent, who knew Scarlatti's music well, deemed the finest air in all his operas.

"Mitridate" cannot fail to make a considerable effect in the theatre, but it deserved an ampler American première than Bel Canto's brave effort. The Madison Avenue Baptist Church Hall is a poky place. Scarlatti's orchestra, which includes trumpets and drums in the pit echoed by stage trumpets and drums, was reduced to string quartet and oboe, directed from the harpsichord. (Gerard Reuter was the stylish and tireless oboist.) The cast tried to sing the piece in Italian, which involved their plodding doggedly through yards of recitative that went for nothing. (A neat English translation, by Jack Westrup, is available, and in any case there are usually only two good reasons for staging an opera in a language not that of the audience: the work is very familiar, or the original is a convenient lingua franca for an international cast. Neither applied here.) Keith King's stage direction was summary, and lapsed into comedy when character after character plucked at a pair of sacrificial (paper) pigeons, or Stratonica, ending her big air and about to strike a dagger into her breast, had to keep it poised in midair while we applauded. The musical director, Louise Basbas, although credited with "extensive experience with baroque music," allowed her cast to stub out blunt repeated notes—instead of appoggiaturas—at the close of almost every recitative phrase.

Nevertheless, the work came through, for the principal singers were accomplished. Elizabeth Hynes' impassioned yet disciplined delivery of "Cara tomba" would have been enough in itself to make the evening worthwhile. Her lyric soprano is as sweet, firm, and round as a filbert. Her breath is well managed. She draws long lines. And the planes of her attractive features, her clear brow and large eyes, tell strongly on the stage. Carole Walters, the Stratonica, has a rich, commanding, and steady mezzo and a dignified mien. Since Jonathan Rigg is not a castrato, he had to sing the hero's music an octave too low, but he did so in a bold and keenly projected tenor, and he has a good appearance.

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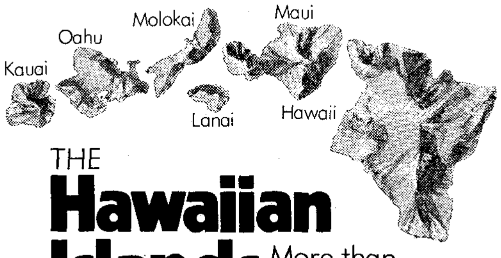

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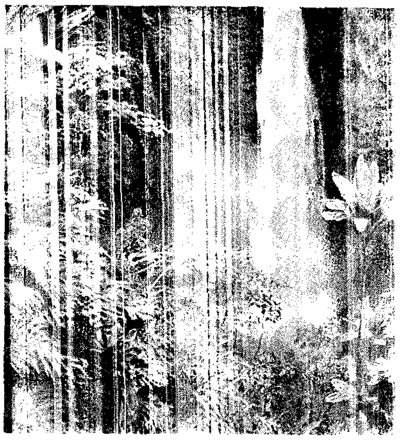

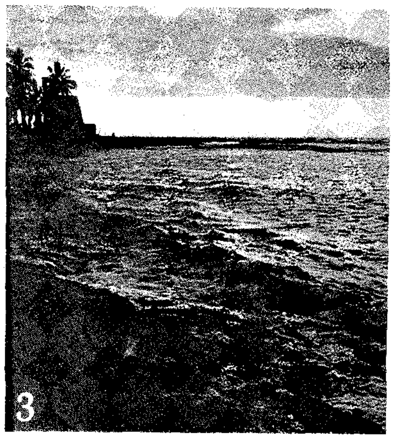
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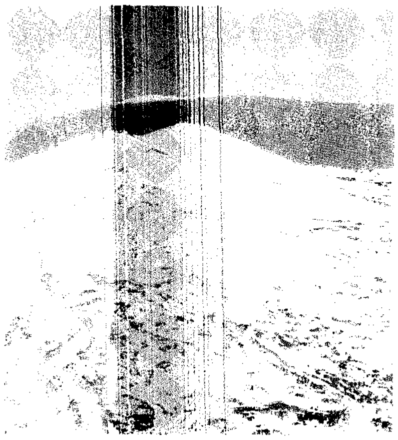

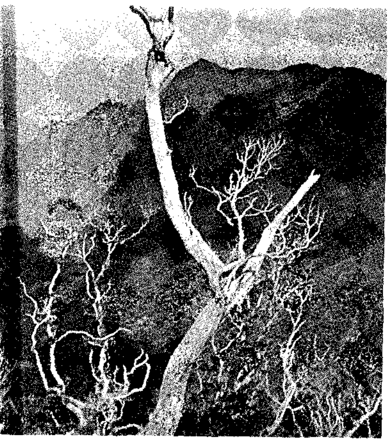

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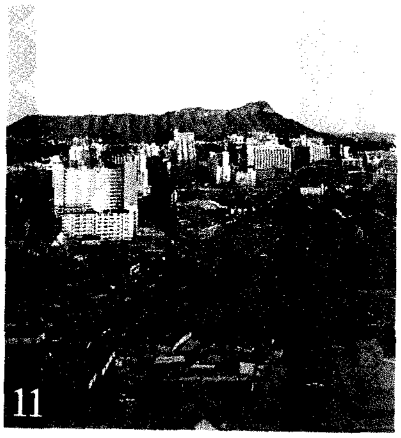
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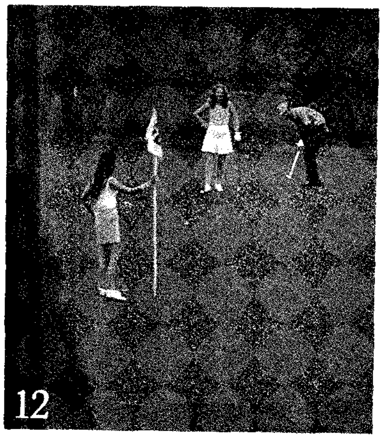
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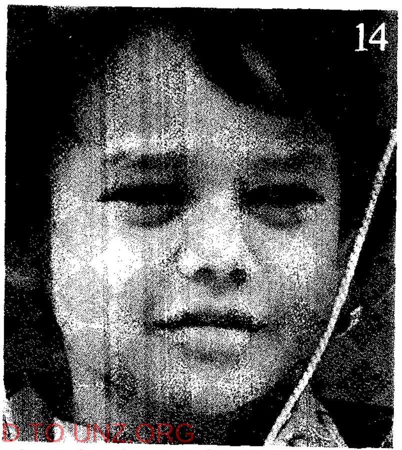
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—Andrew Porter

ROCK, ETC.

The Best of '74

SINCE New Year's, I've received several letters from readers asking why I haven't come across with a ten-best-albums list. One letter wondered acerbically if I regarded such a project as too frivolous for a serious critic. Perish the thought! The list game is as integral to rock as statistics are to baseball. In fact, it's not criticism I've been taking too seriously all these years but listmaking. I worry over my criteria. (Do I pick the albums I play most or the ones I admire most?) Then I worry over the imperatives of the list itself, which transcend the merits of particular records. (To be truly satisfying, for instance, a ten-best list should have some sort of aesthetic and historical balance; if it doesn't, something is wrong with the year's output of albums or the reviewer's listening habits, or both. And I hate to make arcane choices of albums that only I and three other critics have heard; sometimes it's necessary, but it makes the list less elegant.) Before I know it, it's May, and a ten-best list in May has all the appeal of a baseball game in January. But this, folks, is next year—inspired by those letters and the *Village Voice* critics' poll, I've gotten it together. Here, with apologies for past derelictions but no promises for the future, are my ten favorite albums of 1974.

(1) Bob Dylan, "Planet Waves." I listen to it all the time, love it more and more, and hear new subtleties in it (especially in view of those on-again, off-again divorce rumors). Dylan's extraordinary singing has all the emotional range and complexity that the lyrics here (except for "Wedding Song") lack. I think that the words on "Planet Waves" are meant mainly as filler—that Dylan is trying to get out from under his reputation as a poet and force us to concentrate on his music. He should know better than to imagine that any lyric he writes can escape close attention; still, the more I am seduced by his voice, the less the verbal shortcomings matter.

(2) Van Morrison, "It's Too Late to Stop Now." Few live albums are really successful; in most cases they sacrifice the discipline of the studio without achieving anything like the immediacy of a performance. This one, miraculously, does fine on both counts. Obviously, Morrison is as capable as ever of both passion and control. Which makes me wonder why his most recent studio albums have been so pallid, and why his concerts are so self-indulgent that they put me to sleep.

(3) Bob Dylan and The Band, "Before the Flood." I never could talk about "psychedelic music" without feeling a little silly, but this record of the Dylan-Band tour may be the first album that actually deserves the phrase. I suspect that to fully appreciate that comment—or the album—you have to have been there, but for me, at least, "Before the Flood" comes so close to re-creating a religious experience that it's scary. In places, this album is the aural equivalent of an enlarged photograph—a record of a performance, with all its details magnified and clarified. When I saw Dylan and The Band at the Garden, I was too excited about Dylan to realize how amazing The Band's performance was. I realize it now.

(4) Eric Clapton, "461 Ocean Boulevard." An album with the texture of rock and the feeling of country blues, relaxed without being limp, modest without being diffident, sensual without being especially sexy, white without being racist, good-humored yet ever-cognizant of the link between blues and pain. Particularly brilliant: Clapton's version of "Willie and the Hand Jive;" his guitar on "Let It Grow."

(5) New York Dolls, "In Too Much Too Soon." Some people think the Dolls are a rip-off of the Rolling Stones. Then again, some people think the Stones are a rip-off of Chuck Berry. Does this album really capture the spirit of the seventies? Or

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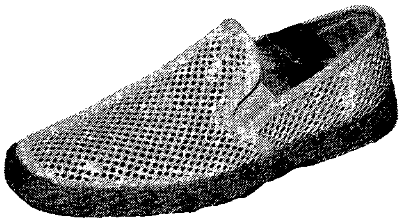

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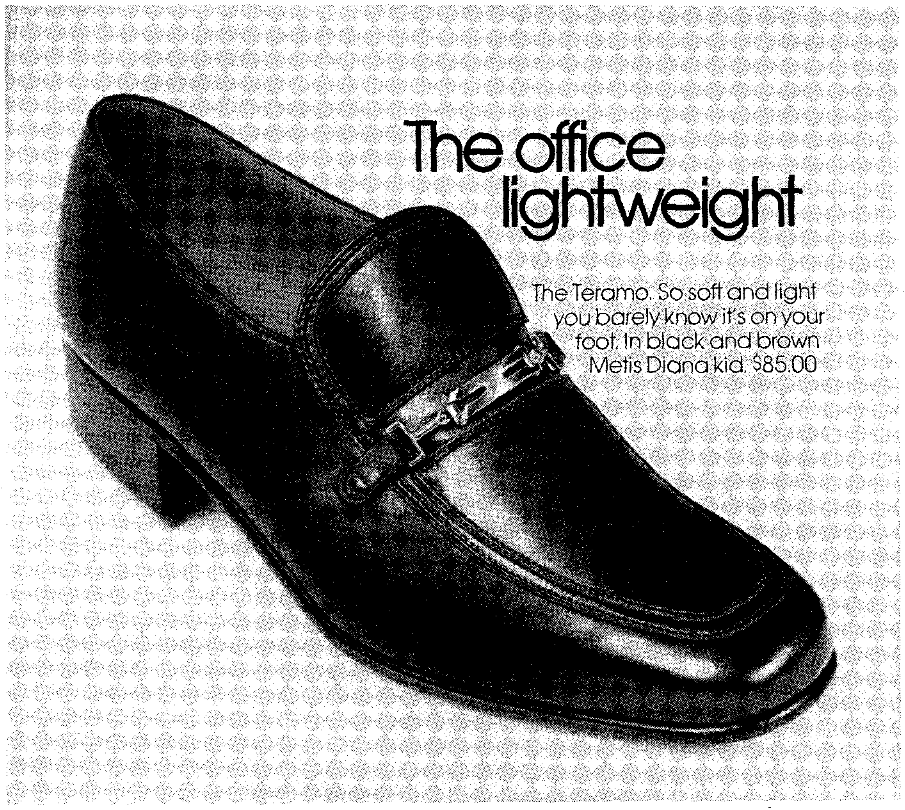

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just the seventies as I wish they were?

(6) Rolling Stones, "It's Only Rock 'n Roll." They said it; I didn't.

(7) Stevie Wonder, "Fulfillingness' First Finale." I don't like this record quite as much as "Talking Book" or "Innervisions," but that may be because they came first. And though I continue to be ambivalent about Wonder's religious pretensions, anyone who can compel me to love a song called "Heaven Is 10 Zillion Light Years Away" must be synching into *some* sort of cosmic reality. At the other extreme, "You Haven't Done Nothin' " is the most cathartic diatribe to come along since "You're So Vain."

(8) Bachman-Turner Overdrive, "Not Fragile." No, I haven't forgiven Randy Bachman for writing "American Woman," and I'm still not crazy about his sensibility, but even if this album's exuberant version of heavy weren't irresistible I would have to consider it on the basis of the title alone. My favorite cut, "Roll On Down the Highway," would qualify the group as the American Slade if it weren't Canadian.

(9) Gladys Knight and The Pips, sound track from "Claudine." The movie, in spite of being about a black welfare family, was in certain respects a very middle-class saga; Gladys Knight, a woman who has shown, among other things, that it's possible to be a frankly middle-class soul singer without being gutless, does a fine job of interpreting Curtis Mayfield's score. Though nothing on this record is as exciting as the best songs on "Imagination"—an album that would also have been on my list, aesthetic balance or no, if it hadn't been released at the tail end of 1973—it's more consistent; the only bad cut is a boring instrumental.

(10) Gram Parsons, "Grievous Angel." There are albums I played more last year, and albums I admired more, but none that moved me more. Parsons was one of the few singers who could make me feel an emotional connection to country music. It wasn't just that he brought an urban bohemian's sensibility to the songs he wrote or selected but that he went beneath the genre's provincial surface—which is exactly what most country-rockers dig on—straight to the bleak loneliness and vulnerability at its core. His singing on this album has made me shiver more than once. It sounds like glib hindsight to suggest that he was hinting at his death, but how else can I take lines like "Put out the flames and set this cold heart free"?

—ELLEN WILLIS

THE CHILDREN

I COUNTED my money, saw that I had enough for a meal, and went into the ferryboat's dining room. As I walked around looking for a table, a young man beckoned to me, and I recognized Jim, an actor I'd met years before in Rome. We had been in a film together—I as an extra, he with a small part.

"What are you doing here, for Chrissake?" he said.

"Looking for a table!"

"Sit down."

I pulled a chair out and sat facing him. The starched white cloth felt good under my forearms. "Am I hungry!" I said.

He slid the menu over to me with one hand and signalled to the waiter with the other, immediately catching his attention—something that would probably have taken me minutes to accomplish. I ordered a full-course meal. It would leave me with only a few coins. These I would give to the waiter, and land in Brindisi with not a penny in my pockets. The idea of being literally without a penny appealed to me—always has. It invites adventure. Either have wads of banknotes bulging in your pockets or nothing. Driving about Greece, I had had trouble with my car and come to the end of my traveller's checks sooner than I expected.

Jim told me about his travels. They had been more extensive than mine. He had come down through Yugoslavia, visited Bulgaria and the Aegean Islands. He had no car.

"You are lucky," I said, and related the trouble I had had with mine.

"But does it go now?"

"Oh, yes. It's down below."

"Where are you going from Brindisi?" he asked.

"Naples, then Rome."

"That's where I'm going," he said.

"I'd ask you to drive up with me, but when I land in Brindisi I can't even buy gas. I'm going straight to a hotel and make a collect call to my family in Florence to wire me some money. I'll have to stay in Brindisi overnight, or until the money arrives, and charge the meals to my room number."

He thought a moment, and I watched him cutting his cutlet calmly. He had a ring, wore a smart linen jacket, a tie and tie clip. He had light-brown wavy, well-groomed hair, and lighter curly eyebrows. Though not past thirty, his face was beginning to look flabby, and the tie clip, the well-groomed hair, the jacket seemed there on purpose to contrast that laxness. He took a sip of wine, and by his expression, better than if I had sipped it, I felt its tartness. "Why don't you tell them to send you the money to Naples, poste restante?" he said. "I'll buy you the gas to get to Naples. What kind of a car have you got?"

"It's a small Fiat convertible."

"Takes so little gas it would be less than buying a train ticket. You don't want to stay in a crummy place like Brindisi. Nothing there."

"Well, it's very kind of you, but I want to see the temple at Metaponto."

"Is that on the way?"

"Not exactly. It's down the coast a bit."

"How much longer would it take to go and see it?"

"Oh, a couple of hours."

"That's all right," he said.

"Well, fine," I said. "Then we'll go together."

In Brindisi, at the harbor, I made my phone call home, and just outside the harbor I filled the gas tank. On my way out to Greece, I hadn't had time to see anything of the town except the harbor and its approaches. Jim's saying it had nothing had sparked my curiosity, as sweeping remarks of that kind do. Now that we had landed, I thought there was plenty to see—small, narrow streets, with the deep-violet, slaty shadows of the buildings obscuring their ends, not letting you know where they went, making them as mysterious as they were inviting; the belfry of a baroque church (Spanish baroque—my favorite) standing out over the rooftops; another church just off the waterfront. "Shall we go into the old part of the town for a moment?" I said tentatively. I felt like a chauffeur now.

He looked at his watch—a flat, expensive-looking plaque on his wrist. "Not if you want to see Metaponto. There's really nothing here."

"I thought those streets looked inviting."

"All right, if you want to."

I swung left, and immediately got snarled in traffic. "I'm sorry," I said. I drove down the narrow street, but that certainly wasn't the way to see it.

WE headed west, toward Taranto, and then dipped south along the coastal road in the direction of Metaponto. Off a little road, on the plain, not on the sea anymore—it had receded from it a mile or so—the Doric temple stood, a lonely relic, abandoned by the waves that once had lapped it. And where Pythagoras had talked about the transmigration of the

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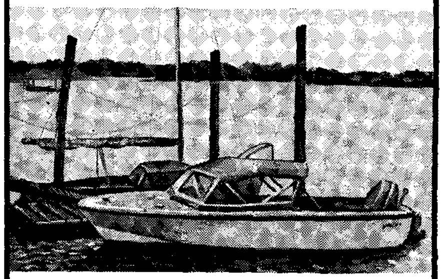
soul, the butterflies went from flower to flower.

We drove northwest now, to join the Appian Way. When we reached it, about twenty-five miles from Metaponto, I was surprised to find how little traffic there was on this, perhaps the most famous of all routes. Sometimes for miles we wouldn't meet even a donkey cart. And under the hot August sun the hilly countryside looked parched, a glistening gray white. The streams were dry; so were the riverbeds. Like wide, meandering roads they looked, roads that cared nothing for brevity or direction but just to go downhill. Only the woods—there were some left on steep slopes, where the land couldn't be plowed—were fresh, and such vegetation as thrived in a dry climate: here and there an olive tree, an almond, an ilex, once in a while a cactus. About forty miles away we could see a mountain range, billowy, almost menacing in shape. We wouldn't cross it—we were heading toward a lower, more accessible section of the Apennines. At times, on the vast horizon you wouldn't see a house—only the purple road. This was one of Italy's least populated regions. For a long time, we didn't pass a town or village. But then we saw one, a dim interruption in the blueness of the mountain that lay ahead, a tiny grayish discoloration. Soon, faint outlines began to show, rectangles—the flat-roofed houses discreetly dotted by doors and open windows.

It was two o'clock when we reached the village, and we had had no lunch. We stopped at a gas pump. The attendant, a sparely built young man, eyes lit by a smile of welcome, came over and managed to conceal his disappointment when we asked him not for gas but to direct us to a restaurant. "There isn't one," he said, and his smile took on an apologetic look. "There's just a store. At the other end of the village. On the Appia."

We drove to it. Ours was the only paved street. Dust blew from the others. A car overtook us at a speed that seemed an affront to the village. The inhabitants paid no attention to it, however. They looked at us. Our slow progress seemed far more interesting. At the other end of the village, as the attendant had said, was the store, recognizable by a "*Sali & Tabacchi*" sign. There the village ended abruptly. Beyond was the wide open countryside, with the road coiling down to the next valley.

As we were about to come to a stop, six or seven children began running in



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our direction, followed us, and, when we parked outside the store, clustered around us.

"All right, let's go in, shall we?" Jim said, seeing I wasn't about to move.

"I'll stay here," I said, eying his silvery matching suitcases on the back seat, "or they'll take everything we've got."

"Pull the top up and lock the car," he said.

"It doesn't lock—another of my troubles. I wouldn't trust them. They're a bunch of little thieves."

We looked at them. They were thin and barefoot and sunburned, and they had a hungry look. Their eyes seemed larger than most children's, and their grins had something predaceous about them. They were all boys, about ten or twelve years old.

"I'll stay here," I repeated, and looked about me warily, like a guard or sentry.

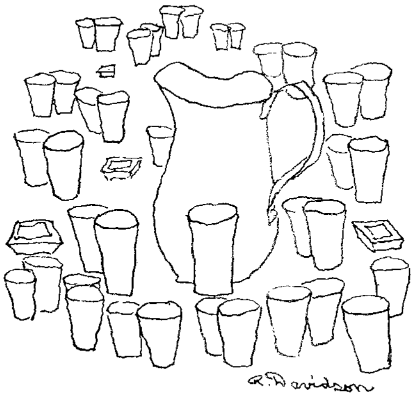
"All right, what would you like me to get you?"

"Oh, wine, bread, cheese."

He opened the door to the store and went in. Three or four children slipped in with him. From the car I could hear the owner shouting to them to get out. When they didn't move, he went after them as if to swat them. "They'd clean me right out," he said from the doorway after the last child had left the store.

Jim brought wine, bread, and some cheese that looked very much like the bread—white with little holes—but was, of course, much heavier. It was made of goat's milk. And he brought some candies for the children.

He wasn't quite prepared for the way they milled around him. With greedy fingers they took the candies, and looked unshyly at the bag of bread and cheese he had handed to me. They didn't scatter, but asked for money. He gave a few coins to one of them. "Buy something and share it with the others," Jim said to him. But he rushed away, and half the others went after



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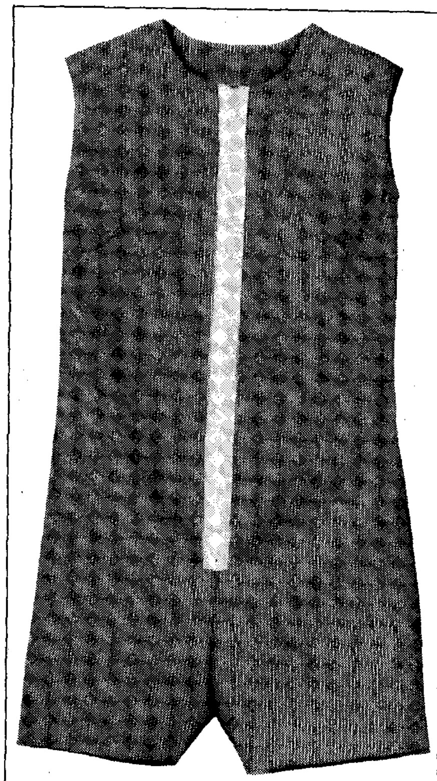

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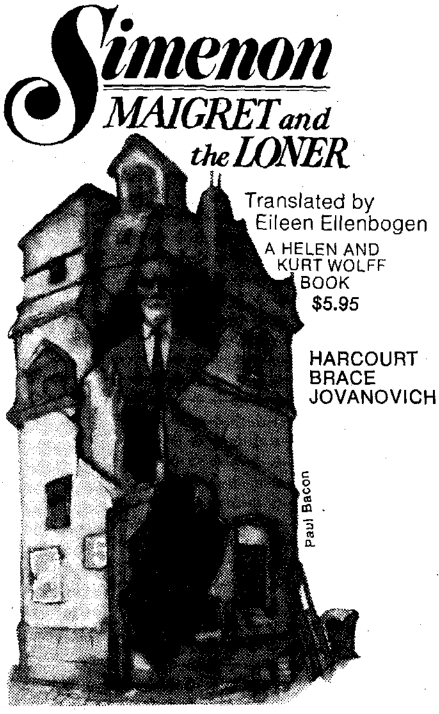

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him aggressively. They got him. To prevent a fight, Jim passed around a few more lire.

I had my arms on the luggage. "Come on, let's get out of here," I said.

He got in the car. I started it and we moved on. The boys ran after us, some of them holding on to the car for as long as they could manage to keep up with it. I accelerated and lost them. A few miles beyond the village, we stopped and ate our food in peace in the shade of a fig tree. The cheese had a mountain flavor; it seemed to taste of furze and fresh air. But Jim didn't look as if he were enjoying it.

"What's the matter?" I said. "Don't you like it?"

"Oh, I like it all right," he said. "It's those kids. They had such a hungry look. I ought to've got some for them, too. Not just candies—bought each enough for a full meal."

"You gave them money."

He discounted it with a gesture. "Pennies," he said. "A few lire . . . nothing. Maybe we should go back."

"Oh no, let's not do that. We'd better go on."

"It's your car," he said.

Your gas, I thought, and kept quiet.

We got into the car again, and continued our journey, but he seemed like someone who has left something behind, or one who has something on his mind, and more than once I asked him, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said each time, but I guessed it was those children's hungry look haunting him. In fact, he seemed to have taken on something of *their* look, big and well fed though he was. His face had seemed flabby to me. It didn't anymore.

We reached Naples, and stopped at the Hotel Londres. I went immediately to the poste restante. The money had not arrived. I returned to the hotel, and told Jim. He looked glum and lent me a little more.

In the morning, the money still had not come. I called home. The money had been wired the day before. I went back to the poste restante. No, there was no money.

"But there must be."

"If it isn't here, it isn't here," the clerk said. His office looked empty and squalid.

"But where could it be?"

He raised his shoulders.

I hurried to the telegraph office, in the same building, mail and telegraph in Italy both being government-run. "I had a money order wired to me to

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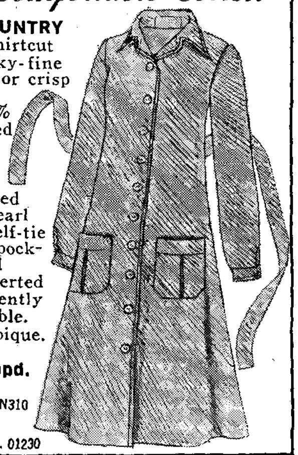

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the poste restante—the *fermo posta*—yesterday, but it isn't there," I said.

"Maybe it was sent to the *fermo telegrafo*—Window 22."

I rushed there, and gave my name to the clerk. He took an envelope out of a box. A minute later, I had fifty thousand lire in my pocket.

When I got back to the hotel, I went into my own room first. Jim, who was next door, heard me and came in. Did he suspect I might sneak out on him? Probably not, but I had that impression. I gave him back all I owed him and thanked him.

He seemed very relieved. The money had tied him to me.

"Well, now shall we go on to Rome?" I said.

"No, I think I'll stick around Naples a day or two more," he said, and he still had that vaguely concerned look in his eyes.

"Jim," I said, "might you be going back to that village where we bought the food and there were all those children?"

"Well," he said, "the cheese was good there."

"But you could find it here," I said.

"No," he said. "No, I am sure I never could; and even if I could, it wouldn't taste the same."

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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The methodological problem confronted consisted of the design of a decisionary instrument which will facilitate, in the first instance, the quantification of the costs and social benefits from the mining exploitation which transcend those of the private enterprise in itself—and in the second instance, to consider them as iteratively together to the diverse institutional aspects which conditioned their net return on the one hand, and the viability of the public control in function of the social interest, on the other.

We have tried insofar as possible to present the work in simple language, within the clear limits that it is, which impose the complexity of the problem and of the methodology and techniques utilized.—*Excerpt from a report made by an environmental-resources study group.*

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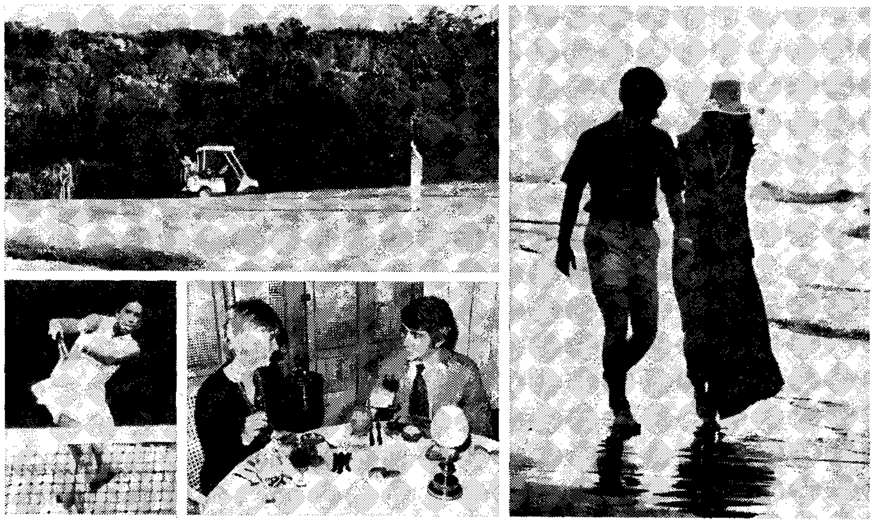
•

"I think a picture like *The Exorcist* is very bad because when it comes to the devil it's a serious thing. Our story is fiction. You make the bad look worse and the good better. Violence is very good for children. They learn to see it as a game."—*Isela Vega in an interview in the Providence Journal-Bulletin Weekend.*

And eventually to sublimate their hostilities in mayhem.



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BOOKS

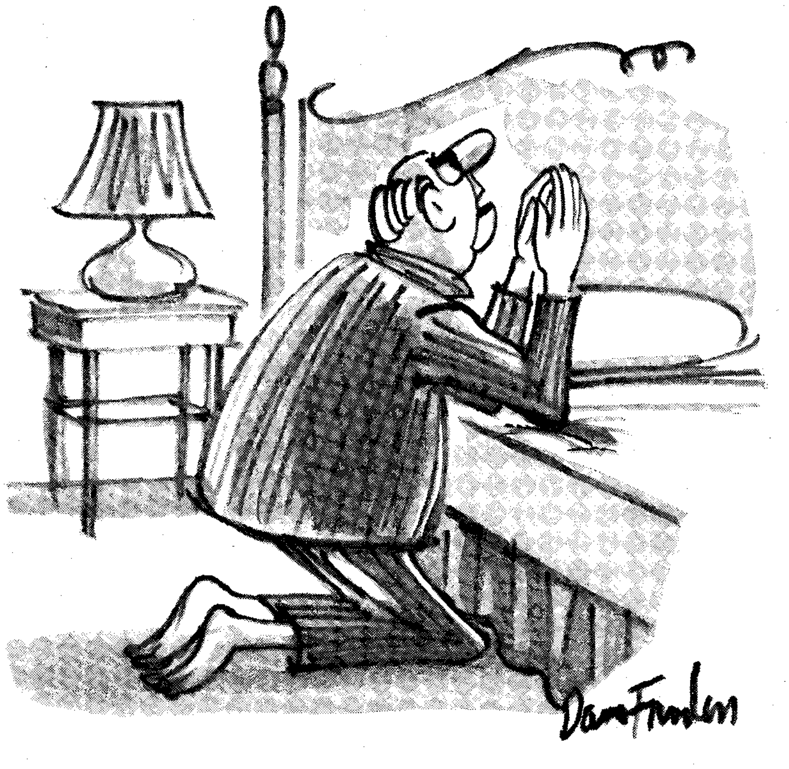
Scarlet Letters

JOHN UPDIKE has been an enviable problem. Gifted at once with a supremely alert ear and eye for the pulse and sinew of contemporary American speech and with a passion for the rare word, for the jewelled and baroque precisions still vital beneath and around the current of common idiom, he has been able to write about literally *anything*. Whether it be the stubble in a Pennsylvania field, the swerve of a basketball under gymnasium lights, the rasp of a tire on gravel, the tightening at a man's temples under pressure of sexual fantasy, Mr. Updike has made these planes of experience brilliantly his own yet true to the evidence, penetrative into the fabric of American discourse and gesture to a degree that future historians and sociologists will exult in. He has written of rich and poor, of urban and rural, of science and political intrigue, of gregariousness and cold solitude with an unforgiving yet strangely solicitous, almost tender intelligence. The critic and the poet in him (a minor but sparkling poet of occasion and humor of a kind infrequent now) are at no odds with the novelist; the same sharpness of apprehension bears on the object in each of Updike's modes. But it is precisely this ubiquity, the sheer range of whatever elicits his luminous dispassions, that has made it difficult for him to find a mastering theme.

Not only in "The Centaur" but, indeed, in all of his novels Updike has tested elements of fable and allegory, ancient formal devices with which to knit into comely and probing shape the dazzling singularity, the vital ordinariness of his perceptions. "The Poorhouse Fair," still one of his finest achievements, aims at control, at a sharp and exemplary meaning, through compression. "Couples" is a panoramic mapping rescued from indiscrimination by recourse to deliberately symbolic, terminal devices (the raging fire at the close). "Bech" is a book held in place, mirrored within a book—again a fine solution to the problem of focus, of finding a structure both firm and supple enough to contain such wealth and scruple of style. Sexuality has over and over provided the key. Because it is simultaneously the most ordinary and the most individual of human rites, because sexual concourse in and out of marriage is not only general to all societies but highly distinctive of each, the erotic has provided Updike with an essential coherence. Our sexual lives are deep-rooted in the locale of our economic, regional, ethnic identity. They call on the masked as well as on the most public, brutal layers of contemporary language. They involve illusions of infinite particularity and recognitions, maturing no less than corrosive, of routine. And, inevitably, the erotic, even at its most vulgar and irresponsible—perhaps there more than elsewhere—touches on myth, on shadow-places and echoes, idyllic, cruel, scatological, as ancient as the human imagination itself. Through detailed accounts of sex, ranging from the physiological to the allegorical, Updike has found a center, a discipline for the prodigality of his art. At its best, the result is poignant and ironic: what is in lesser writers a dispensation is in Updike a severity. The more urgent, the more acrobatic the sexual moment, the tauter, the more contemptuous of facility is the writing. Eroticism is, in a serious artist, an ascetic pursuit.

To invoke the pathos, the enigmatic humanity of lust is, of course, to borrow the language of St. Augustine and of Kierkegaard. Where eros and sadness meet, theology begins. This realization has long been a part of Mr. Updike's work. Looking back, one comes to realize how deeply his sense of American experience is religious, and religious in a vein related particularly to the history of New England Calvinism on the one hand and to the thought of Barth and Tillich on the other. It is a commonplace that recent American fiction and criticism have to a drastic extent been the product of a Jewish tone and explosion of talent. Updike is the counterpoise: his sensibility is, among practicing American novelists, the most distinctly Christian and Protestant. The eroticism of his fiction has been a long prelude to a radically theological view of American existence. In "A Month of Sundays" (Knopf), the sexual and the clerical, the scatological and the eschatological are intimately, almost violently meshed.

As a result of sensual indiscretions above and beyond the bounds of charity, the Reverend Tom Marshfield has been banished from his Midwestern parish. Under the veil of a nervous breakdown, scandal is avoided. Instead, the holy gentleman is to spend a month in a desert motel specifically intended for clergy in various modes of dishevelment (yielding to Updike's own obsession with puns, acrostics, and word games, one might describe his plot as nightshades of Tennessee Williams' "The Night of the Iguana"). The therapy for the Reverend Marshfield is a balanced diet of golf, masturbation, and written confession. He is to set down the chronicle of his fall from grace, together with his present thoughts, feelings, visitations of the spirit holy or profane. What



"And I feel I must call to your attention that my prayers of February 6th, 8th, and 19th, as well as those of March 3rd and 4th, have not as yet been answered."

we have before us is this penitential journal—Marxist jailers call it self-criticism—together with a set of imaginary sermons. In the first place, however, these lucubrations (Mr. Updike's coruscated idiom becomes infectious) are meant not for the reader but for the guardian presence of the sanatorium. Her name is Ms. Prynne. The maiden name of Tom's wife, the name of her theologian father, is Chillingworth.

This, obviously, is the point. "A Month of Sundays" is a meditation on, a contradictory echo of that first classic of the American Protestant erotic imagination, Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." Adultery was to Hawthorne the crucial, emblematic motif of the American condition, posing the full paradox of the inherited weakness of the flesh and of social institutions in a new Eden, in a world predestined to innocence and the renovation of man. Updike turns the tables on Hawthorne and on the legacy of Calvinist prohibition: "But who that has eyes to see cannot so lust? Was not the First Divine Commandment received by human ears, 'Be fruitful, and multiply'? Adultery is not a choice to be avoided; it is a circumstance to be embraced. Thus I construe these texts." The Reverend Marshfield's exegeses go further. Pondering the meaning of American experience, the location of this experience in God's scheme of things, he arrives at a new definition of American emancipation. It is marriage itself that has proved to be only a tentative sacrament in the crises and dispensations of what is, literally, the new world: "Separation arrives by whim (the last dessert dish broken, the final intolerable cigar-burn on the armchair) or marriages are extended by surrender. The race between freedom and exhaustion is decided. And then, in a religious sense, there is no more adultery, as there is none among schoolchildren, or slaves, or the beyond-all-reckoning rich." (It is in the placing of that word "reckoning" that Updike's parallel art, his conjunction of the colloquial with the liturgical, can be seen at its most exact.)

Given this doctrine and Marshfield's deepening doubts about the patriarchal deity of the Protestant tradition, his debauches seem at once inevitable and incidental. Alicia is something of a sexual athlete, Frankie's scapulae glint in the afternoon light of the motel—but these are the mere trappings of a subtler, sadder heresy. Ned, the curate, has taken to copulating with the beloved Alicia. Half-naked, the Reverend Tom has been peeping at their

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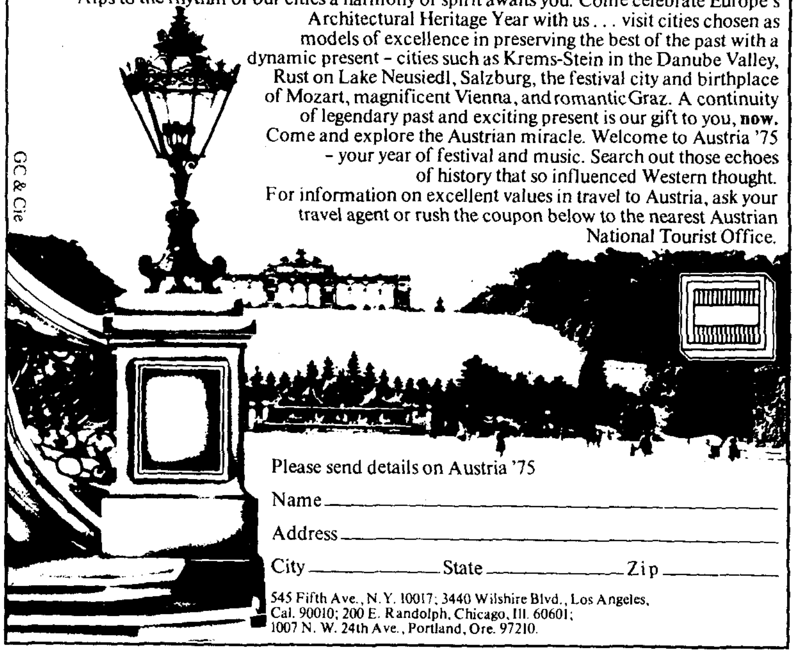
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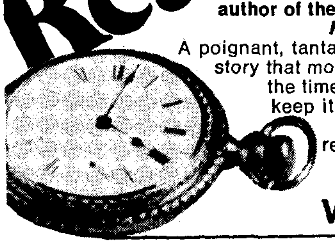

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VIKING

windows. Reviewing the desolate pain of the discovery, our confessor—observe the antique duplicity of the term—resorts to "Plotinian language." What is being violated is no less than "*the body of my soul.*" Marshfield no longer accepts the bargain of transcendence. American spirituality is of the flesh, flesh-rooted and bound. Grace is of this world or it is of none. When John Updike launches on one of his inventories of the material scene:

> also visible through the window: houses with conical roofs, dormers, protrusions, scallop shingling, jigsawed brackets, ovals of stained glass tucked up under eave-peaks like single eyes under a massive gingerbread eyebrow; and hedges and shrubs, and a mailbox painted in patriotic tricolor, a birdfeeder hopping with feathered mendicants, a covetously onlooking squirrel, streetsigns, streetlamps, etc., etc. . . .

he is not primarily displaying his masterly eye and lexical virtuosity (that superbly apt "mendicants"). He is making an insistent point about the ephemeral substance of reality, about the possibility, profoundly heretical and grievous, that there is beyond the skin of things no firmer realm, no compensating deep. Poor Tom's gratifications have long been immanent: "Even the purgative sweep of windshield wipers gratifies me" (note "purgative"). Now, having by desultory license disrobed himself and been driven to the desert whence Christianity came in its dawn of promise, he finds himself "stripped." If there is a grace note at the close, it is, in the true sense, terminal. He who is down need fear no fall.

Working so near the innermost of his concerns, that congruence—at once farcical and tragic—of sexuality and religious feeling in post-Puritan America, Updike trusts himself almost blindly to his verbal skills. His use of puns, Freudian malapropisms, and portmanteau words—themselves symptomatic of Marshfield's nervous extremity—runs riot. Too often the level is that of a Hasty Pudding script in an off year: "navish" for "knavery" in church; "Nixema, the noxious salve for liberal sores;" "Andman Willsin" for one of Mr. Updike's illustrious colleagues in American letters; "Near-Mrs.," no explanation needed. The prose is febrile in a manner expressive less of the Reverend Marshfield's troubles than of the writer's ungoverned cartwheels. An upper lip becomes "an arch of expectation, a gem of moisture;" passing car lights set Alicia's hair "on false fire;" a Dart is sea-changed into "a hydrofoil skimming above the asphalt waves of the highway of life;" golf-course sprinklers do "a dervish dance to keep the heartbeat of green alive." During a poker game, beer and tension induce dizziness. The result is "betting losers and folding winners in boustrophedonic alternation." Is there anything sadder than fireworks that last into the day?

However, as in Joyce, so in this latest Updike it is in the puns and acrostics, even at their most brutal, that the heart of meaning lies. When a wife's sexual organs (Updike's word is much shorter and simpler) are defined as "indentured," the triple connotation (pictorial, "pornographic," legal-economic) brilliantly, nauseatingly concentrates the intent of the book—its critique of those values and hypocrisies implicit in the Puritan ethic. When the Reverend Marshfield descants on "prick, pic, truthpic," he is not only mocking the mendacities of photographic realism or echoing back to "indenture" via "toothpick." He is proclaiming what he, and very probably John Updike, takes to be the locale and function of honesty, of authentic recognition. These are ugly devices toward an urgent vision.

Whether "A Month of Sundays" is substantial, controlled enough to make this vision emotionally plausible is less certain. It is an impatient text enforced by rather than enforcing its pyrotechnics. One would guess that it is a transitional novel in Updike's work, a rapid staking-out of territory that the next fictions will map at leisure. In the present instance the letter bullies the spirit. And is this not precisely the cause of Tom Marshfield's insurgence, of his peregrinations—randy, autistic, but fundamentally desperate—to the deserts of the heart?

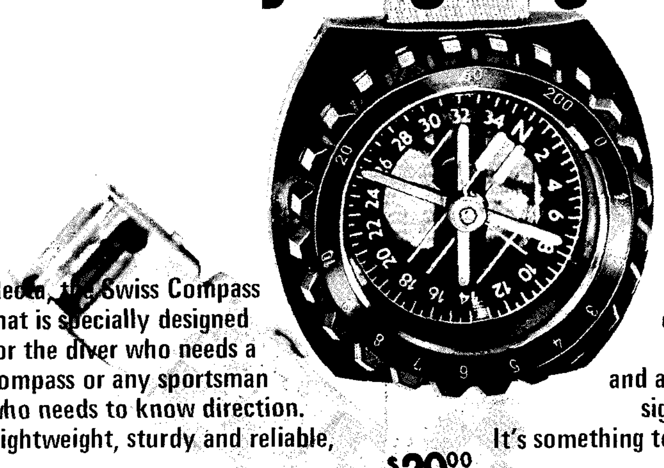
—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE CLOCKWORK TESTAMENT, OR ENDERBY'S END, by Anthony Burgess (Knopf). A brilliantly funny novel that combines postscripts to two of Mr. Burgess's previous novels—"A Clockwork Orange" and "Enderby"—with a recent well-known episode from his life. A theme common to all three books is the struggle—gallant but doomed—of spunky, eccentric individuals abused by a world that reveres uniformity and right thinking. Mr. Burgess had some personal experience of this kind of struggle when "A Clockwork Orange" was made into an extravagantly censured movie, and he got a further taste of it during a contentious year spent as a visiting professor at a Manhattan university. Now he has put all of this to delightful use. He brings back F. X. Enderby—the gross, hairy, lovable poet—and casts him, quite transparently, as a visiting professor at a Manhattan university. Vast groups of people harbor grudges against Enderby. His students are impervious to his wisdom, blacks and Indians will not forgive an insulting article he wrote, journalists are eager to crucify him for a notorious movie he has been involved with, and assorted strangers heap obloquy on him via the telephone. Believing, evidently, that the best defense is a good offense, he responds with vehement homilies on art and original sin. Some of his arguments deserve better opponents than the cartoon characters Mr. Burgess provides, but Enderby's valiant form, flailing away at philistinism with all he's got, is utterly and hilariously endearing.

Going, by Sumner Locke Elliott (Harper & Row). A gentle novel of manners that has been sandwiched, like a slice of good roast beef on Wonder Bread, between layers of theatrical, anti-utopian pap. The absorbing and altogether self-sufficient story concerns an intelligent, aging Westchester matron who, on a day that may be her last, recalls the important moments in her life in a series of sharp, brief, ironic, beautifully paced flashbacks. Her gray, wan mother; her kind, rakish father; a precocious friend; a charismatic lover; and her pale, solid husband and two daughters are all flawed, spoiled, engaging creatures who float across long green lawns in a mellow old-fashioned light. Their preoccupations are comfort, class, and sex—in that order. The story that one wishes the author had left out involves the woman's somewhat preposterously villainous son-in-law—an important functionary in a new (the time is the late twentieth century) classless, pollutionless, mindless, Fascistic society—who long ago used to deliver ice to her family's estate. Mr. Elliott wants us to think that his book is political, but it isn't; well-ironed blouses and potted nasturtiums just don't have the moral significance he would like us to believe they have, and, by positing this unlikely contest between a totally genteel and a totally materialistic



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GENERAL

THE TREASURE OF AUCHINLECK: THE STORY OF THE BOSWELL PAPERS, by David Buchanan (McGraw-Hill). If the journals and letters of James Boswell show how a casual scribbler, concerned only with recording the gossip, chitchat, and adventures of everyday life, can produce lasting literature, the story of their recovery from the unused corners of old Scottish and Irish houses shows how a collector of manuscripts can be something far better than a self-satisfied dilettante. Ralph Heyward Isham pursued his obsessive goal of acquiring the Boswell papers through thirty difficult years, at the cost of a fortune and a marriage, and despite a tangled lawsuit and the repeated astonishment of still more papers' being discovered and presented for sale. Before his death, in 1955, he had the satisfaction of knowing that virtually all the papers were gathered in one place, the Yale Library, where they were being prepared for publication. A dashing and sometimes treacherous figure, Isham is the hero of Mr. Buchanan's book, which traces the path of Boswell's papers from their legendary "destruction" by his descendants to their preservation at Yale. The story has the possibilities of a novel, with its colorful characters and its intense conflicts, but Mr. Buchanan has been careful to keep to such shadings as can be supported by documents. His book is briskly written and thoroughly researched, and it will fascinate anyone who feels a special excitement in the presence of an author's manuscript.

HERE AT THE NEW YORKER, by Brendan Gill (Random House). One man's view of these premises and of some of the people he has met here and elsewhere over the past forty years.

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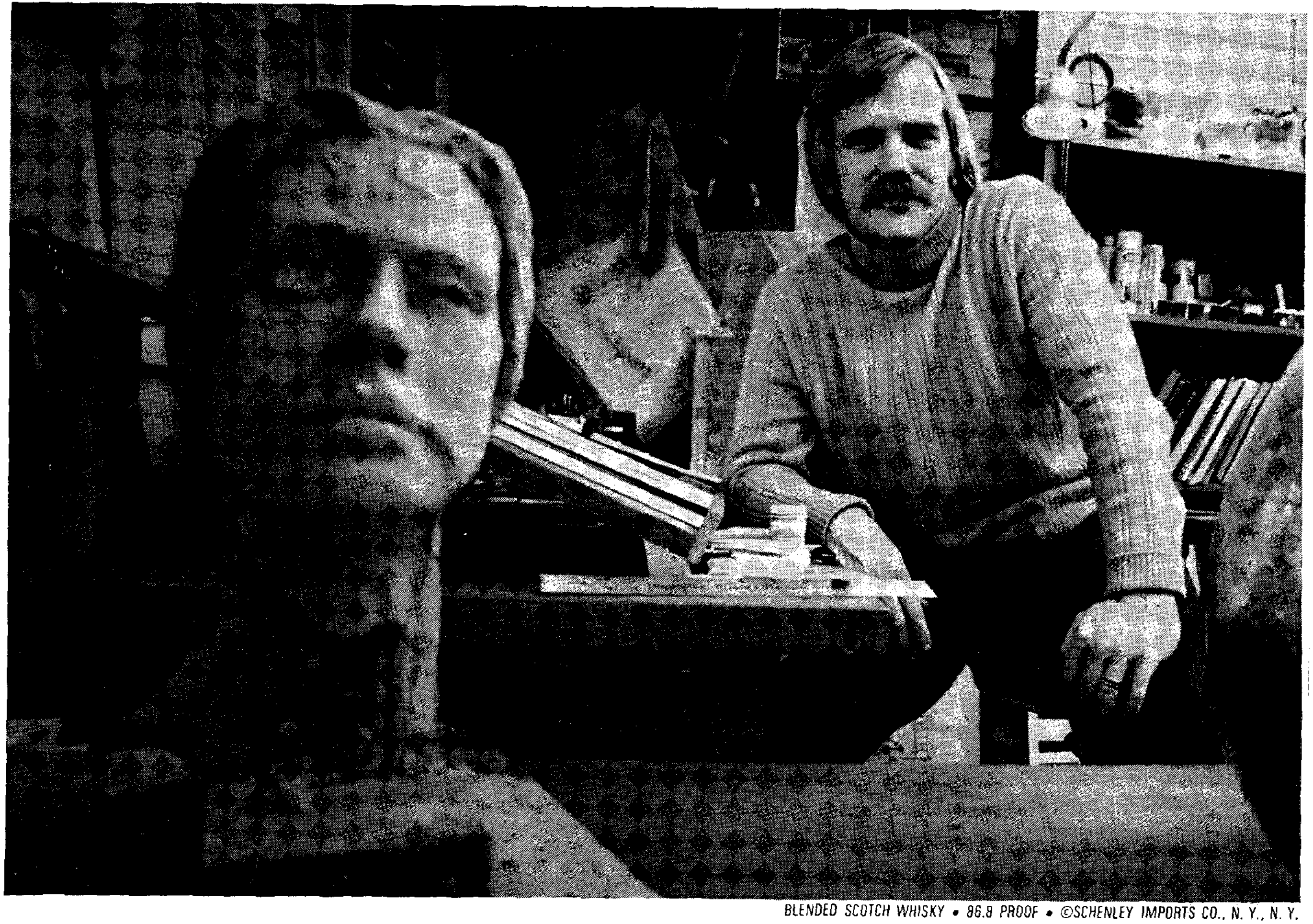

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